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SELECTED PAPERS ON ANTHROPOLOGY, TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

SELECTED PAPERS ON ANTHROPOLOGY, TRAVEL & EXPLORATION

By SIR RICHARD BURTON, K.C.M.G.

NOW EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND OCCASIONAL NOTES

BY

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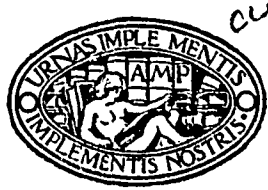

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INTRODUCTION

SINCE the publication of my *Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Burton* I have received, among other correspondence, numerous requests to issue a collection of the rarer and more inaccessible of Burton's articles which from time to time he contributed to the Journals of Learned Societies, "Monthlies" or "Weeklies."

Finding from my own personal experience how troublesome it is to hunt through piles of dusty old volumes, I have decided to make a small selection of these papers which I consider are not only rare and interesting, but which also give an insight into the varied activities and achievements of Burton's crowded life.

Even if local libraries fail to yield an old volume of some magazine long since withdrawn from circulation, one is almost certain of finding it at the British Museum. But then the British Museum is accessible only to a comparative few, and even those few will find that back numbers of journals, etc., are stored away in a distant building and several days' notice has to be given before a required volume can be procured. Finally, some of the Burton pamphlets are so rare that the chance of finding them is little less than an impossibility. It will, I think, be realized that such a volume as this will not be superfluous, for, apart from saving people an enormous amount of trouble, it will give them further insight into the life-work of one of the greatest men of the Victorian era.

In selecting the papers to be reprinted, my choice has been guided by several considerations.

In the first place, if the collection is going to be representative of Burton, it must be wide in its scope. It must deal not only with the better-known sides of his life—travel and anthropology, but also with the multifarious interests which he acquired in whatever part of the world he happened to find himself.

Further, the most interesting papers are surely those issued during that part of Burton's life when he was at the height of his career as an explorer, and before his activities had been restricted by an unsympathetic and unenlightened Government.

What, then, was the most important part of his career? I can answer in four words: Sind, Mecca, Harar, Tanganyika. The rest of his activities were entirely dependent on the location of his consulships, and any literary contributions were the natural outcome of his inordinate desire either to chronicle something fresh, or else to propound an original or heterodox theory of some long accepted fact.

In his review of my *Bibliography* in *The Observer*, Sir Harry Johnston drew attention to his belief that prior to 1856 we have very little information about Burton. To be exact, we have four books on India (all very rare and nearly unobtainable), the *Bayonet Exercise Book*, the *Pilgrimage*, and four short papers in the *Bombay Government Records* and in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. Apart from these there is nothing. What we would really like to have would be a detailed record of Burton's early days in the Sind Survey, with full accounts of his numerous adventures when in disguise he laid the foundation to his great anthropological knowledge. We would like to be taken to some unknown native village on the upper reaches of the Indus and see him—perhaps as a wandering Persian, Afghan or Hindu merchant—join in the talk of the caravanserai, hear him recite one of the *Alf Laylah Wa Laylah* to a squatting crowd

of gaping-mouthed natives, or watch him obtain by bribe and flattery intimate information of some nearly unknown custom, which the European traveller finds so hard to discover.

The only scrap of writing which at all touches on the above is the postscript to his *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus*. I have, therefore, chosen this (under the title "Early Days in Sind") as the first paper in this volume, for although it is not a "paper" in the accepted sense of the word, it is the only information we possess on one of the most attractive periods of Burton's life.

Fresh from his work in Sind, fired with the spirit of further adventure, and thirsting to satisfy his insatiable desire for knowledge, Burton made his famous pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. Even after this he would not at once return home, but made an equally dangerous journey in disguise—this time to Harar the Unknown. Both these journeys were carried out before 1856, either one of which would be quite sufficient for a man to sit down and boast about for the rest of his life!

With Burton, however, rest was impossible, and a few years later we find him opening up the unknown Central Lakes of Africa. As Johnston said, *after* 1856 the chief records of Burton's work are fairly well known and easily accessible. I have, therefore, not included an article on Tanganyika or on the Sources of the Nile. With regard to Mecca and Harar, I am reprinting the very rare *Guide-book to Mecca* and an article on Harar from the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. Both are excellent summaries of the journeys in question, besides being practically unobtainable.

The next three papers (of a total of ten) which I have selected are distinctly anthropological. They all shed interesting light on little-known manners and customs, and in them we see the seed of the power of annotation which, propagated in his fertile brain

for years, was to burst out in full blossom in his famous translation of the *Nights*.

The remaining four articles are as diverse as was Burton himself.

From wandering round Damascus and Palmyra we make a detailed survey of considerations for the improvement of the city of Rome; we then mingle with spirits and phantoms in Eastern lands and finally read a most interesting account of the great Italian Egyptologist, Giovanni Battista Belzoni.

Surely it would be hard to find four more different subjects discussed in so erudite and interesting a manner by the same author!

In his review of my *Bibliography*[1] Professor Sayce sums up Burton's work in a manner which illustrates what I have tried to explain above.

"Like many other geniuses, Burton lived before his time and suffered accordingly. His insight enabled him to reach conclusions which conflicted with the orthodox theories of the day, and consequently were not accepted until their author was forgotten or ignored. Too independent to repeat the words or reflect the ideas of others where they seemed to him to conflict with the truth, and too honest to remain silent where he deemed it his duty to speak, it is not wonderful that there was friction between him and the bureaucrats of red-tapeism, or that the reward of his work was to be sent to some remote and insanitary corner of the earth to die. But instead of dying he usually managed to discover new facts and make additions to science in his place of exile."

With regard to my own part in this volume, besides the Introduction I have merely made a few preliminary and explanatory remarks at the beginning of each paper, and added an occasional footnote, which I have

[1] *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, July 1923, pp. 464 *et seq.*

initialled so as to be quite distinct from any which Burton has already inserted.

In conclusion, I have to thank the following for leave, as far as they are concerned, to reprint the various papers which constitute this work:

The Councils of the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Anthropological Institute; the Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*; and Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Selected Papers on Anthropology, Travel and Exploration

EARLY DAYS IN SIND

As already explained in the Introduction, this paper formed part of the "Postscript" to Burton's *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus*, This was his fourth book, and was published by John Van Voorst in 1852. It is a curious and most interesting little volume and contains "a Narrative, an Autobiography and a Protest," as says the review in the *Athenæum*.[1] This critique is amusing to read to-day, for we find that even in 1852, when only thirty-one, he was cautioned against "extreme opinions," and against a "disregard of those well-established rules of moderation which no one can transgress with impunity." With regard to the Autobiography (reprinted below) Burton replied in the *Athenæum*,[2] to certain statements giving his opinion of the best way to study anthropology. He wrote: "It is impossible to acquire an intimate knowledge of Oriental manners and customs without mixing familiarly with all orders low as well as high."

It was to this correct theory implanted in Burton's mind when only a young man that we owe in later years the numerous valuable anthropological details contained in so many of his works, especially in the *Thousand Nights and a Night*.

This scrap of autobiography appeared in the two early *Lives* of 1880 and 1886, and also in vol. i, p. 151, *et seq.*, of Lady Burton's *Life*. It is, however, so little known and yet so characteristic of Burton, that I feel no apology is needed for its reappearance here.

[1] July 17, 1852, pp. 765–766.

[2] July 24, 1852, pp. 802–803. By mistake I left out the actual pages in my *Bibliography* (p. 252).

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AFTER some years of careful training for the Church in the north and south of France, Florence, Naples, and the University of Pisa, I found myself one day walking the High Street, Oxford, with all the emotions which a Parisian exquisite of the first water would experience on awaking—at 3 p.m.—in "Dandakaran's tangled wood."

To be brief, my "college career" was highly unsatisfactory. I began a "reading man," worked regularly twelve hours a day, failed in everything—chiefly, I flattered myself, because Latin hexameters and Greek iambics had not entered into the list of my studies—threw up the classics, and returned to old habits of fencing, boxing, and single-stick, handling the "ribbons," and sketching facetiously, though not wisely, the reverend features and figures of certain half-reformed monks, calling themselves "fellows." My reading also ran into bad courses—Erpenius, Zadkiel, Falconry, Cornelius Agrippa and the Art of Pluck.

At last the Afghan war broke out. After begging the paternal authority in vain for the Austrian service, the Swiss Guards at Naples, and even the *Légion étrangère*, I determined to leave Oxford, *coûte que coûte*. The testy old lady, Alma Mater, was easily persuaded to consign, for a time, to "country nursing" the froward brat who showed not a whit of filial regard for her. So, after two years, I left Trinity, without a "little go," in a high dog-cart—a companion in misfortune to-tooing lustily through a "yard of tin," as the dons started up from their game of bowls to witness the departure of the forbidden vehicle. Thus, having thoroughly established the fact that I was fit for nothing but to be "shot at for sixpence a day," and as those Afghans (how I blessed their name!) had cut gaps in many a regiment, my father provided

me with a commission in the Indian army, and started me as quickly as feasible for the "land of the sun."

So, my friends and fellow-soldiers, I may address you in the words of the witty thief—slightly altered from *Gil Blas*,—"Blessings on the dainty pow of the old Dame who turned me out of her house; for had she shown clemency I should now doubtless be a dyspeptic Don, instead of which I have the honour to be a lieutenant, your comrade."

As the Bombay pilot sprang on board, Twenty Mouths agape over the gangway, all asked one and the same question. Alas! the answer was a sad one!—the Afghans had been defeated—the avenging army had retreated! The Twenty Mouths all ejaculated a something unfit for ears polite.

To a mind thoroughly impressed with the sentiment that

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long,"

the position of an ensign in the Hon. E. I. Company's Service is a very satisfactory one. He has a horse or two, part of a house, a pleasant mess, plenty of pale ale, as much shooting as he can manage, and an occasional invitation to a dance, where there are thirty-two cavaliers to three dames, or to a dinner-party when a chair unexpectedly falls vacant. But some are vain enough to want more, and of these fools was I.

In India two roads lead to preferment. The direct highway is "service,"—getting a flesh wound, cutting down a few of the enemy, and doing something eccentric, so that your name may creep into a despatch. The other path, study of the languages, is a rugged and tortuous one, still you have only to plod steadily along its length, and, sooner or later, you must come to a "staff appointment." *Bien entendu*, I suppose

you to be destitute of or deficient in Interest whose magic influence sets you down at once, a heaven-born Staff Officer, at the goal which others must toil to reach.

A dozen lessons from Professor Forbes and a native servant on board the *John Knox* enabled me to land with *éclat* as a griff, and to astonish the throng of palanquin bearers that jostled, pushed, and pulled me at the pier head, with the vivacity and nervousness of my phraseology. And I spent the first evening in company with one Dossabhoee Sorabjee, a white-bearded Parsee, who, in his quality of language-master, had vernacularized the tongues of Hormuzd knows how many generations of Anglo-Indian subalterns.

The corps to which I was appointed was then in country quarters at Baroda, in the land of Guzerat; the journey was a long one, the difficulty of finding good instructors there was great, so was the expense, moreover fevers abounded, and, lastly, it was not so easy to obtain leave of absence to visit the Presidency, where candidates for the honours of language are examined. These were serious obstacles to success; they were surmounted, however, in six months, at the end of which time I found myself in the novel position of "passed interpreter in Hindostani."

My success—for I had distanced a field of eleven—encouraged me to a second attempt, and though I had to front all the difficulties over again, in four months my name appeared in orders as qualified to interpret in the Guzerattee tongue.

Meanwhile the Ameers of Sind had exchanged their palaces at Hyderabad for other quarters not quite so comfortable at Hazareebagh, and we were ordered up to the Indus for the pleasant purpose of acting police there. Knowing the Conqueror's chief want, a man who could speak a word of his pet conquests' vernacular dialect, I had not been a week at Kurrachee before I found a language-master and a book. But the study

was undertaken *invitâ minervâ*. We were quartered in tents, dust-storms howled over us daily, drills and brigade parades were never ending, and, as I was acting interpreter to my regiment, courts martial of dreary length occupied the best part of my time. Besides, it was impossible to work in such an atmosphere of discontent. The seniors abhorred the barren desolate spot, with all its inglorious perils of fever, spleen, dysentery, and congestion of the brain, the juniors grumbled in sympathy, and the Staff officers, ordered up to rejoin the corps—it was on field service—complained bitterly of having to quit their comfortable appointments in more favoured lands without even a campaign in prospect. So when, a month or two after landing in the country, we were transferred from Kurrachee to Gharra—purgatory to the other locale—I threw aside Scindee for Maharattee, hoping, by dint of reiterated examinations, to escape the place of torment as soon as possible. It was very like studying Russian in an English country-town; however, with the assistance of Molesworth's excellent dictionary, and the regimental Pundit, or schoolmaster, I gained some knowledge of the dialect and proved myself duly qualified in it at Bombay. At the same time a brother subaltern and I had jointly leased a Persian Moonshee, one Mirza Mohammed Hosayn, of Shiraz,—poor fellow, after passing through the fires of Sind unscathed, he returned to his delightful land for a few weeks, to die there!—and we laid the foundation of a lengthened course of reading in that most elegant of Oriental languages.

Now it is a known fact that a good Staff appointment has the general effect of doing away with one's bad opinion of any place whatever. So when, by the kindness of a friend whose name *his* modesty prevents my mentioning, the Governor of Sind was persuaded to give me the temporary appointment of Assistant

in the Survey, I began to look with interest upon the desolation around me. The country was a new one, so was its population, so was their language. After reading all the works published upon the subject, I felt convinced that none but Mr. Crow and Captain J. McMurdo had dipped beneath the superficies of things. My new duties compelled me to spend the cold season in wandering over the districts, levelling the beds of canals, and making preparatory sketches for a grand survey. I was thrown so entirely amongst the people as to depend upon them for society, and the "dignity," not to mention the increased allowances of a Staff officer, enabled me to collect a fair stock of books, and to gather around me those who could make them of any use. So, after the first year, when I had Persian at my fingers' ends, sufficient Arabic to read, write, and converse fluently, and a superficial knowledge of that dialect of Punjaubee which is spoken in the wilder parts of the province, I began the systematic study of the Scindian people, their manners and their tongue.

The first difficulty was to pass for an Oriental, and this was as necessary as it was difficult. The European official in India seldom, if ever, sees anything in its real light, so dense is the veil which the fearfulness, the duplicity, the prejudice, and the superstitions of the natives hang before his eyes. And the white man lives a life so distinct from the black, that hundreds of the former serve through what they call their "term of exile" without once being present at a circumcision feast, a wedding, or a funeral. More especially the present generation, whom the habit and the means of taking furloughs, the increased facility for enjoying ladies' society, and, if truth be spoken, a greater regard for appearances, if not a stricter code of morality, estrange from their dusky fellow-subjects every day and day the more. After trying several characters, the easiest to be assumed was, I found, that of a half

Arab, half Iranian, such as may be met with in thousands along the northern shore of the Persian Gulf. The Scindians would have detected in a moment the difference between my articulation and their own, had I attempted to speak their vernacular dialect, but they attributed the accent to my strange country, as naturally as a home-bred Englishman would account for the bad pronunciation of a foreigner calling himself partly Spanish, partly Portuguese. Besides, I knew the countries along the Gulf by heart from books, I had a fair knowledge of the Shieh form of worship prevalent in Persia, and my poor Moonshee was generally at hand to support me in times of difficulty, so that the danger of being detected—even by a "real Simon Pure,"—was a very inconsiderable one.

With hair falling upon his shoulders, a long beard, face and hands, arms and feet, stained with a thin coat of henna, Mirza Abdullah of Bushire—your humble servant—set out upon many and many a trip. He was a Bazzaz, a vendor of fine linen, calicoes, and muslins; —such chapmen are sometimes admitted to display their wares, even in the sacred harem, by "fast" and fashionable dames—and he had a little pack of *bijouterie* and *virtù* reserved for emergencies. It was only, however, when absolutely necessary that he displayed his stock-in-trade; generally, he contented himself with alluding to it on all possible occasions, boasting largely of his traffic, and asking a thousand questions concerning the state of the market. Thus he could walk into most men's houses, quite without ceremony;—even if the master dreamed of kicking him out, the mistress was sure to oppose such measure with might and main. He secured numberless invitations, was proposed to by several papas, and won, or had to think he won, a few hearts; for he came as a rich man and he stayed with dignity, and he departed exacting all the honours. When wending his ways he usually urged a return of

visit in the morning, but he was seldom to be found at the caravanserai he specified—was Mirza Abdullah the Bushiri.

The timid villagers collected in crowds to see the rich merchant in Oriental dress, riding spear in hand, and pistols in holsters, towards the little encampment pitched near their settlements. But regularly every evening on the line of march the Mirza issued from his tent and wandered amongst them, collecting much information and dealing out more concerning an ideal master,—the Feringhee supposed to be sitting in State amongst the Moonshees, the Scribes, the servants, the wheels, the chains, the telescopes, and the other magical implements in which the camp abounded. When travelling, the Mirza became this mysterious person's factotum, and often had he to answer the question how much his perquisites and illicit gains amounted to in the course of the year.

When the Mirza arrived at a strange town, his first step was to secure a house in or near the bazaar, for the purpose of evening *conversazioni*. Now and then he rented a shop, and furnished it with clammy dates, viscid molasses, tobacco, ginger, rancid oil, and strong-smelling sweetmeats; and wonderful tales Fame told about these establishments. Yet somehow or other, though they were more crowded than a first-rate milliner's rooms in town, they throve not in a pecuniary point of view; the cause of which was, I believe, that the polite Mirza was in the habit of giving the heaviest possible weight for their money to all the ladies—particularly the pretty ones, that honoured him by patronizing his concern.

Sometimes the Mirza passed the evening in a mosque listening to the ragged students who, stretched at full length with their stomachs on the dusty floor, and their arms supporting their heads, mumbled out Arabic from the thumbed, soiled, and tattered pages of

theology upon which a dim oil light shed its scanty ray, or he sat debating the niceties of faith with the long-bearded, shaven-pated, blear-eyed, and stolid-faced *genus loci*, the Mullah. At other times, when in merrier mood, he entered uninvited the first door whence issued the sounds of music and the dance;—a clean turban and a polite bow are the best "tickets for soup" the East knows. Or he played chess with some native friend, or he consorted with the hemp-drinkers and opium-eaters in the *estaminets*, or he visited the Mrs. Gadabouts and Go-betweens who made matches amongst the Faithful, and gathered from them a precious budget of private history and domestic scandal.

What scenes he saw! what adventures he went through! But who would believe, even if he ventured to detail them?

The Mirza's favourite school for study was the house of an elderly matron on the banks of the Fulailee River, about a mile from the Fort of Hyderabad. Khanum Jan had been a beauty in her youth, and the tender passion had been hard upon her, at least, judging from the fact that she had fled her home, her husband, and her native town, Candahar, in company with Mohammed Bakhsh, a purblind old tailor, the object of her warmest affections.

"Ah, he is a regular old hyena now," would the Joan exclaim in her outlandish Persian, pointing to the venerable Darby as he sat at squat in the cool shade, nodding his head and winking his eyes over a pair of pantaloons which took him a month to sew, "but you should have seen him fifteen years ago, what a wonderful youth he was!"

The knowledge of one mind is that of a million—after a fashion. I addressed myself particularly to that of "Darby"; and many an hour of tough thought it took me before I had mastered its truly Oriental

peculiarities, its regular irregularities of deduction, and its strange monotonous one-idea'dness.

Khanum Jan's house was a mud edifice, occupying one side of a square formed by tall, thin, crumbling mud walls. The respectable matron's peculiar vanity was to lend a helping hand in all manner of *affaires du cœur*. So it often happened that Mirza Abdullah was turned out of the house to pass a few hours in the garden. There he sat upon his felt rug spread beneath a shadowy tamarind, with beds of sweet-smelling basil around him, his eyes roving over the broad river that coursed rapidly between its wooded banks and the groups gathered at the frequent ferries, whilst the soft strains of mysterious, philosophical, transcendental Hafiz were sounded in his ears by other Meerza, his companions, Mohammed Hosayn—peace be upon him!

Of all economical studies this course was the cheapest. For tobacco daily, for frequent draughts of milk, for hemp occasionally, for the benefit of Khanum Jan's experience, for four months' lectures from Mohammed Bakhsh, and for sundry other little indulgences, the Mirza paid, it is calculated, the sum of six shillings. When he left Hyderabad he gave a silver talisman to the dame, and a cloth coat to her protector: long may they live to wear them!

. . . . . .

Thus it was I formed my estimate of the native character. I am as ready to reform it when a man of more extensive experience and greater knowledge of the subject will kindly show me how far it transgresses the well-established limits of moderation. As yet I hold, by way of general rule, that the Eastern mind—I talk of the nations known to me by personal experience—is always in extremes; that it ignores what is meant by "golden mean," and that it delights to range in flights limited only by the *ne plus ultra* of Nature herself. Under which conviction I am open to correction.

THE GUIDE-BOOK TO MECCA

I have already [1] stated the great rarity of this little pamphlet. I only know of six copies in existence including that in my own library. There is no copy in the British Museum. The pamphlet was issued in 1865 (that is to say eight years after the appearance of the second edition of the *Pilgrimage*) at the request of the Honorary Director of the Polytechnic Institute. It contains a short but clear account of the main rites connected with the pilgrimage. As is only natural further details can be found in *The Pilgrimage to Mecca*, but for the general reader who wants to get some idea of the chief ceremonies this little pamphlet is quite sufficient. In order not to repeat what I have already said I must again refer readers to my *Bibliography* (p. 44 etc.) where I give some account of the manner in which Burton made his famous pilgrimage, the exact position he holds in reference to other non-Moslem "pilgrims" and of the modern works published on the subject.

It is hard to say which was the most dangerous of his exploits—the journey to Mecca or that to Harar. Burton once said that the chances of getting killed were greater on the journey to Harar, but I feel that his tremendous interest in the Pilgrimage may have tended to minimize the dangers which to any one less equipped in language, details of ceremonial and mind would have been a barrier too hard to overcome.

The pamphlet consists of nine "stages" and a post-script.

STAGE I.

The Pilgrims Land at Jeddah.

We are about to describe one of the most important scenes in the Mohammedan's life. A pilgrimage to

[1] *Bibliography*, p. 76.

Mecca, followed by a visitation to Medina, are, under certain limitations, obligatory upon all true believers, and many who have led evil lives date their reformation from the first sight of the holy shrines.

There is little doubt that this pilgrimage, like all others, began with a mixture of commerce and religion: the latter element now predominates. In former years, when travelling was more difficult, the hadgee (Haji), or pilgrim, wore, after his return home, a green turban. The custom is now obsolete in the more civilized lands. Maids, wives, and widows go through the ceremonial enactments, and "O pilgrimess!" is the civil address to women of the lower orders in Egypt and other Moslem lands.

Jeddah, the port of Mecca, and the capital of the Tehama province, lying on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, is the favourite landing-place of pilgrims. It is a truly tropical picture. Above, a pitiless sun rains yellow fire through air as blue as the turquoise. Below, is an ultramarine sea, streaked emerald green, showing where shoal water overlies golden sand, and dotted with coral rocks that form the dreaded "Gateways of Jeddah." Between the two lies the thin line of red-yellow ground, utterly sterile, with here and there sandy downs and rocky, pointed hills—an iron land. The town is a long streak of dull-brown ruins and white houses glaring as twelfth-cakes. The material is coralline-limestone, and the habitations are oblong, like the old brick houses of England, but decorated with the picturesque alcoves and the huge hanging balconies of carved wood which the overland traveller sees for the first time at Malta. Jeddah is rudely fortified, and in 1817 it beat off thousands of wild Wahhabis or Arab Puritans.

Many European vessels lie off the port during pilgrimage time, and in these days there are steamers from India and Egypt. The native buildings are of

immense variety, and motion is given to the scene by canoes, fishing-boats, and catamarans, darting rapidly in all directions: their leg-of-mutton and gull-wing sails (often mere sheets) turned from white to tender blue and lustrous green by the dazzling reflection of the water, recall to memory a shoal of dolphins off the Cape of Good Hope.

The pilgrims also are a motley throng. The blue-eyed and red-haired Moslem from Moscow meets his swarthy Chinese-like brother from Java or Yun-nan. The fierce Albanian with peaky face, bristling mustachio, and hand on pistol-stock, swaggers by the bumpkin from Sind or the Hindostan man, cat-like with stealthy tread. There are handsome Syrians with pale faces and curly yellow beards; Jew-like Moroccans conspicuous for huge noses and rugged faces; ferocious-looking Kurds and Afghans, dignified Osmanlis with Circassian features, and gentlemanly Constantinopolitans, all jostled by the mop-headed Somal of East Africa, and the wild black Takruri, whose burning desire to sight the holy shrines has hurried their painful steps across half the breadth of terrible Africa. The tall, well-bearded Persians, in conical lamb-skin caps, surmounting classical features, so like one another that all seem brothers, keep aloof from the crowd; they are heretics, and they have reason to fear the large quarter-staves carried by the local police.[1]

But these men, so different in appearance, almost all wear the same dress. Passing certain points on the coast they exchanged their normal garb for that called "Ihram," or "Mortification."[2] 'It is nothing but

[1] It was not till he got to Cairo at the beginning of his pilgrimage that Burton discovered the disrespect shown to the Persians. He started from London as a Persian Mirza, but changed to a "Pathan," born in India of Afghan parents, at the advice of his friend Haji Wali.—N. M. P.

[2] See coloured frontispiece to the *Pilgrimage*, vol. iii, 1885–6. —N. M. P.

two cotton cloths, each six feet long by half that breadth, white with narrow red stripes and fringes; in fact, it is nearly the same as that adopted in our Anglo-Turkish baths. One of these sheets is thrown over the back, and, exposing the right arm and shoulder, is knotted at the side. The waist-cloth extends to the knee, and, tucked in at the middle, supports itself. All heads are bared to the rabid sun heat, and the insteps suffer severely.

Assuming this garb, the pilgrims recite :—

"Here am I! O Allah! Here am I!
No Sharer hast Thou—Here am I!
Verily the Praise and the Grace are Thine
and the Empire;
No Sharer hast Thou—Here am I!"

The directors of the pilgrims' consciences now order them to avoid quarrels, bad language, and all immorality: they must religiously respect the sanctuary by sparing the trees, and by avoiding to take animal life; they may, however, slay, if necessary, the "five nuisances"—a crow, a kite, a rat, a scorpion, or a biting dog. They must abstain from perfumes, washes, and cosmetics, from paring the nails, and from dyeing, shaving, plucking and cutting the hair; and, though they may take advantage of shade, and even defend themselves from the sun by upraising the hands, they must never cover the head. For each infraction of these ordinances they are ordered to sacrifice a sheep; and it is popularly said by Moslems that none but their Prophet ("Apostle" or "Messenger" is a better translation) was ever perfect in the intricacies of pilgrimage. It is copious and full of exceptions as the Arabic language itself.

The women do the same as the men: this alone disproves the world-wide calumny against Mohammedans—namely, that half humanity has no soul, and

consequently no future. Pilgrimesses exchange the "lisam," that coquettish fold of muslin which veils instead of concealing the lower part of the face, for a hideous mask of split, dried, and plaited palm-leaves, pierced with "bull's-eyes" to admit the light. This "ugly" is worn, because during the ceremonies a woman's veil must not touch her features. The rest of the outer garment is a long white cotton sheet, covering the head, and falling to the heels. One can hardly help laughing when these strange figures first meet one's sight, and to judge from the shaking of their shoulders they are as much amused themselves.

STAGE II.

The Caravan March Across the Desert.

Few pilgrims endure the dreadful heat, the dust, and, worst of all, the Cologne-like odours of Jeddah. Most of them encamp on the plain behind the town after securing the services of a "circuit-man," so called because, besides serving as guide in religious matters generally, he daily puts the pilgrim through his seven obligatory perambulations round the house of Allah. He also collects cattle for the march, and is ready to provide the stranger with highly-priced bed and board in the sacred city.

Before leaving Jeddah, pilgrims perform a pious visitation. Outside the town lies, or is supposed to lie, no less a personage than "our mother Eve," whilst our first father reposes in a mosque near Mecca. The word Jeddah, in Arabic meaning "Grandmother," is popularly derived from this circumstance. Riding through a mass of foul huts and tattered coffee-sheds, we pass over the sandy plain to the north-east of the town, and find the doors of the precinct closed.

As usual in holy places, it must be opened with a silver key.

" Our mother " is supposed to lie like a Mohammedan woman, sideways, fronting Mecca, with her head to the south, her feet northwards, and her right hand supporting her right cheek. Whitewashed and conspicuous to the voyager from afar is the dome opening to the west and covering a square stone planted upright, and fancifully carved to show where the middle of the body lies. Having prayed there and at the head, where a few dwarf trees grow, pilgrims walk along the low walls which define the outlines of " our mother's " mortal remains. They are parallel, and about eighteen feet apart. As the " mother " measured one hundred and twenty paces from head to waist, and eighty from waist to heel, she must have presented a somewhat peculiar appearance. The archæologist will remember that the great idol of Jeddah in the days of Arab stone worship was a " long rock."

And now let us set out with the caravan, on its desert march of twenty hours between Jeddah and Mecca. There is danger on the road from lurking Bedouins, and, by order of government, pilgrims must journey in parties.

Striking is the appearance of these caravans as they thread their slow way over

> " The golden desert glittering through
> The subtle veil of beams,"

as the poet of the " Palm leaves " has it. The sky is terrible in its blinding beauty and pitiless splendours, while the simoom, or wind of the wild, caresses the cheek with the flaming breath of a lion. The filmy spray of sand, and the upseething of the atmosphere, the heat-reek and the dancing of the air upon the baked surface of the bright yellow soil, blending with

the dazzling blue above, invests the horizon with a broad band of deep dark green, and blurs the gaunt figures of the camels, which at a distance resemble troops of gigantic birds. There are evidently eight degrees of pilgrims. The lowest walk propped with heavy staves: these are coffee-makers, sherbert-sellers, and tobacconists vending their goods, negroes from far Africa, and country folk driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamour and gesticulation; here a shrieking woman or a lost child; there some moaning wretch ready to die, but yearning to breathe out his life in the sacred city. Then come the humble riders of laden camels, mules, and asses, which the Bedouin, who clings monkey-like to the hairy hump of his animal, despises, saying,

"Honourable to the rider is the riding of the horse;
But the mule is a dishonour, and the donkey is a disgrace."

Respectable men mount dromedaries or blood camels, known by their small size, their fine limbs, and their large, deer-like eyes. The saddles have huge crimson sheep-skins between tall metal pommels, and these are girthed over fine saddle-bags, whose long tassels of bright worsted hang almost to the ground. Irregular soldiers mount picturesquely equipped "screws." Here and there rides some old Arab shaykh, preceded by his varlets performing a war-dance, compared with which the bear's performance is grace itself; firing their duck-guns in the air or blowing powder into the naked legs of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically with bright-coloured rags floating in the wind, and tossing high their long spears tufted with ostrich-feathers. Women, children, and invalids of the poorer classes sit upon rags or carpets spread over the large boxes that form the camel's load: those a little better off

use a short cot fastened cross-wise (shibriyah), and the richer ride in pairs, using panniers covered with an awning (shugduf), and made to resemble a miniature green tent, that sways and tosses upon the animal's back. Grandees use gorgeously painted litters[1] (takhtrawn), borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings, and they are accompanied by led horses. The vehicle regulates the pilgrim's expenses, which may vary from five pounds to as many thousands, and the pauper must live on alms.

It is a haggard land, this—a land of wild beasts and wilder men—a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words "Drink and away," instead of "Rest and be thankful." A sandy valley, in which the beasts sink to the fetlock, threads the peaky hills behind Jeddah. About half-way is a mass of reed huts and leaf-thatched hovels, called the boundary (El Haddah), where caravans halt for coffee and water. Here all unbelievers who intend to visit the sheriff or prince of Mecca at his country quarters in the Taif mountains must leave the direct road, lest their glances pollute the shrine. And here I may observe that though neither Koran nor Sultan enjoin the death of Jew or Christian intruding within the columns that note the sanctuary limits, nothing could save a European detected by the populace, or one who after pilgrimage declared himself an unbeliever. The Turkish and Arab authorities would do their best and fail. I mention this the more particularly as my friend, the learned Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, once proposed to attempt the sacred city in English garb—he would have been shot by the first Bedouin that met him. Another friend informs me that in 1860 a Jew, who refused to repeat the Moslem creed, was crucified by the bigoted and turbulent Meccans.

[1] See coloured illustration facing p. 305 of the *Pilgrimage*, vol. i, 1855–6.—N. M. P.

After "the boundary," we enter upon the Meccan plateau, which is now hard with gravelly clay, then covered with sand-heaps. And here I may observe that the popular idea of the desert being a "sandy sea," dotted with oases like islands, is rarely realized by the traveller. The wilds of Arabia and Africa are mostly plains of rock and of a hard clayey earth, which wants only water to become luxuriantly fertile. Our final rise is by a long flight of rough and broken stone steps, dangerous to the animals for whose convenience they were made: it is a comparatively modern construction, ascribed to one of the ill-fated Barmecides. The pilgrims who try to arrive about midnight, pitch their tents on a plain or table-land outside the city, and with loud cries of "Here am I!" impatiently await the dawn. Many are the thanks to Allah, and mutual congratulations that their eyes are about to rest upon the edifice towards which every Mohammedan from his earliest days turns in prayer, and which long before the birth of Christianity was revered by the patriarchs of the East.

STAGE III.

The House of Allah at Mecca.

At dawn the pilgrims perform a ceremonial ablution, and with loud cries of "Here am I!" hasten to the house of Allah. Leaving the camp, they enter the main street of Mecca, leading to the greater "gate of security," near the north-eastern angle of the temple. This is the most venerable of the thirty-nine portals.

Crossing the threshold, they descend several steps, for the level of the temple is preserved, whilst the city has been raised by the decay of ages. The shape is a large unroofed and irregular oblong, somewhat

like the square of the Palais Royal, and measuring six hundred and twenty by five hundred feet. Each of the four sides has a colonnade, divided into aisles, four to the east and three elsewhere: these cloisters are composed of a forest of more than five hundred columns, between twenty and twenty-five feet high, and of every variety of shape and material. Surmounting each arch of the colonnade is a small dome, shaped like a half-orange: the temple wall is pinnacled, and at different points rise seven minarets, dating from distinct epochs. They are tall, quadrangular, or circular steeples, much slenderer than ours, and somewhat tawdrily banded with gaudy colours.

Near the middle of this area rises the far-famed Kaabah (meaning a cube, a square, a *maison carrée*), its funereal pall contrasting vividly with the sun-lit walls and the yellow precipices of the town. There it is at last—the bourne of long and weary travel—realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. In my eyes the mirage medium of fancy invested the huge *catafalque* and its gloomy covering with peculiar charms. There were no marvels of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbaric gorgeousness as in the fanes of India and China. Yet the view was strange, unique; and how few of us have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say, that of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, and who pressed their beating bosoms against the stones, none felt for a moment a deeper emotion than the pilgrim from the far north.

The Kaabah, according to the Koran, is "certainly the first temple erected for mankind"; its prototype is supposed to be in heaven, built by angelic hands, with sheets of light, and Adam first founded the structure which we now view. It is nearly square, forty-five feet long, thirty-five feet broad, and about forty feet

high, the roof having a cubit of depression from south-west to north-east. The material is a fine grey granite, in horizontal courses of irregular depth, mortared with excellent cement. All the building, except the roof, is mantled over with a dull black dress of silk and cotton made at Cairo, and annually renewed: the lower ends are looped up to preserve it from the people, and a horizontal band of bright gold thread, some two feet broad, runs round the building at two-thirds of its height, thus relieving its monotony.[1]

The world-famed "Black Stone" is inserted outside into the south-eastern angle of the Kaabah, between four and five feet from the ground and extending to an unknown depth. It is set in a broad circle of gold or gilt silver, and appears only through the central aperture, which is about seven inches in diameter. Round the sides is a reddish-brown cement, almost level with the metal disc and sloping down to the middle of the stone, which is about two inches lower: The true stone shows a black and slaggy surface, glossy and pitch-like, worn and polished by myriads of kisses. Moslems declare that when Allah made covenant with the souls about to animate the sons of Adam, the instrument was placed inside the Black Stone, which, once white as snow, changed colour by reason of our sins. Unbelievers opine the sacred corner-stone to be a common aërolite.

Nothing can be more simple than the interior of the Kaabah. The walls are covered with handsome red damask, flowered over with gold and tucked up six feet high out of the way of pilgrims' hands. The ceiling rests upon three cross-beams connecting the eastern and western walls, and these beams are supported by three posts of carved and ornamented aloes wood.

[1] See the excellent illustrations to Hurgronje's *Bilder aus Mekka*, Leyden, 1889.—N. M. P.

Between the three pillars, and about nine feet from the ground, run metal bars, and hanging to them are many lamps said to be of gold.

At a distance of several yards the Kaabah is surrounded by an oval balustrade of thirty-one or thirty-two slender gilt pillars, between every two of which are suspended globe-lamps of white and green glass. The space thus inclosed is the circuit ground where pilgrims walk round the shrine. On the north-west end of the building is a dwarf semicircular wall, whose extremities are in a line with the sides of the Kaabah, and distant from it about five feet. Thus it leaves an opening to the sepulchre of Ishmael, whom Moslems regard as the eldest son and successor of Abraham, in opposition to the Jews, who prefer the legitimate Isaac.

Besides the Kaabah, ten minor structures adorn the vast quadrangle. The most important is that which protects the holy well Zam Zam,[1] or "The murmuring," whose brackish waters gushed from the ground where the child Ishmael was shuffling his feet in the agonies of thirst. There are the "two domes" over the library and clock-room: the walls are vulgarly painted with bands of red, green, and yellow. Opposite the door of the Kaabah, which is six feet above the pavement, stands a short triangular staircase of carved wood, which is wheeled up on the rare days when the building is opened. Near it rises a slightly built and insulated round arch of cut stone, about fifteen feet wide by eighteen feet high: those who visit the shrine for the first time pass under it. There is a fine white marble pulpit with straight narrow stairs, leading

[1] Usually written Zem Zem. See the *Pilgrimage* (1st edition), vol. iii, p. 201, where Burton gives details of the word. Like all other pilgrims Burton brought back a little bottle of the sacred water. It now forms part of the collection of his travelling companion and medical adviser, Dr. F. Grenfell Baker, to whom Burton gave it shortly before his death.—N. M. P.

to the preacher's post, which is surmounted by a small gilt and pointed steeple. Lastly, opposite the four sides of the Kaabah stand four ornamental pavilions with light sloping roofs resting on slender pillars: from these the representatives of the four orthodox schools direct their congregations in prayer.

Upon the granite pavement which, smooth as glass, surrounds the Kaabah, crowds of pilgrims, bareheaded and barefooted, despite the fires of day and the cold dews of night, perform the ceremony of "circuit," and suggest the idea of perpetual motion. New-comers at once proceed to the Black Stone, and, after a hard struggle, kiss it and exclaim, "In Allah's name, and Allah is Almighty!" Then they commence the usual seven rounds, three at a brisk gymnastic trot, and subsequently four at a leisurely pace. During this time the "circuit-man" (mutawwif), or guide, recites the proper prayer aloud, and the pilgrim repeats the words, which seem greatly to vary. Few Mohammedans contemplate the Kaabah for the first time without fear and awe: many faint from excess of emotion. There is a popular jest against fresh arrivals, that they generally ask the direction of prayer, although right before their eyes stands the building towards which they have turned in devotion ever since they began to pray.

STAGE IV

Of Mohammed and His Vision in the Cave

Here it is necessary to offer a sketch of Mohammed, the Lawgiver of Arabia, and the earlier part of his career, which led to the visit from which he dated his days of inspiration.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, on a Monday, and

on the 13th day of a lunar month; but history cannot decide between May 569, and April 571, of our era. Moslem traditionists affirm that their Prophet was born on a *Monday*, restored to its place the Black Stone on a *Monday*, assumed the prophetical office on a *Monday*, fled from Mecca on a *Monday*, reached Medina on a *Monday*, and died on a *Monday*.

Mohammed's parents were of the noble tribe of Koraysh, and his father, Abdallah, died whilst journeying to Syria, two months before his only son's birth. As was and still is the custom of Arab citizens, his mother, Aminah, placed him for some time under the charge of Halimah, a Bedouin woman, far from the noxious air of towns, and in the desert, where the genuine Arab character and language are best acquired. For his foster-nurse he ever retained a lively affection.

Having lost his mother at the age of six, Mohammed was adopted by a fond grandfather, Abd el Muttalib. When he was twelve years old, his uncle, Abu Talib, carried him on a commercial visit to Syria. He then took service with a wealthy widow of the same tribe, by name Khadijah, and he again travelled northwards in charge of her goods. Returning in his twenty-fifth year, he married her, although she was then forty lunar (or nearly thirty-nine solar) years old; and their union was blessed by several children, whereas his subsequent marriages were not. Mohammed left no son and successor.

Thus placed above worldly care, the future lawgiver of the Arabs was enabled to follow the bent of his mind—ascetic exercises and religious speculations. He achieved from his fellow-citizens the noble title of The Honest (*El Amin*), and, though not a man of importance, he was chosen to restore the Black Stone to its corner in the temple. It is recorded of him that throughout life he hated nothing more than lying—a remarkable trait amongst Asiatics and semi-barbarians.

Mohammed was about the middle size, muscular, but not fat, of good figure and commanding presence. His head, unusually large, gave space for a broad and noble brow: he parted his thick black hair in the middle, and allowed it to fall below his ears in four locks. His face was oval, his features were handsome, and his countenance was unusually mild; his soft clear complexion was of a wheat-colour, fair for an Arab; his eyebrows, narrow and arched, were separated by a vein which was seen to throb in moments of emotion; his eyelids were almond-shaped; and his large eyes, intensely black and piercing, derived additional lustre from their long, dark lashes. His nose was high and slightly aquiline; his mouth somewhat wide, and his teeth were white and well-formed, with a separation between the two front incisors. His beard, rising from the cheek-bones, fell to his bosom, and was two hands and two finger-breadths long; and he clipped, but did not shave his mustachio. He was remarkable for cleanliness; and he did not disdain the use of antimony to the eyes, dye to the beard, and oil to the hair. He was fond of perfumes, and would not permit those who had eaten onions or garlic to enter his place of worship.

The Prophet's dress was a long-sleeved blouse, or shirt of white, red, yellow, or green cotton: he rejected silken cloths, spotted and figured fringes and fine mantles, which it "doth not become the pious to wear." He was fond of the striped stuffs of Yemen; and in winter he used black woollen cloaks, which contrasted with the fairness of his skin. For great occasions he had a suit costing about four pounds, consisting of a loin-cloth, tied round his waist and falling like a petticoat to his ankles, and a square sheet, thrown over the left shoulder, enwrapped the body and was fastened under the right arm. Abroad he wore a skull-cap, and a turban whose ends fell down to his

neck; and in the house he tied a piece of cloth round his temples, leaving the crown of his head bare.

In living, Mohammed was an Arab—abstemious, and eating but one full meal a day: yet he discouraged mortification and superogatory fasting. He was fond of confectionery, and liked to drink milk or water sweetened with dates or honey: from his birth he never tasted fermented liquors; and distillation was not then known. He was kind to women, and never beat them; he frequently protected those who came to him for refuge; and the ladies of Medina exercised some influence on his legislation. He forbade his followers to chastise their wives; but, at the remonstrance of the stern disciplinarian, Umar, who said that without it women would have the upper hand, he allowed it in a modified way. Upon this a number of matrons came to his house and prevailed upon him to disapprove of their being ill-treated. He was kind to his servants, and he always freed his slaves.

In those days it was the habit of noble and pious Arabs, especially those of Mohammed's tribe, to make periodical "retreats" for silence and seclusion. Every family had its separate place, on a high conical hill, two or three miles from Mecca, known in books as Jebel Hira, or Hara, but now called Jebel Nur, or Mount of Light, because there the Lawgiver's mind was first illuminated. It is a wild spot. Eastward and southward, the vision is limited by abrupt hills. In the other direction there is a dreary landscape, with here and there a stunted acacia or a clump of brushwood, growing on rolling ground, where stony glens and white sandy valleys, most of them watercourses after the rare rain, separate rugged and barren grey, yellow, and black rocks.

Amidst such scenery, generally alone, but sometimes accompanied by his faithful wife, Mohammed used to retire for several days, staying till his provisions

were exhausted; then he would return home, and either live there for a while, or furnish himself with fresh supplies and return to his favourite cave.

The cave has been sketched by "Ali Bey el Abbasi" —a Spaniard named Badia, who visited the shrines and was afterwards poisoned.[1]

It lies in the declivities at the foot of Mount Nur, and a quarter of a league to the left of the road to Arafat. Burckhardt describes it as a "valley which extends in a northerly direction with easting, and terminated by the mountain (Jebel Nur)." In the rocky floor of a small building ruined by the Wahabys, a cleft is shown, about the size of a man in length and breadth. A little below this place is a small cabin in the red granite rock which forms the upper stratum of this mountain; it is called the "Cave of the Hira." Native annalists make it four yards long, and varying in width from three to nine feet.

In this cave Mohammed received what his followers hold to be his first revelation. The following is a popular account of the event, borrowed from Washington Irving's *Mahomet and His Successors*:—

"It was in the fortieth year of Mahomet's age when this famous revelation took place. Accounts are given of it by Moslem writers as if received from his own lips, and it is alluded to in certain passages of the Koran. He was passing, as was his wont, the month of Ramadan in the cavern of Mount Hara, endeavouring by fasting, prayer, and solitary meditation to elevate his thoughts to the contemplation of divine truth. It was on the night called by Arabs Al Kade, or the Divine Decree, a night in which, according to the Koran, angels descend

[1] Concerning Ali Bey El Abbasi, or Badia Y Leblich, see *Voyages d'Ali Bey El Abbassi en Afrique et en Asie pendant les années* 1803–1807, Paris, 1814. Reference should also be made to Burton's *Pilgrimage*, vol iii, p. 186; D. G. Hogarth's *Penetration of Arabia*, 1904, pp. 78, etc., and Augustus Ralli's *Christians at Mecca*, 1909, pp. 48–64.—N. M. P.

to earth, and Gabriel brings down the decrees of Allah. During that night there is peace on earth, and a holy quiet reigns over all nature until the rising of the dawn.

"As Mahomet, in the silent watches of night, lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling upon him: uncovering his head, a flood of light broke upon him of such intolerable splendour that he swooned away. On regaining his senses he beheld an angel in a human form, which, approaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth, covered with written characters.

"'Read!' said the angel.

"'I know not how to read,'" replied Mahomet.

"'Read!' repeated the angel, 'in the name of the Lord who has created all things; who created man from a clot of blood. Read in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen; who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge, and teaches him what before he knew not.'

"Upon this Mahomet instantly felt his understanding illumined with celestial light, and read what was written on the cloth; which contained the decrees of God, as afterwards promulgated in the Koran. When he had finished the perusal, the heavenly messenger announced, 'Oh, Mahomet! of a verity thou art the Prophet of Allah, and I am his angel Gabriel.'"

The legend is related with variants. That patient Oriental scholar, Dr. A. Sprenger (*Life of Mohammed*), draws the following from authentic sources. "In one of his visions he saw an angel, who said to him; 'Read!' He answered, 'I am not reading!'(more correctly, 'I am not of those who read'). The angel laid hold of him and squeezed him, until Mohammed succeeded in making an effort. Then he released him, and said again, 'Read!' This was repeated three times; and at length the angel said, 'Read (or recite) in the name of the Lord, who created man from naught but congealed blood; read (or recite), for thy Lord

is beneficent. It is he who hath taught by the pen (i.e., has revealed the Scriptures); hath taught man what he knoweth not.' "

These sentences are considered to be the first revelations which Mohammed ever received, and are the initiatory words of Chapter XCVI. of the Koran, or Moslem Holy Writ, which means literally a gathering together, a reading, a book, the book.

According to the Koran, the inspiring spirit was "seen in the open horizon," that is to say, above the horizon where we see the sun about half an hour after it is risen, and therefore at a great distance. Subsequently it is supposed to have appeared in two forms—the heavenly, with six hundred wings, and the earthly, in human shape.

To conclude this notice of the Arab lawgiver's early career. In the angry days of the Rev. Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, Mohammed was set down as a mere impostor. Followed a more moderate age, which endures to the present time, when biographers describe Mohammed as beginning with fanaticism and ending with imposture. I must differ from both; nor can I see, with Dr. Sprenger, any analogy between the "opening scene of Goethe's 'Faust,'" and the "crisis of Mohammed's struggles." The man was doubtless a fanatic: I cannot, however, detect in him a taint of fraud, which is essentially weak, whereas faith is naturally strong. "Falsehood hath vanished," said Mohammed himself; "for falsehood is evanescent." So his successor declared, "In sincerity is faithfulness, and in falsehood perfidy."

To me there appears a remarkable similarity between Mohammed and Swedenborg: both seem to have been born with that fine and peculiar nervous temperament whose presentiments and visions assume the type of "second-sight." Thus in the case of the Arab Lawgiver I would explain the Dream of Heaven, from

which, in after centuries, so many fond silly stories grew into a mass of splendid absurdity; thus the description of the unvisited Jerusalem; thus the extension of the universe to millions of miles beyond this earth—an anticipation, twelve centuries ago, of the wonders of the telescope.

STAGE V

The Sermon on the Holy Hill of Arafat

The ceremonies of hajj, or pilgrimage, I may here preface, are performed on the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth day of the last month of the Arab lunar year, called the "Lord of Pilgrimage." At this time there is a great throb through the framework of Moslem society from Gibraltar to Japan, and those who cannot visit the shrines content themselves with prayer and sacrifice at home. As the year is lunar, the period revolves through the four seasons in thirty-three years; when I visited Mecca the rites began on September 12th, and ended on September 14, 1853.

The pilgrimage ceremonies are evidently a commemoration of Abraham and his descendants. The faith practised by that patriarch, when he issued from the Chaldæan, seems to have formed a religious standard in the mind of the Arab Lawgiver, who preferred Abraham before all prophets but himself.

The principal ceremony of pilgrimage is to be present at the sermon pronounced by the preacher on the holy hill of Arafat, distant six hours or twelve miles from Mecca. This performed, even in a state of insensibility, confers the rank of Hadgee (Haji) or pilgrim. To die on the wayside is martyrdom, saving all the pains and penalties of the tomb. I saw no less than

five exhausted and emaciated beings drag themselves along the road to give up the ghost.

Arafat, meaning "recognition," owes its name and honour to a well-known legend. When our first parents were expelled from Paradise, which, according to Moslems, is in the first or lowest of the seven heavens, Adam descended at Ceylon, Eve upon Arafat. The former, seeking his wife, began a journey to which earth owes its present mottled appearance. Wherever the gigantic Adam placed his foot, a town arose in course of time. Wandering for many years, he came to this "Mount of Mercy," where Eve was ever calling upon his name: hence the hill is known as "recognition."

After visiting sundry spots of minor sanctity, such as the birthplace of Mohammed, the stone which gave him "Godspeed," and so forth, pilgrims prepare for the ceremonies of Arafat. On the eighth day of the month from earliest dawn, the road is covered with white-robed votaries; some walk, others ride, and all are shouting "Here am I!" The scene, as usual in the East, is one of strange contrasts: Bedouins bestriding swift dromedaries, Turkish dignitaries on fine horses; the most picturesque beggars, and the most uninteresting soldiery.

Passing over "The Steep" (Akabah), an important spot in Arab history, they reach at noon "Muzdalifah," or The Approacher, known as the "Minaret without the Mosque," and thus distinguished from another neighbouring building, called the "Mosque without the Minaret." There is something striking in the appearance of the tall, solitary tower, springing from the desolate valley of gravel, flanked by precipices of yellow and tawny rock. No wonder that the old Arab conquerors loved to give the high-sounding name of this oratory to distant points in their wide empire.

Here, as we all halted for midday prayer, appeared the Damascus caravan. The "Mahmal," or compli-

mentary riding-litter, sent annually from that city whose title is "Smile of the Prophet," no longer a framework as on the line of march, flashed in the sun all green and gold. Around the moving host of white-robed pilgrims hovered a crowd of Bedouins, mounted on swift dromedaries, and armed to the teeth; as their drapery floated in the wind, and their faces were half swathed and veiled, it was not always easy to distinguish the sex of the wild beings that urged their beasts to speed. These people often visit Arafat for blood-revenge; nothing can be more sacrilegious than murder at such a time; but they find the victim unprepared. The women are as unscrupulous and many of them are seen emulating the men in reckless riding, and striking with their sticks at every animal in their way.

Presently we passed between the "Two Signs," whitewashed pillars, or rather tall, thin walls, surmounted with pinnacles which mark the limits of the Arafat Plain. Here, in full sight of the holy hill, standing boldly out from the fair blue sky, and backed by the azure peaks of Taif, the pilgrim host raised loud cries of "Here am I!" They then sought quarters in the town of tents scattered over two or three miles of plain ground at the southern foot of the holy hill, and passed a noisy night of prayer. I estimated the total at fifty thousand of all sexes and ages—a sad falling off. The Arabs, however, believe that the numbers at Arafat cannot be counted, and that if less than six hundred thousand human beings stand on the Mount of Mercy, the angels descend and complete the proper amount. Even in the year of grace, 1853, my Moslem friends declared that one hundred and fifty thousand immortals were present in mortal shape.

Physically described, Arafat is a mass of coarse granite split into large blocks, rising abruptly to the height of one hundred and eighty or two hundred feet from the low gravelly plain, and separated by a sandy

vale from the spurs of the Taif hills. The wall encircling it gives the barren eminence a somewhat artificial look, which is not diminished by the broad flight of steps winding up its southern face and the large stuccoed platform near the summit where the preacher delivers the "Sermon of the Standing."

On the next day (the ninth of the month) pilgrims visit, after ablution and prayer, sundry interesting places on the Mount of Mercy, and breakfast late, because night must fall before they eat again. From noon onwards the hum and murmur of the multitude wax louder, and people swarm about in all directions. A discharge of cannon about 3 p.m. announces that the ceremony of "standing" on the holy hill is about to begin. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to plant foot upon Arafat: it suffices to be within the recognized landmarks, and to sight from afar the form of the preacher sitting, after the manner of Mohammed, on his camel, and delivering the "Sermon of the Standing."

First in procession comes the retinue of the Sheriff or prince of Mecca. He is preceded by a cloud of mace-bearers, by horsemen of the desert carrying long spears, tufted with black ostrich feathers, by led horses—the proudest blood in Arabia—by a stalwart band of negro matchlock men and by five flags, red and green. The prince precedes his family and courtiers, riding a mule and wearing plain pilgrim clothes: the only sign of his rank is a large umbrella, green with gold embroidery, held over his head by a slave. The rear is brought up by a troop of Bedouins on horses and camels. The picturesque background to this picture is the granite hill, covered, where standing-room is to be found, with white-robed pilgrims, crying "Here am I!" at the pitch of their voices, and violently waving the skirts of their gleaming garments.

Slowly the procession winds towards the Mount of

Mercy. Exactly at the hour of afternoon prayers, the two "mahmal" or ornamental litters of Damascus and Cairo, take their station side by side on a platform in the lower part of the hill. A little above them stands the prince within hearing of the preacher. The pilgrims crowd up to the foot of the mount. The loud cries fall to a solemn silence, and the waving of white robes ceases.

Then the preacher begins the "Sermon of the Standing," which teaches the pilgrim his duty. At first it is spoken without interruption. Then loud Amens and volleys of "Here am I!" explode at uncertain intervals. At last the breeze comes laden with a purgatorial chorus of sobs, shrieks, and cries. Even the Meccans, who, like the sons of other holy cities and places, are not much better than they should be, think it proper to be affected, and if unable to squeeze out a tear, hide their faces in the skirts of their garments.

STAGE VI

Stoning The Great Devil

At sunset the preacher gives permission to depart, when the pilgrims rush down the Mount of Mercy with cries like trumpet blasts, and take the road towards Mecca. This part of the ceremony is called the "Hurrying from Arafat." Every man urges his beast to the utmost over the plain, bristling with tent-pegs and strewed with struck tents; pedestrians are trampled; litters are crushed and pedestrians[1] are overthrown; single combats with fists and sticks take place, and—it is soon dark after sunset—here a woman, there a child is lost. Briefly, it is a scene of chaotic confusion,

[1] Probably a printer's error for "horsemen" or "riders," but I have kept it as originally printed.—N. M. P.

Most pilgrims arriving wearied at Muzdalifah, pitch tents and sleep there. Others pass the night near the Mosque of Muna, but baggage being in a dangerous place, they must keep guard over it. They take the opportunity to visit the Mosque El-khayf, built, according to some, upon the remains of Adam, whose head is at end of one long wall, and his feet at another, whilst a dome denoted his waist. Moslems believe that our first father's forehead originally brushed the skies, but his stature being found uncomfortable, it was dwarfed to one hundred and fifty feet.

The day after the sermon at Arafat (the tenth of the month) is the "Festival of the Sacrifice." It is the most solemn of the year, and it holds amongst Moslems the rank that Christmas Day claims from Christendom.

After performing the "Festival Prayers" at daybreak, pilgrims proceed to stone Satan's representative at the spot where in person he tempted successively Adam, Abraham, and Ishmael, who lapidated him as taught by the "Messenger of Revelation." The rite must not be deferred till after sunset, nor can it be safely performed before sunrise: the crowd of women met during the darker hours to stone the "devils," will, despite Oriental modesty, punish the masculine intruder severely.

On the previous day all the pilgrims brought from Muzdalifah seven pebbles about the size of beans; with these "washed in seven waters," and tied up in their cloths, they now proceed to the western end of the long straggling Muna village. It lies in a hot hollow adjacent to the barren Meccan valley, and distant about three miles from the city. At the western end of a single long street formed by mud and stone houses, single and double storied, is the "Great Stoning," commonly called the "Great Devil," to distinguish it from two others, the "Central" and the "First." It is nothing but a whitewashed buttress of rude masonry

about eight feet high by two and a half broad, placed against a rough stone wall at the Meccan entrance of the Muna village. Pilgrims approach within five paces of this pillar, and throw at it successively their seven pebbles, holding each one between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, either extended or shooting as a boy does a marble. At every cast they exclaim, "In the name of Allah, and Allah is almighty! In hatred to the fiend and to his shame (I do this)!" It is one of the local miracles that all pebbles thus flung return by spiritual agency whence they came.

As Satan was malicious enough to appear in a rugged lane some forty feet broad, the place is rendered dangerous by the crowd. On one side stand the "Devil's" wall and buttress, bristling with wild men and boys; opposite it is a row of barber's booths, and the space between swarms with pilgrims all struggling to get at the "Devil"; it would be easy to walk over the heads of the mob. Amongst them are horsemen urging their steeds, Bedouins on frightened camels, and the running footmen who break a way for their master by assault and battery. Pilgrims, therefore, congratulate themselves if they escape with trifling hurts. Some Moslem travellers assert, by way of miracle, that no man is ever killed during this "lapidation ceremony." I was assured by Meccans that fatal accidents are by no means rare.

After throwing the seven stones the pilgrim returns to his ordinary garb. The barber places him upon an earthern bench in the open booth, shaves his head, trims his beard, and pares his nails, causing him to repeat these words, "I purpose throwing off my ceremonial attire, according to the practice of the Prophet—whom may Allah bless and preserve! O Allah, make unto me in every hair a light, a purity, and a generous reward! In the name of Allah, and Allah is almighty!" The barber then addresses him, "Pleasure to thee!"

to which he responds, "Allah give thee pleasure!" And now the pilgrim can at once use a cloth to cover his head and slippers to defend his feet from fiery sun and hot soil: he may safely twirl his mustachios and and stroke his beard—placid enjoyments of which he had been deprived by the ceremonial law..

The day ends with the sacrifice of an animal to commemorate the substitution in the Muna valley of a ram in lieu of Ishmael the father of the Arabs. Those who cannot afford the luxury must fast ten days. None but the prince and high dignitaries slaughter camels: these beasts are killed by thrusting a knife in the interval between the neck and the breast, on account of the thickness and hardness of the throat-muscles; their flesh is lawful to the Arabs, but not to the Hebrews. Oxen, sheep, and goats are turned with their faces towards the Kaabah and their throats are cut, the sacrificer ejaculating, "In the name of Allah! Allah is almighty!" It is meritorious to give away the victim without eating any part of it, and thus thousands of poor pilgrims are enabled to regale themselves.

There is a terrible want of cleanliness in this sacrifice. Fifty or sixty thousand animals, some say one hundred thousand, are slain, cut up, and left unburied in this "Devil's Punchbowl." I leave the rest to the reader's imagination. Pilgrims generally pass in the Muna Valley the "days of flesh-drying" (namely, the 11th, the 12th, and the 13th), and on the two former, the Great, the Middle, and the Little Satan are again pelted. The other two standing miracles are, that beasts and birds cannot prey there, nor can flies settle upon provisions exposed in the markets. But animals are frightened away by the bustling crowds, and flies are found in myriads. The revolting scene, aided by a shade temperature of 120° Fahrenheit, has more than once caused a desolating pestilence at Mecca.

STAGE VII

The Review of the Troops and March to Mecca

Mohammed was compelled by the fury of his foes to fly with about one hundred and fifty adherents, male and female, from Mecca, his birthplace. The date is variously given as June 16th, or July 16th, of A.D. 622, and initiates the Moslem era called Hegira (Hijrah), and meaning "Separation." He reached Medina, his death-place, on September 24th of the same year, and was favourably received. During the next seven years, the busiest of his life, which were passed in spreading his faith by persuasion and force, and in mortal conflict with his natal city, the "Preacher and Warner" showed a firm front and an unchanged faith in eventual victory. The apostle of the pen had now become the apostle of the sword. At length the Battle of Bedr began a career of victories which changed the destinies of the civilized world.

In the eighth year of his era (A.D. 630), Mohammed prepared an expedition to surprise Mecca. All the roads were stopped lest intelligence of his plans should come to the ears of his enemies. The secret, however, was near being discovered. Among the Meccan adherents was one Hatib, whose family remained behind. He wrote a letter revealing the project to the hostile Meccan chiefs, and entrusted it to Sara, a singing woman. She was pursued and arrested. When threatened, she drew the document from her hair. Hatib was pardoned by Mohammed when his comrades-in-arms would have cut off his head.

The Bedouins were summoned to a general review. Between eight thousand and ten thousand armed men—a large force in those regions—assembled, and their black tents darkened the Medina Plain outside the city.

Each tribe was marshalled under its own banner, which was borne by the bravest: it was often a dark mantle fastened to a spear and called the "Black Eagle," which some popular authors have understood literally. The necessity of defending his flocks and herds made the desert Arab an irregular soldier from his childhood. None excelled him in the use of the bow and arrow, the scimitar, or the long-tufted lance and shining spear, and he was excellent in the management of the horse and the fleet camel. A fierce nefarious race, this progeny of Ishmael gloried in predatory wars and in plundering caravans that refused to pay blackmail. Light, meagre, sinewy and active, Bedouins can endure great privations, hardships and fatigues, and during battle their nervous excitement borders on frenzy. The most accomplished in olden time were those who could write, swim and use the bow: their three great virtues—to be hospitable, generous and brave—won for them half the old world.

Their defensive armour consisted of steel, even silver, mail coats, either dark, or burnished bright, worn over scarlet and other coloured vests. The light troops fought with bows and slings; the heavy-armed used swords and lances. All delighted in fine weapons and gave them names. Thus they would call a bow "the strong"; swords, "the keen," or "the deadly," or "the lord of cleaving"; lances, "the dispenser," or "the destroyer." Similarly, they named their favourite chargers "the Prancer," or "the Neigher."

Umar had the charge of regulating the march of this army of auxiliaries or assistants (ansari), as they proudly called themselves. He led them by lonely mountain passes, prohibiting the sound of trumpet or drum. The secrecy and rapidity of the march were such that on the seventh or eighth day the army reached, without being discovered, a valley near the sacred city. It was nightfall when they silently pitched their tents,

and presently by express command ten thousand watch-fires blazed fear into the enemy's heart.

The army then passed through a narrow defile, the various tribes marching by in review order, with their different arms and ensigns. The equipment and discipline of the troops had greatly increased, and the Moslems had rapidly improved in the art and appliances of war. When Mohammed approached in the centre of a chosen guard armed at all points, and glittering with steel, the astonishment of his former enemies passed all bounds; they hurried to Mecca, advising the citizens to accept terms.

Meanwhile, Mohammed, who knew not what resistance might be offered, carefully distributed his forces as he approached the city: while the main body marched directly forwards, strong detachments crowned the barren hills on both sides. He confided his own black banner to his favourite cousin and son-in-law, Ali, who commanded a large body of horse. Stringent orders enjoined all officers to practise the utmost forbearance, except to those offering armed resistance. Overhearing Saad, one of his captains, singing, "To-day is the day of slaughter! There is no security this day for Mecca!" He took the standard of Medina from his hands and gave it to the offender's son, Kays, a man of huge stature, but a cooler commander. Mohammed himself brought up the rear, journeying slowly on account of the multitude that flocked around him; he was preceded by his black flag, rode his favourite she-camel, Al Kaswa ("whose ears are clipped"), and wore a scarlet garment and a sable turban, with the end hanging down to his shoulders.

Arrived at a hill near Mecca, Ali planted the sacred banner, and a tent was pitched for Mohammed. Here dismounting, he assumed the pilgrim garb. Casting, however, a look on the plain, he saw with grief and anger the gleam of scimitars and lances under the

fiery Khalid, the "sword of Allah," who commanded the left wing, in full career of carnage. The wild Bedouins, newly converted to the faith, had been galled by a flight of arrows from the citizens; whereupon the angry warrior charged into the thickest of them, his troops pressed after him; they put the foe to flight, entered the gates of Mecca pell-mell with them, and nothing but the swift commands of Mohammed preserved the city from a general massacre. As it was, twenty-eight citizens were killed, and Khalid lost two soldiers. When Mohammed heard this he exclaimed: "That which the Lord decreeth is the best!"

The carnage stopped; Mohammed descended from the height and mounted his camel. The sun was rising as he entered, with the glory of a conqueror but in the garb and humility of a pilgrim, his native city, which for so many long years had abused, exiled, and rejected him. Repeating Koranic verses, prophetic of the event which he said had been revealed to him at Medina, he triumphed in the spirit of a religious zealot, not of a warrior. "Unto Allah," he said, "belong the hosts of heaven and earth, and Allah is mighty and wise. Now hath the Lord verified unto his messenger the vision wherein he said, 'Ye shall enter the holy house of Mecca in full security.'" He rejected all homage paid to himself, and any semblance of regal authority. "Why tremblest thou?" said he to a man who approached him timidly; "of what standest thou in awe? I am no king, but the son of a Koraysh woman who ate flesh dried in the sun!"

On this great occasion of his return, Mohammed purified the House of Allah from the abominations of idolatry, punished with death only four of his most violent persecutors, and with singular moderation and magnanimity, pardoned all who threw themselves on his leniency. He sent forth his captains at the head

of armed bands to destroy the idols set up by the several tribes in the adjoining towns and villages; and he spared no pains to convert their worshippers to Islam, the "safe faith."

The day which made Mohammed Lord of Mecca, practically decided his struggle for supremacy in Arabia. And thus Islam, relieved from internal difficulties, grew with the growth of a young giant.

STAGE VIII

MEDINA—NATIVE DRAWING AND EUROPEAN SKETCH

After the ceremonies at Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, most newly-made pilgrims proceed to visit his tomb at Medina; many go by sea, taking ship at Jeddah. Those who prefer the land journey must hire their cattle and prepare for a hard march under a burning sun, over a wretched country, with brackish water, and full of thieves. Caravans are often fired upon by the wild clans which hold the hills immediately north of Mecca. The eastern, or "desert route," numbers eleven marches, with a total of about two hundred and fifty miles; the "Royal road," as it is called, hugs the coast, and both offer fair specimen of

"Infamous hills and sandy and perilous wilds."

* * * * *

There is great excitement in the caravan on nearing Medina; it exchanges the "stony salt land" for the "country of date trees." Robust religious men enter reverently on foot. All break out in most poetical prayer: "O Allah! this is the sanctuary of the Prophet; make it to us a protection from hell-fire, and a refuge from eternal punishment! Oh, open the gates of thy

mercy, and let us pass through them to the land of joy!" Others exclaim, "O Allah! bless the last of the prophets, the seat of prophecy, with blessings in number as the stars of heaven, and the waves of the sea, and the sands of the waste! Bless him, O Lord of might and majesty, as long as the cornfield and the date-grove continue to nourish mankind!" And again, "Live for ever, O most excellent of prophets! live in the shadow of happiness during the hours of night and the times of day, whilst the bird of the tamarisk (the dove) moaneth like the childless mother, whilst the west wind bloweth gently over the hills of Nejd, and the lightning flasheth bright in the firmament of the Hejaz!" The travellers now understand the full value of a phrase in the Moslem ritual, "And when his (the visitor's) eyes *fall upon the trees of Medina*, let him raise his voice and bless the Prophet with the choicest of blessings!" In all the fair view spread before the wanderer's gaze, nothing is more striking, after the desolation through which he has passed, than the gardens and orchards about the town.

Madinat el Nabi, the "City of the Prophet," usually called by Moslems for brevity, El Medinah, or "the City," lies on the borders of the highland plateau that forms Central Arabia. The site is a gently shelving plain, bounded on the east by a thin line of low dark hills; northwards, by the ranges of Saur and Ohod, whilst to the south it lies open. Burckhardt found the water detestable—I thought it good; and the winter is long and rigorous. Hence the fair complexion of its inhabitants, who rival in turbulence and fanaticism their brethren of Mecca.

Nothing can be more useless than the views of Medina printed in our popular works. They are of the style "bird's-eye," and present a curious perspective. They despise distance like the pictorially audacious Chinese; the lava ridge in the foreground, for instance, appears

to be two hundred yards instead of three or four miles distant from the town. They strip the place of its suburb, in order to show the walls and towers, omit the fort and the gardens to the north and south, enlarge the mosque twenty-fold for dignity, and make it occupy the whole centre of the area; instead of a small corner in the south-east quarter. They place, for symmetry, towers only at the angles of the walls, instead of all along the curtain, and they gather up and press into the same field all the venerable and interesting features of the country, those behind the artist's back, as well as what appears in front. Such are the Turkish lithographs. The East Indians make a truly Oriental mixture of ground plan and elevation, drawn with pen and ink, and brightened with the most vivid colours.

Medina consists of three parts—a town, a castle, and a large suburb. The population ranges from sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand, whereas Mecca numbers forty-five thousand souls. Mohammed's favourite city is an irregular oval, whose walls of granite and lava in regular layers cemented with lime are pierced with four gates. These are the Syrian, the Gate of Hospitality, the Friday, and the Egyptian; the two latter are fine massive buildings with double towers, like those of Arques, in Normandy, but painted with broad bands of red, yellow and other colours. Except the Prophet's mosque, there are few public buildings; there are only four caravanserais, and the markets are long lines of sheds thatched with scorched and blackened palm leaves. The streets are what they should always be in these torrid lands, deep, dark and narrow, in few places paved—a thing to be deprecated—and generally of black earth well watered, and trodden to hardness. The houses appear well built for the East, of squared stone, flat-roofed, double-storied, and enclosing spacious courtyards and small gardens with wells, where water-basins and date-trees "cool," as the Arabs say, "the

owner's eyes." The latticed balconies are here general, and the windows are mere holes in the walls, with board shutters. The castle has stronger defences than the town, and inside a donjon tower, built upon a rock, bears proudly the banner of the Crescent and the Star; its whitewashed lines of wall render the fort a conspicuous object, and guns pointing in all directions, especially upon the town, make it appear a kind of Gibraltar to the Bedouins.

For some reason, many visitors take a fancy to Medina, and end their life there. Shaykh Nur, an East Indian lad who accompanied me, opined that it was a "very heavenly place."

STAGE IX

The Death, Burial and Visitation of Mohammed

On his birthday, in the eleventh year of his mission (A.D. 632), and in the sixty-third year of his age, died Mohammed, the Arab lawgiver. His last illness began with a burning fever, accompanied by vertigo and violent headache: it is ascribed to the lurking effects of the poison administered to him by Zaynab, the revengeful Jewess of Khaybar. Finding his strength diminish he freed his slaves, and distributed among the poor all the money in the house.

On the morning of his death Mohammed prayed in the mosque. Exhausted by this effort, he lay down on his mat in the house of his favourite wife, Ayisha. She was still in her teens, and she nursed her aged husband with the tenderest anxiety; but in after life she turned out one of the worst of women. Sending in haste for her father Abubakr, who afterwards obtained the succession, she raised Mohammed's head, and placed it on her bosom, endeavouring to soothe his dying

agonies. At that moment one of Ayisha's relatives entered, holding a green stick, used as a tooth-brush, and the Prophet's eye rested upon it. When offered to him he used it with ordinary vigour, and then put it down.

His strength now rapidly sank. He called for a pitcher of water, and wetted his face. Then gazing upwards for a time, with unmoved eyes, he ejaculated in a whisper, "O Allah, pardon me, and join me to the companionship on high!" Then at intervals: "Eternity in Paradise!"—"Pardon!"—"Yes, the blessed companionship on high!" He stretched himself gently. Then all was still. His head grew heavy on Ayisha's breast. The lawgiver of Arabia was dead.

The sun had just passed the meridian, and it was only an hour or two since Mohammed had been seen praying in the mosque. It was no wonder that his followers refused at first to believe him dead.

* * * * *

Islam makes a careful distinction between pilgrimage to Mecca, the worship due to the Creator, and visitation to Medina, the reverence paid to the creature. Thus Mohammed said just before his death, "O Allah, cause not my tomb to become an object of idolatrous adoration! May Allah's wrath fall heavy upon the people who make the tombs of their prophets places of prayer!" The Wahhabis, or Puritans of Mohammedanism,[1] abhor the idea of mortal intercession between man and his Maker: when in possession of Medina they flogged and fined the visitors who persisted in praying at the

[1] For details of the Wahhabis and their capital Riyadh reference should be made to the recently published (1922) book by my friend, H. St. J. Philby, *The Heart of Arabia*. This excellent work makes the third of the famous trio of Arabian travel books, the two other being, of course, Burton's *Pilgrimage*, and Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*. —N. M. P.

Prophet's tomb, and they tried, but in vain, to pull down the green dome.

The Prophet's mosque, as they call that which contains his remains, occupies the place of the earliest building. The site was a graveyard, shaded by dates: the first walls were of unbaked brick, and the trunks of the palm-trees recently felled supported the roof of date-leaf thatch. The present building is of cut stone, forming an oblong of four hundred and twenty by three hundred and forty feet. In the centre is a spacious uncovered court, containing the "garden of our Lady Fatima"; this is a plot of ground railed round, and bearing a lote-tree and a dozen date-palms. At the south-east angle, under a wooden roof supported by pillars of the same material, is the "Prophet's well," whose water is hard and brackish; and near it is the city academy, where, in the cool mornings and evenings, the young idea is taught to shout rather than to shoot. Around the court are four porches like the cloisters of an Italian monastery: they are arched to the front, and are supported inside by pillars of different shape and material, varying from fine porphyry to dirty plaster. When I visited Medina the northern porch was being rebuilt; it was to be called after Abd el Majid, the then reigning Sultan, and was intended to be the most splendid. The main colonnade, however, the sanctum containing all that is venerable in the building, embraces the whole length of the southern short wall, and is deeper than the other three by nearly treble the number of columns. It is also paved with handsome slabs of white marble and marquetry work, here and there covered with coarse matting, and above this by unclean carpets well worn by faithful feet.

To understand the tomb, a few preliminaries are necessary. Mohammed used to say, "In whatsoever spot a prophet dieth, there also should he be buried." Accordingly, his successor ordered the grave to be dug

where the body was still lying in Ayisha's house—a custom still general in Western Africa. Ayisha lived there after his burial in an adjoining room, partitioned off from the tomb.

All that the visitor sees is a detached tower in the south-eastern corner of the mosque, in size from fifty to fifty-five feet square, and extending from floor to roof, where it is capped by a green dome, surmounted outside by a large gilt crescent springing from a series of globes. The material is metal filigree, painted a vivid grass-green, and relieved by brightly gilt or burnished brass-work, forming the long and graceful Arabic characters. On the south side, for greater honour, the railing is plated over in parts with silver, and silver letters are interlaced with it. Here are the three dwarf windows at which visitors offer their blessings: the most westerly fronts the tomb of the Prophet, the central that of Abubakr, and the eastern-most that of Umar. They are holes half a foot square, and placed at eye's height from the ground: looking through them you see a curtain of green and white damask, the background of a narrow passage where lamps are hung. Behind the curtains are, we are told, inner walls of planking stone or unbaked brick, without any entrance, and forming the "hujrah," or chamber.

Inside this "chamber" are three tombs. The Prophet lies, or is supposed to lie, on his right side, the right palm supporting the right cheek, with the face fronting, as is still the Moslem custom, the Kaabah, or House of Allah, at Mecca—consequently his head lies to the west and his feet are to the east. Close behind him lies Abubakr, whose face looks at the Prophet's shoulder; and, lastly, Umar holds the same position with respect to Abubakr. This is the usual idea, but doctors differ The vulgar story of the steel coffin, suspended in mid-air between two magnets, is explained by travellers in

two ways. Some suppose it to have arisen from the rude ground-plan drawings sold to strangers, and mistaken by them for elevation. Others believe that the mass of rock popularly described as hanging unsupported in the mosque of Umar at Jerusalem, was confounded by Christians—who until very lately could not have seen either of these Moslem shrines—with the Prophet's tomb at Medina.

From the left of the late filigree tower runs a wall, pierced with four small doors that open into the southern aisle: the latter is called "the Illustrious Fronting," because it leads past the Prophet's face. In this barrier are sundry small erections; two beautiful mosaic niches, called after Mohammed and after Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent; and near them a pulpit, a graceful collection of slender columns, elegant tracery, and inscriptions admirably carved. Arrived at the western small door in the dwarf wall, the visitor enters the famed spot called "the Garden," after a saying of Mohammed, "Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of Paradise." On the north and west sides it is not divided from the rest of the portico; on the south side rises the dwarf wall, and on the east it is bounded by the west end of the filigree tower containing the tomb.

The "garden" is the most elaborate part of the mosque. Little can be said in its praise by day. It is a space of about eighty feet in length, tawdrily decorated to resemble vegetation: the carpets are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are cased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural growths in arabesque. It is disfigured by handsome branched candelabra of cut crystal—the work, I believe, of an English house, and given to the shrine by the late Abbas Pasha of Egypt. Its peculiar background, the filigreë tower, looks more picturesque near than at a distance, where

it suggests the idea of a gigantic bird-cage. The only really fine feature in the scene is the southern wall—a present from one of the Mameluke sultans. But at night the eye, dazzled by oil-lamps suspended from the roof, by huge wax candles, and by smaller illuminations falling upon crowds of visitors in handsome attire, with the richest and noblest of the city sitting in congregation to hear the services, becomes far less critical.

I will conclude this part of the subject with the supplications recited by the visitor, "with awe, and fear, and love," in the presence of the Prophet's remains. It has been repeated by many millions of Moslems, and many millions more will repeat it.

"Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah! and the mercy of Allah and his blessings! Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah! Peace be with thee, O Friend of Allah! Peace be with thee, O best of Allah's creation! Peace be with thee, O pure creature of Allah! Peace be with thee, O chief of Prophets! Peace be with thee, O Seal of the Prophets! Peace be with thee, O Prince of the Pious! Peace be with thee, O Prophet of the Lord of the (three) worlds! Peace be with thee and with thy family, and with thy pure wives! Peace be with thee, and with all thy companions! Peace be with thee, and with all the Prophets, and with those sent to preach Allah's word! Peace be with thee, and with all Allah's righteous worshippers! Peace be with thee, O thou Bringer of Glad Tidings! Peace be with thee, O Bearer of Threats! Peace be with thee, O thou Bright Lamp! Peace be with thee, O thou Prophet of Mercy! Peace be with thee, O Ruler of thy Faith! Peace be with thee, O Opener of Grief! Peace be with thee! and Allah bless thee! and Allah repay thee for us, O thou Prophet of Allah! the choicest of blessings with which he ever blessed Prophet! Allah bless thee as often as mentioners have mentioned thee,

and forgetters have forgotten thee! and Allah bless thee among the first and the last, with the best, the highest, and the fullest of blessings ever bestowed on man, even as we escaped error by means of thee, and were made to see after Blindness, and after Ignorance were directed into the Right Ways.

"I bear witness that there is no Allah, but Allah, and I testify that thou art his Servant, and his Prophet, and his faithful Follower, and Best Creature; and I bear witness, O Prophet of Allah, that thou hast delivered thy message, and discharged thy trust, and achieved thy Faith, and opened Grief, and published Proofs, and fought valiantly for thy Lord, and worshipped thy God till Certainty came to thee (i.e. to the hour of death), and we thy friends, O Prophet of Allah! appear before thee, Travellers from distant Lands and far Countries, through Dangers and Difficulties, in the Times of Darkness, and in the Hours of Day, longing to give thee thy Rights (i.e. to honour the Prophet by benediction and visitation), and to obtain the Blessings of thine Intercession, for our Sins have broken our Backs, and thou intercedest with the Healer. And Allah said, 'And though they have injured themselves, they came to thee, and begged thee to secure their Pardon, and they found God an Acceptor of Penitence, and full of Compassion.' O Prophet of Allah, intercession! intercession! intercession! O Allah, bless Mohammed and Mohammed's family, and give him Superiority and High Rank, even as thou didst promise him, and graciously allow us to conclude this Visitation. I deposit on this Spot, and near thee, O Prophet of God, my Everlasting profession (of faith) from this our Day, to the Day of Judgment, that there is no Ilah (i.e. god) but Allah, (i.e. the one God), and that our Lord Mohammed is his Servant, and his Prophet. Amen, O Lord of the (three) worlds!"

Postscript

And now we take leave of the Arab lawgiver.

"It is difficult," writes the amiable and charitable Washington Irving, "to reconcile such ardent, persevering piety (as that of Mohammed) with an incessant system of blasphemous imposture; nor such pure and elevated and benignant precepts as are contained in the Koran, with a mind haunted by ignoble passions and devoted to the grovelling interests of mere mortality; and we find no other satisfactory mode of solving the enigma of his character and conduct than by supposing that the ray of mental hallucination, which flashed upon his enthusiastic spirit, during his religious ecstasies in the midnight cavern of Mount Hara, continued more or less to bewilder him with a species of monomania to the end of his career, and that he died in the delusive belief of his mission as a Prophet."

Moreover, I may add, Mohammed embodied the spirit of the age and the voice of the Arabian people. His faith was adopted by all his contemporaries, who for their talents and virtues must be recognized as the most distinguished of their nation, and who under all circumstances made themselves the representatives of the noblest people of the East. And thus it was that Islam became victorious.

A TRIP TO HARAR

This article was published in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxv, 1855, pp. 136–150. It gives a good outline sketch of the journey from Zayla to Harar with details of the people and an account of the fight at Berbera, terminating in the death of Lieut. Stroyan. Fuller details can be found in Burton's *First Footsteps in East Africa*. There are also several papers on East Africa which should be consulted, either by Burton alone or else written in conjunction with Speke. (See pp. 200, 201, 202 of my *Bibliography*.)

In May, 1849, the late Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, an ardent geographer and a warm encourager of adventure, in concert with the President and Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, urged upon the Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company the desirability of ascertaining the productive resources of the Somali country; but the project lay in abeyance until March, 1850, when Sir Charles Malcolm offered the charge of an expedition to Dr. Carter, of Bombay, an officer well-known as surgeon to the *Palinurus* during the maritime survey of Eastern Arabia. The state of that gentleman's health and the exigencies of the service caused certain difficulties, and the project was again given up for the time.

In March, 1854, after my return from Arabia to Bombay, I applied myself to the task of resuscitating the expedition. My plans were favourably received by Lord Elphinstone, the enlightened Governor of the Presidency, and by the local authorities, amongst whom the name of the Hon. William Lumsden, then member of council, will ever be remembered with the

liveliest feelings of gratitude and affection. In August a despatch from the India House authorized the expedition. It was originally composed of three members: Lieut. Herne of the 1st Bombay Europeans, Lieut. Stroyan of the Indian Navy, and myself. The first-named officer was accustomed to survey, to daguerreotype, and to observe; and the second was distinguished by his surveys of the coast of Western India, in Sindh, and on the Panjáb rivers. Soon afterwards the expedition received an addition in Lieut. J. H. Speke, of the 46th Regiment Bengal N.I., who had spent many years in collecting the Fauna of Tibet and the Himalayan mountains, and who volunteered with ardour to become a sharer in the hardships and the perils of African travel.

Assembled at Aden, in the summer of 1854, we found the public voice so loud against our project, that I offered as a preliminary to visit Harar in disguise, thus traversing the lands of the dreaded Eesa clan, and entering a place hitherto closed to us by a ruler with the worst of reputations. I could not suppress my curiosity about this mysterious city. It had been described to me as the head-quarters of slavery in Eastern Africa, and its territory as a land flowing with milk and honey; the birthplace of the coffee-plant, and abounding in excellent cotton, tobacco, saffron, gums and other valuable products. But when I spoke of visiting it, men stroked their beards, and in Oriental phrase declared that the human head once struck off does not regrow like the rose.

Our arrangements were soon made. Lieutenant Speke was detached to Guray Bonder, with directions to explore, if possible, the celebrated Wadi Nogal, and to visit the Dulbahantas, most warlike of the Somal. Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne established their camp at Berbera, the great mart and harbour of the eastern coast; and they employed themselves in ascertaining

the productive resources of the country; in mastering the subject of slavery—still, I regret to say, flourishing in these regions; and in collecting carriage for a more extended journey. They were also directed, in case of my detention by the Emir of Harar, to demand restitution before allowing the great caravan, which supplies that city with the luxuries of life, to leave the coast.

In the meantime I prepared for a trip into the interior. The political resident at Aden, our possession in the Red Sea, assisted me with two Somali policemen, and I provided myself with a small stock of cloth, tobacco, rice, dates, trinkets, and other articles with which a Moslem merchant would load his camels. I determined to travel as El Haj Abdullah, a personage of some sanctity. Perhaps my adventures and a short description of a city hitherto unvisited by Europeans may not be unacceptable to a Society which, though essentially scientific, does not withhold encouragement from the pioneer of discovery, reduced by hard necessity to use nature's instruments—his eyes and ears.

On the 29th October, 1854, I started from Aden in a Somali boat bound to Zayla, a small port on the African coast of the Red Sea, nearly opposite and about 140 miles from our Arabian settlement. After two days' sail we reached our destination, when I found that the mules, ordered three months before, and paid for, had not been procured. The governor, our old friend El Haj Shermarkay, sent immediately to the neighbouring port of Tajurrah; but between the delay of catching the animals and a contrary wind which delayed the vessel, I lost at Zayla twenty-eight days. Travellers, like poets, are mostly an angry race: by falling into a daily fit of passion, I proved to the governor and his son, who were profuse in their attentions, that I was in earnest. He supplied me with women (cooks), guides, servants, and camels—under protest, warning me that

the road swarmed with brigands, that the Eesa had lately murdered his son, that the small-pox was depopulating Harar, and that the Emir or prince was certain destruction. One death to a man is a serious thing; a dozen neutralize one another. I contented myself with determining the good Shermarkay to be the true Oriental hyperbolist.

With four mules and five camels laden with cotton cloth, Surat tobacco, rice, dates, various "notions," a few handsome tobes or sheets (intended as presents to chiefs) and necessaries for the way, on the 27th November, 1854, El Haj Abdullah, attended by the governor, his son Mohammed, and a detachment of Arab soldiers, passed through the southern gate of Zayla, and took the way of the desert.

There are two lines of road from Zayla to the ancient capital of the Hadiyah Empire. The more direct numbers eight long stages through the Eesa territory, and two through the mountains of the Nola tribe of Gallas. In this country the "gedi" corresponds with the "hamlah" of Arabia: it is a stage varying from four to five hours. The camels are laden at dawn, and they proceed leisurely till about 10 a.m., when they are allowed to rest and feed. The march is resumed in the afternoon, and at nightfall the beasts and baggage are deposited in a thorn fence, which serves as a protection against lions and plunderers. I estimate the average progress to be fifteen miles per diem; in places of danger the Somal are capable of marching twenty-seven or twenty-eight without a halt; on the contrary, when water and pasture abound, they content themselves with a single short march. Shermarkay objected to my travelling by the direct route on account of the Eesa and the Gallas. These tribes inherit from their ancestors the horrible practice of mutilation. They seek the honour of murder, to use their own phrase, "as though it were gain," and will spear a pregnant

woman in hopes that the unborn child may be a male. Then, bearing with him his trophy, the hero returns home and places it before his wife, who stands at the entrance of her hut uttering shrill cries of joy and tauntingly vaunting the prowess of her man. The latter sticks in his tufty poll an ostrich feather, the medal of these regions, and is ever afterwards looked upon with admiration by his fellows.

The route which I pursued is by no means direct; its sole merit is that, after a march of about 50 miles through the Eesa territory, the merchant enters the lands of the Gudabursi Somal, amongst whom life is, comparatively speaking, safe. My compass bearings were as follows:—

1. From Zayla to Gudingaras	S.E.	165°	distance	19 miles
2. From Gudingaras to Kuranyeli ...		145°	,,	8 ,,
3. From Kuranyeli to Adad		225°	,,	25 ,,
4. From Adad to Damal		205°	,,	11 ,,
5. From Damal to Ilarmo		190°	,,	11 ,,
6. From Ilarmo to Jiyaf		202°	,,	10 ,,
7. From Jiyaf to Halimalah		192°	,,	7 ,,
8. From Halimalah to Aububah		245°	,,	20 ,,
9. From Aububah to Koralay.....		165°	,,	25 ,,
10. From Koralay to Harar		260°	,,	65 ,,

The distances give a total of about 202 miles. As regards the names of stations, it must be observed that the Somal, like the Bedouins of Arabia, the Todas of the Neilgherry hills, and other wild races, are profuse in nomenclature of every feature of ground. Each little watercourse, hill, dale, and plain, is distinguished by some descriptive term: "Adad," for instance, denotes the quantity of gum found upon the banks of the fiumara; Koralay (the "saddle-like") describes the peculiar appearance of a mass of rock.

To resume the narrative of my trip. Our little caravan, consisting of about twenty well-armed men and two women cooks, was led by one Raghe, a petty

chief of the Eesa tribe. Shermarkay had constituted him our abban or protector; in return for food and sundry presents of cloth and "notions," he afforded us a safeguard in the hour of danger. The "Abbanat," as it is called, is an intricate subject; I may describe it generally as a primitive and truly African way of levying custom-house dues. Your "protector" constitutes himself lord of your life and property; without him you can neither buy nor sell; he regulates your marches, and supplies you, for a consideration, with the necessaries of the road. In six days we traversed the maritime plain of Zayla; its breadth is from forty-five to forty-eight miles. Along the shore all was desert, a saline flat warted with sand-heaps and bristling with a scanty salsolaceous vegetation. The sun singed as through a burning-glass, and the rare wells yielded a poor supply of bitter bilge-water. As we advanced inland, the country improved. Frequent *fiumaras*, or freshets, fringed with shrubs and thorn-trees of the liveliest green, showed traces of the copious African monsoon. The ground was covered with a growth of yellow grass not unlike an English stubble; the kraals of the nomades appeared scattered over its surface; long lines of milch camels tossed their heads as they were being driven to pasture; numerous sheep, white as snow, flocked the plain; the beautiful little sand-antelope bounded over the bushes; and flights of vultures, unerring indicators of man's habitation in these lands, soared in the cloudless skies. Wherever we halted we were surrounded by wandering troops of Bedouins. The coarser sex is almost black and exceedingly plain, but tall and well made: their frizzly hair is dyed dun by a mixture of ashes and water, and its only Macassar is a coat of melted sheep's fat. The toilet is simple—a dirty cotton cloth covering the loins, leathern sandals, a round targe, a long dagger strapped round the waist, and two spears. The women are mostly habited in

chocolate-coloured leather, fringed at the border; their ornaments are zinc ear-rings, armlets of the same material, a necklace of beads, and a fillet of blue cloth worn only by matrons. The girls plait their wiry locks into numerous little pigtails, and the heads of the naked children are shaved in a galeated fashion, with a crest of curly hair.

By the power of my star, I escaped a large plundering-party of Habr Awal horsemen, who were sweeping the plain with malicious intentions. A few rifle bullets would doubtless have beaten them off; in this land, if you clear two saddles per cent., the remainder will surely run. But pilgrims and peaceful travellers should avoid using carnal weapons, especially if they intend progress in Eastern Africa. On the 3rd of December we arrived at the southern frontier of the Eesa tribe, under the hills which form the first step to the Highlands of Ethiopia and fringe the Somali coast from Tajurrah to Jerd Hafun or Guardafui; their formation is successively limestone, sandstone, and granite in the higher regions. The air became sensibly cooler, and we remarked an increased degree of fertility, together with traces of a monsoon which lasts from June to September in the torrent beds and cataracts which seam the faces of the hills. When I traversed this country it was a desert, the cold having driven the nomades to the maritime plain, but thorn fences and rings dotted the slopes, showing that in summer it is thickly inhabited. On the 7th of December we threaded a *fiumara*, the primitive zig-zag of these lands, and stood upon the summit of the maritime chain.

From the 7th to the 23rd of December we traversed the country of the Gudabursi Somal, a large tribe, whose habitat is between the Eesa eastward and the Girhi to the west. Theirs is the rolling ground diversified with thorn-clad hill and fertile vale lying above the first zone of maritime mountain, and they have

extended their lands by conquest towards Harar, being now bounded in that direction by the Marar prairie. These nomades, who are said to number 10,000 shields, are rich in camels and cows; their warlike reputation depends upon a few wretched ponies. They are more hospitable and docile than the Eesa, but their brighter qualities are obscured by knavery, thievishness, exceeding covetousness, and a habit of lying, wonderful even to the Eastern traveller. Some of the girls are not wanting in attractions. I gave to one of the prettiest a bead necklace, and she repaid me by opining that I was painted white. The savages, who take a delight in sight showing, insisted upon my visiting the Halimalah tree and the ruins of Aububah and Darbinyah Kolah. The former is a gigantic fig (*Ficus religiosa*), under which is performed the ceremony of binding the turban around the brow of each newly-elected Ugáz or chief. The ruins, composed of rough stones,—the mud used for cement in these regions,—and bars of wood inserted as in Cashmir between the courses of masonry, are interesting, as they prove that the land has not been always barbarous. The only tradition preserved by the nomades is, that the fort of Kolah—so called from its queen—as well as Aububah belonged to the Gallas, once lords of the soil, and that their violent hostility ended in mutual destruction.

In the Harawwah valley I met with a notable disappointment as regards elephants. At Zayla they were represented to be plentiful as sheep; after beating the country nothing appeared but the last year's earths. The animals were still in the higher jungles, and we hastened to quit a place where it is impossible even to ride out without being covered with swarms of flies. The Tsetze of Southern Africa does not exist here; there is, however, a red variety called Diksi-As (red fly), whose bite, according to the natives, is so hot in summer that it causes violent vomitings. This, to-

gether with the fever produced by the mosquito-sting, is universally believed by the people; the traveller will receive the information *cum grano*.[1]

On the 23rd of December I crossed the Ban Marar (Marar Prairie), a grassy tract not unlike our English downs, which separates the first from the second zone of hills. Its length is considerable; the breadth varies from 25 to 28 miles. The undulating surface is covered at this season with a glaring yellow coat of dried-up grass; about half-way we halted for an hour in a wady or *fiumara*, where my Somal employed themselves in eating the acacia gum. The place is infamous for razzias, and a small caravan, laden with hides and clarified butter to be bartered for maize and grain, had the honour (as the phrase of the country is) to sit under the shade of our sandals. Starting at 6 a.m., we arrived at 8 in the evening under the hills of Harar, with no other adventure than being dogged by a lion, who fled at the ring of a rifle. The cold was excessive, 42° in the hut at dawn, and in the noon-tide sun the mercury rose to 120°.

Though almost in sight of Harar, our advance was impeded by the African traveller's bane. The Gudabursi tribe was at enmity with the Girhi, and, in such cases, the custom is for your friends to detain you and for their enemies to bar your progress. Shermarkay had given me a letter to the Gerad Adan, chief of the Girhi; a family feud between him and his brother-in-law, our Gudabursi protector, rendered the latter chary of committing himself. We found ourselves forced to idleness until "Dahabo," one of the chief's six wives, and his eldest son Sherwa, visited our kraal for the purpose of escorting us onwards.

On the 27th of December we exchanged the rocks, thorn-trees, and dried grass of the desert for alpine

[1] It has now been proved that the natives were perfectly correct in their theory as to the origin of Malaria.—N. M. P.

scenery rendered by contrast truly delicious. We stood upon the portals of the highlands of Abyssinia, the huge primary chain which runs north and south along the length of Eastern Africa, and which—I hazard a conjecture—may have given rise to the theory of the "Lunatic Mountains." This range is broken into abrupt masses, often with table-formed summits; mountain rills of the purest crystal bubble down the ravines, a system of fissures in the pink granite, and, collecting into one broad shallow stream, flow towards the Webbe Shebayli. A species of fir (the Sinaubar of India, here called Dayyib) clothes the flanks and summits of the hills which are bared of earth by heavy rains; its presence in these lands usually denotes an altitude of 5,000 feet. The valleys were yellow with corn and tawny crops of the gigantic "Holcus Sorghum"; it was "harvest-home" when the song of the reapers and the sound of the flail gave pleasant proof that we had left the land of Bedouins. The roads were thronged with peasants and market-people, and in the hedges the daisy, the thistle, and the sweet-brier were so many mementoes of an English home.

We remained six days under the roof of the Gerad Adan, one of the most treacherous and dangerous chiefs in this land of treachery and danger. My Somali attendants saw with horror that preparations were being made to enter the city of evil fame. They attempted by all means in their power to deter me from the attempt, but the unfortunates little knew the persistency of a Haji. On the 2nd January, 1855, I mounted my mule, intending to enter Harar alone; the two policemen were shamed into accompanying me, and I left my third servant with the Gerad Adan, in charge of my heavy luggage and a letter of directions to be forwarded to Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne in case of accidents.

We passed on over the hills of Harar by roads so rugged that loads are shifted from camel to donkey

back. As I approached the city men turned out of their villages to ask if that was the Turk who was going to his death? The question made me resolve to appear before the Emir in my own character, an Englishman. In these lands it is a point of honour not to conceal tribe or nation, and, as a general rule, the Ottoman is more hated and feared than the Frank. On the 3rd of January I entered Harar.

The ancient metropolis of the Hadiyah empire—now sadly decayed—is about 175 miles S.W. (220°) from Zayla and 219 S.W. (257°) from Berbera. This position, which I could ascertain only by dead reckoning, gives a latitude of 9° 20′ and a longitude of 42° 17′: it agrees nearly with the traditional site according to the following authorities:—

Lieutenant Cruttenden, I.N.	Lat. 9° 22′ 00″ N.
	Lon. 42° 35′ 00″ E.
Rev. Dr. Krapf	Lat. 9° 25′ 00″ N.
	Lon. 42° 07′ 00″ E.
Captain Harris, Bo. A.	Lat. 9° 24′ 00″ N.
	Lon. 42° 22′ 00″ E.

My thermometer showed an altitude of about 5,500 feet.[1] The city lies upon the slope of a hill which falls from west to east: in the latter direction are plantations of bananas, citrons, limes, the coffee-tree, the kat-a-theine plant well known in Arabia—wars or "bastard saffron," and sugar-cane. Westward are gardens and orchards on a terraced slope; northward is a hill covered with tombs, and to the south the city falls into a valley or ravine. It is about one mile long by

[1] My thermometric observations were as follows:—

	Temperature.	Corrected altitude.
At Zayla and Berbera (sea-level)..	210° .. 83° (and 86°) ..	— feet
Halimalah (hill top)	204° .. 64° ..	3,347 ,,
Agjogsi (foot of Harar hills)	201° .. 79° ..	5,133 ,,
Wilensi (near Harar)	200° .. 70° ..	5,656 ,,

I have said that Harar is *about* 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, as, for circumspection's sake, the observation was made outside and at some distance from the city.

half that breadth; the streets and alleys are like mountain roads; and the abodes, built of sandstone and granite cemented with a reddish clay, present a dingy appearance, strikingly different from the glaring whitewash of the East. The houses are flat-roofed, with small holes for windows and coarse wooden shutters; most of them have large court-yards and separate apartments for women, and almost all, even the Emir's palaces, are single-storied. There are some huts called "Gambisa," shaped like a bell-tent and peculiar to the cultivating Somal; they are equally common in Eastern and in Western Africa. The walls, ignorant of cannon, are defended by irregularly oval turrets, whence spearmen and archers might annoy the enemy, and the five large gateways are full of guards armed with daggers and long staves. The climate appeared to me delightful—neither cold nor hot. Of eleven days we had three rainy; the air was fresh, and the sun not oppressive. The people assured me that their monsoon lasted six months, and this would account for the prodigious fertility of the soil.

The city owes its existence to the Emir Nur, who reigned about 316 years ago. In the days of Mohammed Gragne, the Attila of Eastern Africa, it was a mere collection of villages. The history of the place is a series of jihad or crusades against the pagan Gallas, and murder and sudden death of its petty princes. There are few public buildings: the bazár is a long street; the jami or cathedral mosque is a kind of barn decorated with two queer old minarets, built, it is said, by Turkish architects; and palaces are single-storied houses with large courts, protected by doors of holcus stalks. The five gates are:—

The Argob Bari	Eastward
Asum Bari..	Northward
Asmadim Bari	Westward
Badro Bari	Southward
Sukutal Bari	South Eastward

Harar contains a population of about 10,000 souls, including about 2,500 Somal, and not including a considerable number of Gallas and other Bedouins. Women abound, a circumstance arising from the prevalence of slavery. Harar is the great "half-way house" for the produce of Efat, Gurague, and the Galla countries; slaves are driven thence to Berbera and exported by the subjects of H.H. the Imam of Muscat, in exchange for rice and dates. I did not judge favourably of the morals of the Harari. They drank freely—even in the presence of the Olema and pilgrims—hydromel and Farshu or Abyssinian beer. The Emir has been compelled to establish night patrols, who punish with the bastinado lovers and robbers. The men are peculiarly unprepossessing in appearance. Shaven heads, coarse features, and clumsy figures muffled in coarse tobes or sheets of dirty cotton cloth, with long thin staves in hand, frowned upon us with mischievous brows and occasionally addressed us with the roughest of voices. The pretty Abyssinian features of the women were novel to me, and their utter ignorance of bashfulness a surprise. The dress is a long cotton robe, indigo-dyed, with two large inverted triangles of scarlet upon the chest and the shoulders: it is girt with a long zone of Harar manufacture. No veil is used, and sandals are at a discount. The hair, confined in blue muslin or network, is tied in two large bunches or balls below the ears, and the only ornaments are armlets of buffalo horn, coral necklaces, gilt hair-pins, and Birmingham rings. Their voices are harsh, a phenomenon in Africa, where that organ is the only feature truly feminine; they chew tobacco with effrontery, drink beer, and demean themselves accordingly.

Harar is celebrated for sanctity, erudition, and fanaticism. The Shaykhs Abadil, El Bekri, and Ao Rahmah bequeathed to it a reputation. Of modern celebrities the Kabir Khalil and Kabir Yunis rank

foremost. None but the purely religious sciences are studied, books are scarce, and there is no such thing as the wakf or foundation for scholars, which makes men read in the East. Yet Harar sends forth a swarm of widad, *frères ignorantins*, who, by the power of long prayer and chanting the Koran, live, as such folk mostly aspire to do, in plenty and indolence. Within the city a language is spoken quite different from the Somali and the Galla dialects; like the former, however, it is partly Semitic in grammar and etymology, the Arabic scion being grafted upon an African stock. I collected a vocabulary and the grammatical forms which will afford the learned some idea of this still unknown tongue. The prevailing sound is the ch of the Scotch "loch," consequently the effect is harsh and unpleasant. Men of education always know Arabic, and the stranger hears in the streets Amharic, Galla, Somali, and Dankali.

The city is immediately surrounded by four tribes of Gallas, namely:—

The Nola to the East and North East,
The Alo on the West,
The Babuli Southwards,
The Jarsa to the East and South East.

It is impossible to see this people without remarking its consanguinity to the Somal. These Gallas are Christian, Moslem, and Pagan adoring Wak (the Creator), all living together without religious animosity. They might annihilate the city in a day, but it is not their interest to do so. The Emir pays them from 600 to 700 tobes per annum; they carry their lances into the palace-court, never run across H.H.'s gateway, as all others must do, and drink gratis strong drinks which they have not the art to brew. In return they are plundered by the citizens, and the Emir has made it penal to buy by weight and scale.

The Government may briefly be described as the Emir. This petty prince, whose signet bears the grandiose title of "Sultan son of Sultan," is by origin a Galla, by pretension a decendant from the Caliph Abubekr. He is a beardless youth, 23 or 24 years old, short, thin, and apparently consumptive; his wrinkled brow and protruding eyes give him an appearance truly unprepossessing. Men say that he was poisoned by one of his wives; others declare that his ill-health is the effect of a fall from his horse. He has four wives and two young children; during his three years' reign he has imprisoned a selection from his fifty cousins, and as, in this city, political offenders are buried in a dark dungeon, confinement and death are nearly synonymous. The Emir preserves all the dignity of empire. Those presented to him must kiss the back and the palm of his hand. He must not be stared at. When his cough affects him, an attendant presents the hem of his robe. Rosaries are not allowed at the *levée*, and those presented are dragged by the arms to the foot of the throne, a common Cutch couch. Running footmen precede the prince in the streets, flogging the people out of the way, and at mosque two or three matchlock-men stand over him, for he fears internal treachery as much as external violence. His wazir, the Gerad Mohammed, and his mother, the Gisti Fatimah, dare not address him without permission; he is, however, punctilious in administering justice. Imprisonment, fines, and the confiscation of property, punish political offences. Murderers are given up to the nearest of kin, and their throats are publicly cut with a butcher's knife. Petty offenders are beaten in front and rear by two executioners armed with large horsewhips. Usually, the Emir allows his subjects to seek the benefits of the religious law as propounded by the Cazi Abd el Rahman. They prefer, however, the prince's prompt decisions. Generally in the East

a man expects to be defrauded by the civil power, but he is morally certain of being stripped by the ministers of religion.

Harar is an essentially commercial town. Three caravans yearly convey to Berbera the rich spoils of the Galla country; those of January and February are small, that which leaves in the month of March consists of at least 3,000 souls and an equal number of camels. Ivory is a royal monopoly; the Emir buys it, and his subjects are forbidden to sell it. The best coffee comes from Jarjar, a Galla district about seven days west of Harar. The tobes of this city are celebrated throughout Eastern Africa; handwoven, they far surpass the produce of our manufactures in beauty and durability. It is also the grand depôt for the coffee, the wars-dye, the admirable cotton, the gums, the tobacco, and the grain of the Galla country. An idea of its cheapness may be formed from the fact that a dollar will purchase 120 fowls, and the same sum suffices to provide a man with bread for a year. The only coin is a bit of brass coarsely stamped; this "Mahallak" is the 66th part of a dollar, and the Emir imprisons all subjects who pass or possess any other money. Nothing can be more simple than the system of taxation; the cultivators pay 10 per cent. taken in kind, and traders are charged 16 cubits of cotton cloth per donkey load; the consequence is that the animal is supported through the gates by four or five porters.

* * * * *

After sitting for an hour at the eastern gate, waiting the permission of the Emir to enter his walls, we were ordered by a grim guard to follow. Arrived at the prince's court-yard, we were told to dismount and run, as the subjects of H.H. must never cross the gateway or approach the palace but at a long trot. I obeyed the former and resisted the latter order. Then, leading

our mules, we stood under a tree close to the state prison, whence resounded the ominous clank of fetters, and turned deaf ears to the eager questions of the crowd. It was a levée-day, and troops of Galla chieftains, known by their heavy spears and žinc armlets, passed in and out of the place prolonging our anxious delay. At last, after being ordered to take off my slippers, and to give up my weapons, a mandate to which I again objected, we were escorted by the grim guard to the palace-door. A curtain was raised. I entered with a loud salam, which was courteously returned by a small yellow man, not unlike an Indian Rajah, dressed in a conical turban and a red robe trimmed with white fur. As I advanced towards the throne four or five chamberlains, seizing my arms according to custom, hurried me on till I bent over the Emir Ahmed bin Abubekr's extended fingers. Leading me back, they then seated me in front of the presence, while my two Somali attendants were kissing the palm and the back of the thin yellow hand. Looking around the room I remarked the significant decorations of its walls—bright fetters and rusty matchlocks. The courtiers stood in double file extended at right angles from the throne; all had their right arms and heads bared in token of respect, and whoever approached the Emir saluted his hand with exceeding reverence. At the end of my survey I was called upon by the wazir or prime minister, who sat upon a rug at the right of and below the throne, to answer a variety of questions concerning my name, nation, and business at Harar. The replies proving, it is presumed, satisfactory, I was invited to become the prince's guest during my ten days' residence, and received every day three dishes of bread and beef from his own kitchen. At subsequent visits I was admitted to the honour of a seat next to the wazir, and the Emir did not disdain to be indoctrinated with the principles of free trade in coffee and cotton. Slavery was a more delicate topic, and, not

being authorized to treat upon the subject officially, I contented myself with observing its operations and with preparing a scheme which will easily and surely remove this curse upon the country's industry. During my residence at Harar, the two Somal who had been sent with me from Aden behaved admirably. As small-pox was raging in the town, I found an easy pretext for hurrying my departure. These African cities are all prisons on a large scale. "You enter at your own bidding—you leave at another's," is the native proverb, true and significant. My speedy dismissal was perhaps owing to a report that three brothers had been sent by the Government of India to Eastern Africa. Visions of cutting off caravans induced the Emir to get rid of me, he being, it is said, much puzzled how to treat so uncommon a case. Yet I had no reason to complain of him; and as a proof that my modest endeavours to establish friendly relations were not unsuccessful, the Prince wrote, immediately after my departure to Aden, requesting to be furnished with a "Frank physician." He finally dismissed me with a mule for myself and a letter addressed to our Political Resident in Arabia.

* * * * *

I offer no description of my return route to Berbera, as it was a mere adventure of uncommon hardship. The accident which has for the present terminated our wanderings is deserving of some detail.

On Saturday, the 7th of April, the H.E.I. Company's schooner *Mahi* (Lieutenant King commanding) entered the harbour of Berbera, where her guns roared forth a parting salute to the Somali expedition.

The great emporium of Eastern Africa was, at the time of my second landing, in a state of confusion. But a few hours before the Harar caravan had entered; and purchase, barter, and exchange were being carried

on in the utmost hurry. All day and during the greater part of the night the town rang with the loud voices of buyers and sellers. To specify no other valuable articles of traffic, 500 slaves of both sexes were in the market.

On the 9th of April, about 3 p.m., a shower, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came up from the southern hills, where rain had already been falling for some days, and gave notice that the Gugi or Somali monsoon had begun. This was the signal for the Bedouins to leave Berbera: the mats were rapidly stripped off their frameworks of stick and pole, the camels were laden, and thousands of travellers poured out of the town. On the 15th it was wholly deserted; the last craft left the port, and our little party remained in undisputed possession of the place. We awaited the mid-April mail. In their utter security the Abbans or protectors accompanied their families and property to the highlands, leaving with us their sons as an escort. The people were decidedly friendly: the most learned of the Somal, the Shaykh Jami, whom I had met at Harar, called repeatedly upon us, ate with us, and gave us abundant good advice concerning our future movements.

On the 18th of April a small craft belonging to the port of Aynterad entered the deserted creek, and brought from Aden ten Somalis, who desired to accompany us southwards. We objected to taking more than four of these men: fortunately, however, I ordered our people to give dinner to the captain and crew of the craft. That evening we were visited by spies, who deceived not only us, but even their own countrymen: accordingly, the usual two sentries were posted for the night, and we all lay down to sleep.

Between 2 and 3 in the morning of the 19th inst I was aroused by the cry that the enemy was upon us. My first impulse was to request Lieutenant Herne to go out with his revolver in the direction of the attack;

secondly, I called to Lieutenants Stroyan and Speke that they must arm and be ready; and thirdly, I sent my servant for my sabre. Meanwhile Lieutenant Herne returned hurriedly from the rear of the tent, exclaiming that our twelve servants, armed with swords and muskets, had run, and that the enemy amounted to about 150 men. Lieutenant Stroyan, who occupied another tent, did not appear: the other two officers and I were compelled to defend ourselves in our own with revolvers, which the darkness of the night rendered uncertain. Presently, our fire being exhausted, and the enemy pressing on with spear and javelin, the position became untenable; the tent was nearly battered down by clubs, and had we been entangled in its folds we should have been killed without the power of resistance. I gave the word for a rush, and sallied out with my sabre, closely followed by Lieutenant Herne, with Lieutenant Speke in the rear. The former was allowed to pass through the enemy with no severer injury than a few hard blows with a war-club. The latter was thrown down by a stone hurled at his chest and taken prisoner, a circumstance which we did not learn till afterwards. On leaving the tent I thought that I perceived the figure of the late Lieutenant Stroyan lying upon the ground close to the camels. I was surrounded at the time by about a dozen of the enemy, whose clubs rattled upon me without mercy, and the strokes of my sabre were rendered uncertain by the energetic pushes of an attendant who thus hoped to save me. The blade was raised to cut him down: he cried out in dismay, and at that moment a Somali stepped forward, threw his spear so as to pierce my face, and retired before he could be punished. I then fell back for assistance, and the enemy feared pursuing us into the darkness. Many of our Somalis and servants were lurking about 100 yards from the fray, but nothing would persuade them to advance. The loss of blood

causing me to feel faint, I was obliged to lie down, and, as dawn approached, the craft from Aynterad was seen apparently making sail out of the harbour. With my little remaining strength I reached the spit at the head of the creek, was carried into the vessel, and persuaded the crew to arm themselves and repair to the scene of our disaster. Presently Lieutenant Herne appeared, and closely following him Lieutenant Speke, who had escaped from his captors, was supported in badly wounded. Lastly, the body of Lieutenant Stroyan was brought on board, speared through the heart, with the mark of a lance piercing the abdomen, and a frightful gash apparent in the forehead. The lamented officer had ceased to exist; his body was stark and cold: we preserved his remains till the morning of the 20th instant, when we were compelled to commit them to the deep, Lieutenant Herne reading the funeral service. We were overwhelmed with grief: we had lived together like brothers. Lieutenant Stroyan was a universal favourite, and truly melancholy was the contrast between the hour when he lay down to rest full of life and spirits, and the ensuing morning when we saw him a livid corpse.

* * * * *

In conclusion, I must remark that a number of little combinations gave rise to our disaster. Our arrangements were hurriedly made. We could not take from Aden the number of well-trained Somali policemen upon which I had originally calculated, and we had to depend upon raw recruits, who fled at the first charge. But we had ever been led to believe that Berbera was as safe as Bombay itself, and we expected, after a month's march, that the men would be educated to fight. Political events at Aden also prevented our detaining the war-schooner *Mahi*, whose presence would have rendered the coast safe, and once in the

interior we should have been secure from the Bedouins, who have a horror of firearms. Had our letters despatched from Aden arrived when expected, we should have been enabled to leave Berbera with the Ogadayn caravan.

Yet my opinion of the Somal is unchanged; nor would I assume the act of a band of brigands—for such was the cause of our disaster—to be the expression of a people's animus.[1] They have learned to respect us: four or five of their number were, it is reported, killed or mortally wounded that fatal night; and if my plans for punishing the outrage be carried out, it will be long before a similar event occurs again. The officers whom I have had the honour to command profess themselves ready to renew the attempt; and when the ferment has subsided, we would start from Kurrum, a safer though a less interesting route. Should we be deterred by the loss of a single life, however valuable, from prosecuting plans now made public in Africa, we shall not rise in the estimation of the races around us. Briefly, permission to carry out our original projects is the sole recompense we hope for what we have suffered.

[1] Practically the same thing happened when Prof. Palmer was murdered by the Bedawi in 1882. Burton recorded the fact at the time how such an atrocious act was entirely at variance with the character of the Bedawi. See Lady Burton's *Life*, vol. ii, pp. 612, 613.—N. M. P.

NOTES ON SCALPING

Although not published in the *Anthropological Review* (vol. ii, pp. 49–52) till 1864, it was written during Burton's trip to the Salt Lake City in 1860. It appeared nearly verbatim in the *City of the Saints*. I include it here because "anthropological scraps" such as these are always interesting, and, moreover, articles on scalping are very rare.

It is generally, but falsely, supposed that only Americans scalp; the practice is Asiatic, European, and African. The underlying idea is the natural wish to preserve a memorial of the hated foeman done to death, and at the same time to dishonour his foul remains. Fashion and tradition regulate the portion of the human frame preferred: the most popular is doubtless that which, beginning, we are told, with David, has descended through the Jews to the eastern Christians and the Moslems of the present day.

Concerning Asiatic scalping we read as follows in Herodotus (*Melpomene*, iv., 64, Laurent's translation): "Of the first enemy a Scythian sends down, he quaffs the blood; he carries the heads of all that he has slain in battle to the king; for when he has brought a head, he is entitled to a share of the booty that may be taken: not otherwise. To skin the head, he makes a circular incision from ear to ear, and then, laying hold of the crown, shakes out the skull. After scraping off the flesh with an ox's rib, he rumples it between his hands; and having thus softened the skin, makes use of it as a napkin; he appends it to the bridle of the horse he rides, and prides himself on this: for the

Scythian that has most of these skin napkins is adjudged the best man," etc., etc. "They also use the entire skin as horse cloths, also the skulls for drinking cups."

The Abbé Em. Domenech (*Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America*, chap. xxxix.) quotes the "decalvare" of the ancient Germans, the "capillos et cutem detrahere" of the code of the Visigoths, and the annals of Fluor, to prove that the Anglo-Saxons and the French still scalped about A.D. 879.

And as the modern American practice is traceable to Europe and Asia, so it may be found in Africa, where aught of ferocity is rarely wanting. "In a short time after our return," says Mr. Duncan (*Travels in Western Africa in 1845 and 1846*), "the Apademey regiment passed, on their return, in single file, each leading on a string a young male or female slave, carrying also the dried scalp of one man supposed to have been killed in the attack. On such occasions, when a person is killed in battle, the skin is taken from the head and kept as trophy. (It must not be supposed that the female warriors kill according to the number of scalps presented; the scalps are the accumulation of many years. If six or seven men are killed during one year's war, it is deemed a great thing; one party always runs away in these slave hunts, but when armies meet the slaughter is great.) I have seen 700 scalps pass in this manner." Scalp taking in America is a solemn rite. In the good old times men scrupulously awaited the wounded man's death before they "raised his hair"; in the laxity of modern days, however, this humane custom is too often disregarded. Properly speaking, the trophy should be taken after fair fight: this also is now neglected. When the Indian sees his enemy fall, he draws his scalp-knife—the modern is of iron, formerly it was of flint, obsidian, or other hard stone—and twisting the scalp-lock, which is left long for that purpose and boastfully braided or

decorated with some gaudy ribbon or with the lone eagle's plume, round his left hand, marks with the right two semi-circular incisions, with and against the sun, about the part to be removed. The skin is next loosened with the knife point, if there be time to spare and much scalp is to be taken. The operator then sits on the ground, places his feet by way of leverage against the subject's shoulder, and holding the scalp-lock with both hands, he applies a strain which soon brings off the spoils, with a sound which, I am told, is not unlike "flop." Without the long lock it would be difficult to remove the scalp. Prudent white travellers are careful, before setting out through an Indian country to "shingle off" their hair as closely as possible; the Indian warrior hardly cares for a half-fledged scalp. To judge from the long war-locks affected by the hunter and mountaineer, he seems to think lightly of this precaution, and to hold it in fact a point of honour that the savage should have a fair chance. A few cunning men have surprised their adversaries with wigs. The operation of scalping must be exceedingly painful: the sufferer tosses, wriggles, and "squirms," upon the ground like a scotched snake. It is supposed to induce brain-fever: many instances, however, are known of men and women recovering from it, as the former do from an even more dreadful infliction in Abyssinia and Galla-land; cases are, of course, rare, as a disabling wound is generally inflicted before the bloodier work is done.

After taking the scalp, the Indian warror, proud as if he had won a *médaille de sauvetage*, prepares to return to his native village. He lingers outside for a few days, and then, after painting his hands and face lamp black, appears slowly and silently before his lodge. There he squats for awhile, his friends and relatives, accompanied by the elders of the tribe, sit with him, dumb as himself. Presently the question

is put: it is answered with truth, though these warriors will at other times lie like Cretans. The "coup" is recounted, however, with abundant glorification—the Indians, like the Greeks and Arabs of their classical ages, are allowed to vent their self-esteem on such occasions, and to enjoy a treat for which the civilized modern hero longs ardently, but in vain. Finally, the "green scalp" after being dried and mounted, is consecrated by the solemn dance, and becomes fit for public exhibition. Some tribes attach it to their horses' bridles, others to their tergas, whilst others ornament with it the outer seams of their leggings. The more scalps the more honour. The young man who cannot boast of a single murder, or show the coveted trophy, is held in such scant esteem as the English gentleman who contents himself with being passing rich on £100. a year. Some great war chiefs have collected a heap of these honourable spoils. It must be remembered by curiosity hunters that only one scalp can come off one head: namely, the centre-lock or long tuft growing upon the coronal apex, with about three inches in diameter of skin. This knowledge is the more useful as the western men are in the habit of manufacturing half a dozen, but from different parts of the same head. They sell readily for fifty dollars each; but the transaction is not considered respectable. The American, however, readily distinguishes the real article from "false scalping," by the unusual thickness of the cutis, which is more like that of a donkey than of a man; set in a plain gold circlet it makes very pretty brooches. Moreover, each tribe has its own fashion of scalping, derived from its forefathers. The Sioux, for instance, when they have leisure to perform the operation, remove the whole headskin, including a portion of the ears: they then sit down and dispose the ears upon the horns of a buffalo skull, and a bit of the flesh upon little heaps of earth or clay disposed

in given ways, apparently as an offering to the manes of their ancestors, and they smoke ceremoniously, begging the Manitou to send them plenty of scalps. The trophy is then stretched upon a willow twig, bent into an oval shape and lined with two semi-ovals of black or blue and scarlet cloth. The Gutas and the Prairie tribes generally, when pressed for time, merely take off the poll-skin that grows the long tuft of hair, while the Chyuagara, or Nez Percé's, prefer a long slip about two inches wide, extending from the nape to the connection of the hair and forehead. Indians are aware of the aversion with which the pale-face regards this barbarity. Near Alkali Lake in the valley of the Plate River, where there was a large " Lakotu Tipi "—encampment of Sioux—I tried to induce a tribesman to go through the imitation process before me; he refused with a gesture, indignantly repudiating the practice. A glass of whisky would doubtless have changed his mind, but I was unwilling to break through the wholesome law that prohibits it.

A DAY AMONGST THE FANS

This was printed in the *Anthropological Review*, vol. i, 1863, pp. 43–54 (with discussion, pp. 185–187), and also in the *Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London*, vol. iii, New Series, 1865, pp. 136–147.

Since Burton's time little has been written on the Fans, or Fangs, as they are now usually called. The most interesting paper was by A. L. Bennett, "Ethnographical Notes on the Fang," *Journal Anthropological Institute*, vol. xxix, pp. 66–98, 1899. See also *Anthropos* 1906 (fasc. 4), T. Martron.

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—OTHELLO.

I MAKE no apology in forwarding to our young society a few notes touching a people who, during the last two seasons, have excited so much curiosity amongst Anthropologists—the Fans, or so-called *cannibal* tribes of the Gaboon country. After a fruitless search for Mr. Gorilla, I returned to the "Baraka Factory," Mr. Bruce Walker's hospitable house on the Gaboon river. When due preparations had been made, I set out at noon, on the 10th April, 1862, in the *Eliza*, a schooner belonging to the establishment. The navigation of the "water of Mpongwe" or Gaboon river, which forks at the island of Ynenge-Nenge ("isle, island"), was not a treat. The Nkomo, flowing from the N.N.E., and the Mbokwe, or lesser branch—my line of travel—from the N.E., are equally monotonous,

muddy, and mangrove-grown, to say nothing of the mosquitoes. After passing several Bákele and Fan villages, whose noisy inmates turned out to cheer and chaff, and after experiencing violent tornados, which this year have been more than usually frequent in the Gaboon country, we anchored at 8.50 p.m., on the 12th of April, off Máyyáⁿ.[1] I presently landed, under charge of Mr. Tippet, a most intelligent coloured man from the United States, who acts as native trader to Mr. Walker for ebony and ivory, near the head of the Mbokwe. On the 15th of April I walked to the sources of the Gaboon river, which rises in a well-wooded sub-chain of the Sierra del Crystal; and on the 17th of April I found myself once more in the "Baraka Factory."

My account, therefore, will contain little beyond "first impressions." First impressions, however, are not to be despised. Veterans are prone to deride Mr. Verdant Green, who, after a week, where *they* have spent years, ventures to record his experiences. They are wrong. Books like *Eöthen*, or the *Crescent and the Cross*, were written by men upon the wing. No "*old resident*" could produce such life-like, vivid pictures. The longer we remain in a place, I need hardly say, the more our sensations are blunted, and their expression necessarily becomes like a MS. from which, by careful correction, everything salient or interesting is eliminated.

I now return to my day amongst the Fans. Arriving at Máyyáⁿ all the guns on board the schooner were double-loaded and discharged, at the instance of Mr. Tippet, who very properly insisted upon this act of African *politesse*. We were answered by the town muskets, which must have contained the charges of old four-pounders. It was dark when passing through

[1] It is proposed thus to write the very nasal nasals of the Fan language.

the sable masses that awaited upon the gloomy river bank their new merchant, *i.e.*, white man ; we proceeded to Mr. Tippet's extensive establishment, where I was duly immured like a queen bee. Accustomed to the frantic noisiness of an African village, my ears, however, here recognized an excess of outbawl, and subsequent experience did not efface this "first impression." But noisiness, like curiosity, is a good sign in the barbarian. The lowest tribes are too apathetic to shout about, or to look at anything however strange to them.

At 5 a.m. of the next day, after a night with the gnats and rats, I arose and cast my first nearer look upon a Fan village. Like those of the Mpongwe—whom the French call *les Gabons*, and who are the remnant of our ancient "Pongos"—it is a single street, about half a mile long, formed by two parallel rows of verandahed huts, looking upon a line of yellow clay road, which is broken by three larger huts, pawaver or club houses, where the men assemble. The people were far more interesting. Expecting a large-limbed, black-skinned, and ferocious-looking race, I was astonished to see a finely-made, light-coloured people, of decidedly mild aspect. The features, also, were sub-African, many, if whitened, might pass for Europeans ; few were so negroed in type as the Mpongwe, none so negro as the blacks of Guinea or Kongo. Their aspect, however, is that of a people freshly emerged from the "bush." Many of them point their teeth. The grotesqueness of their *perruquerie* can only be rivalled by the variety of dress and ornament. No two are alike. The hair is not crisply-woolly, like that of the Coast tribes. In some women it falls below the neck nape, and the texture is of a superior order. The males wear it in plaits, knobs, and horns, with stiff twists and projections rising suddenly some two inches from the circumjacent scalp. One gentleman had a pigtail

hanging to his shoulders, and there confined by the neck of a Bordeaux bottle instead of a ribbon. Some heads are adorned with tufts, bunches, and circles of plumes, or single feathers, especially of the touraco (*Corythrix*), an African jay, whose red spoils are a sign of war. Skull-caps of palm leaf plaited and blackened are common in the interior, but are here rare; an imitation, however, is made by plaiting the hair longitudinally from occiput to sinciput, reducing the head to a system of ridgelets, and the poll is surmounted by a fan-shaped tuft of scarlet-dyed palm leaf. I noticed a (to me) new fashion of crinal decoration. Two or more threads of hair, proceeding usually from the temples, sometimes from the sides, or from the back of the skull, are lengthened with three fibres, and finished with red and white beads, each in single line, so long that they fall upon the breast or back. The same is done to the beard, which sprouts in tufts from both sides of the chin; it is not thick, and moustachios are as usual wanting. Allow me to end this part of the subject by assuring you that, whatever absurdity in hair may be demanded by Europe, I can supply you to any extent from Africa. Gentlemen who part their locks like Scotch terriers all down the back, should be grateful to me for this truly sporting offer.

The complexion of the Fans is, as a rule, *café-au-lait*, the distinctive colour of the African mountaineer or man from the interior. Some few are very dark; these, however, are of servile origin. There is not much tattooing, the shoulder alone excepted, amongst the men. The *Gandins*, however, disfigure themselves with powdered cane wood, mixed with butternut, grease, or palm oil—here a luxury. The latter is a custom probably derived from the coast tribes. Nothing simpler than the toilette. Thongs of goat, wild-cat, or leopard skin girth the waist, and cloth, which rarely

appears, is supplied by the spoils of the black monkey (*C. Satanas*), or some other *beef*. The national costume, however, is a swallow-tail of fan palm, greasy and ochred, thrust through the waist-belt, and, when stiff and new, standing bolt upright; when old, it depends limply, resembling the Irish peasant's. A similar fan-like formation, the outspread portion worn like the other, the wrong way, decorates the fore-part. The ornaments are green seed beads, Loango or red porcelains, white "pound-beads"—the latter so called because one pound is equal to one dollar—copper wristlets and anklets, and fibre bandages under the different articulations.

All carry arms, generally spears of fantastic and cruel shape, dwarf battle-axes, and curious lotus-shaped knives. The latter have blades broader than they are long, as is the fashion of the Mpongwe; the sheaths, of fibre or leather, are elaborately decorated, and the *chique* is for the scabbard to be so tight that the weapon cannot be drawn for five minutes. There are some trade muskets. Bows and arrows are unknown; yet in war the Fans carry large square shields of elephant hides. The *mbát* or cross-bow peculiar to this people, who seem to have invented it—not to have borrowed it, as might be supposed, from Europe—is only carried when sporting or fighting. I need not describe this instrument whose form is now familiar to England: suffice it to remark, that the *détente* is simple and ingenious, that the *ebe* or dwarf bolt (a splint of wood) is always poisoned, and that I never saw a good shot made with the weapon. Most men, also, carry a pliable basketful of splints, which, sharpened, poisoned, and placed upon the path of a barefooted enemy, must somewhat discourage pursuit. Though poor at managing canoes—an art to be learned only in infancy—many villagers affect to walk about with a paddle, like the semi-aquatic Krumen.

In the cool of the morning Fitevanga, king of Máyyá[n], lectured me upon the short and simple annals of the Fans. They are but lately known to fame, having, within the memory of man, crossed the Sierra del Crystal, or West African Ghauts, and dislodged the less warlike Bákele and Mpongwe. In 1842 few were seen upon the head waters of the Gaboon, now they are known to visit the factories at the mouth of the river. They were accompanied in their westward migration by a kindred tribe, the Osheba, and both were, doubtless, driven seawards by the pressure of the inner tribes. These are successively, beginning from the west or seaward, the Bátí, the Okáná, the Yefá, and the Sensoba, the latter being the eastern-most known to my negro informants. You will vainly look for these names in the best of our modern charts. All the lands lying eastward of the Gaboon river-head are purely white. All these races are described as brave, warlike, and hospitable to strangers. I would here draw your attention to a fundamental error in African ethnology, made by Dr. Livingstone, who, deriving all his knowledge from the southern corner of the vast continent, asserts that "*no African tribe ever became extinct.*" The contrary is emphatically the case; nowhere does the selection of species, so to speak, fight more fiercely the battle of life, than in maritime Africa. The tenants of the coast are rarely ancient peoples. Demoralized by the contact of European and Asiatic civilization, and having, like the Turks, less inducement to bar the coast to their inner neighbours, than the latter have to secure free transit for their merchandise to the ocean, the world's highway of commerce, they degenerate and gradually die out. I will instance in the present day the Mpongwe and the Efik, or old Calabar races. During the last half century both notably have declined, and they are in a fair way to become extinct, or to be

merged into other tribes, before the year of grace 1900.[1]

The name of this Fan nation deserves correction. The Mpongwe of the Gaboon river know them as Mpángwe, the Europeans as Pauouin, or Paouen—corruptions both. They call themselves Pánwe, Fánwe, and Fá^{n}, with a highly nasalized N. The plural is Bá-Fá^{n}.[2] The word Fan pronounced after the English fashion would be unintelligible to them. Their tongue, which belongs to the northern or equatorial branch of the great South African family of language, is soft and sweet, a contrast to their harsh voices and *criard* utterance. They are intelligent as regards speech. During my short stay I collected, assisted by Mr. Tippet, a short vocabulary from the chief's son and others. It was subsequently corrected by a comparison with an unpublished MS., the work of the Rev. Mr. Preston, of the A.B.C.F. Mission, an able linguist, who has resided for some time, and seen some queer adventures among the Fans. If you desire it, it is freely offered to you.

After a bath in the muddy Mbokwe I returned to the village, and found it in a state of ferment; the sister of a young warrior had lately been killed and "chopped" by the king of a neighbouring Osheba hamlet, "Sán-Kwí," and the brother was urging his friends to up and arm. All the youths seized their weapons, the huge war-drum, the hollowed base of a tree, was set up in the middle of the street; preparations for the week's singing and dancing, which inaugurate a campaign, were already in hand, and one man gave earnest of bloodshed by spearing a goat, the property of Mr. Tippet. It being my interest that the peace should

[1] Burton was not far out. These races have dwindled in a most astonishing manner. Speaking of the Mpongwes in 1899 Bennett (*op. cit.*) says that the race is rapidly dying out, and is already being supplanted even at Gaboon by the migratory Fang.—N. M. P.

[2] Fan in their tongue means a man.

be kept till our return from the sources of the Gaboon river, I repaired to the palava house, and lent weight to the advice of my host, who urged these heroes to collect ivory, ebony, and rubber, and not to fight till his stores were full. He concluded by carrying off the goat. After great excitement the warriors subsided into a calm, which, however, was broken two days afterwards by the murder of a villager, the suspected lover of a woman higher up the Mbokwe river; he went to visit her and was at once speared by the "injured husband."

The Fans, like most African tribes, with whom fighting is our fox-hunting, live in a chronic state of ten days' war; such is the case even where the slave trade has never been known. Battles, however, are not bloody; after the fall of two or three warriors they are dragged off to be devoured, and their friends disperse. If the whole body cannot be removed, the victors content themselves with a *gigot* or two, to make soup. The cannibalism of the Fans is by no means remarkable, limited, as it is, to the consumption of slain enemies; the practice extends sporadically from the Nun to the Kongo, and how much further south I cannot at present say. In the Niger and the Brass the people do not conceal it; in Bonny I have seen all but the act of eating; it is execrated by the old Kalabarese, whilst practised by their Ibo neighbours to the north-west; the Duallás of Camaroons number it among their "country fashions"; and though the Mpongwe eschew even the chimpanzee, the Fans invariably eat their foes.

Still no trace of the practice was seen at Máyyá[n]; this, however, is not caused by its civilization. The Rev. W. M. Walker and other excellent authorities, agree that it is a rare incident even in the wildest parts, but it is rendered unusual only by want of opportunity. The corpse when brought in is carried

to a hut in the outskirts, and is secretly eaten by the men only, the cooking pots being finally broken. No joint of man is ever seen in the settlements. The people shouted with laughter when a certain question was asked. The sick are not devoured, the dead are decently interred, except slaves, who, as usual, are thrown into the forest. The chiefs, stretched at full length and wrapped in a mat, are secretly buried, the object being to prevent some strong fetish or medicine being made by enemies from various parts of the body; in some tribes those of the same family are interred near one another; the commonalty are put singly under ground. During my peregrinations I never saw even a skull. Mr. Tippet, who had lived three years with this people, only knew three cases of anthropophagy; yet the Fan character has its ferocious side. Prisoners are tortured with horrible ferocity, and children may be seen licking the blood from the ground. It is a curious ethnological consideration, this peculiar development of destructiveness in the African brain; cruelty seems to be with him a necessary of life. All his highest enjoyments are connected with causing pain and inflicting death. His religious rites—how different from the Hindu's!—are ever causelessly bloody. As an instance, take the Efik, or old Calabarese. For two hundred years they have had intercourse with Europeans, who certainly would not encourage these profitless horrors, yet no savages could show such an extent of ferocity as the six thousand wretched remnants of the race. I cannot believe this abnormal cruelty to be the mere result of uncivilization. It appears to me rather the work of an arrested development, which leaves to the man all the bloodthirstiness of the carnivor.

After the palaver had been temporarily settled, I wandered through the settlement and sketched the huts. Our village contains about four hundred souls,

and throughout the country the maximum would be four thousand, the minimum a hundred or so. The Fan homes are most like those of the Mpongwe, in fact, after the fashion that begins at Camaroons river; they are not, however, so neat and clean as those of the seaboard. A thatching, whose long eaves form deep verandahs facing towards the one street, surmounts neat walls of split bamboo (*Pirnifera*), planted upon raised platforms of earth. The usual two doors make the hut a thoroughfare, through which no one hesitates to pass; and windows being absent the ceiling is painted like coal tar by soot. The walls are garnished with weapons and nets; in making these they are equally expert; and the furniture consists of mats, cooking utensils, logs of wood for pillows and seats, and dwarf stools cut out of a solid block. The only illumination is by a torch, such as the Mpongwe use, a yard of acacia gum mixed with and bound up in dried plantation leaves. The sexes are not separated; but the men, as in Unyamwezi, to quote no other place, are fond of their clubs, whilst the women are rarely allowed to be idle in the house. The latter must fetch water, nurse the baby, and cook, while the former talk, smoke and doze. The number of the children makes the hut contrast favourably with the dreary home of the debauched Mpongwe, who puts no question provided his wife presents him with a child.

The dietary of these barbarians would astonish the half-starved sons of civilization. When shall we realize the fact that the great thing needful to the prosperity of England is, not alms-houses, and hospitals, and private charities, but the establishment, advocated by Mr. Carlyle, of a regular and efficient emigration! The crassest ignorance only prevents the listless pauper, the frozen-out mechanic, and the wretched agricultural labourer from quitting a scene of misery, and from finding scattered over Earth's surface spots where the

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memory of privations endured in the hole which he calls his home would make his exile a paradise. We expect from a national system of emigration, our present great want, not the pilgrimage of a few solitary hands who—Nostalgia is a more common disease than men suppose—are ever pining for the past, but the exodus of little villages, which, like those of the Hebrides in the last century, bore with them to the New World their *lares et penates*, their wives, families, and friends.

Few of the Fans lack, once a day, fish, fowl, or flesh of dogs or goats, mutton, or game; many eat it twice, and they have a name for the craving felt after a short abstinence from animal food. Cattle is as yet unknown; the woods, however, supply the wild buffalo in numbers. The banana, planted with a careless hand, affords the staff of life, besides thatch, fuel, and fibre, for nets and lines. The palm-tree gives building materials, oil and wine; milk is unknown; butter, however, is produced by the "Nje," a towering butyraceous tree, differing from that which bears the Shea-nut; and when bread is wanted, maize rises almost spontaneously. The bush is cut at the end, and burned before the beginning of the rains, leaving the land ready for agriculture almost without using the hoe. In the "middle dries," from June to September, the villagers sally forth to hunt the elephants, whose spoils bring various luxuries from the coast. They are even gourmands. Lately, before my arrival, all the people had turned out for the Ndíká season, during which they will not do anything else but gather. The "Ndíká" is the fruit of a wild mango tree (*M. gabonensis*), and forms the "one sauce" of the Fans. The kernels extracted from the stones are roasted like coffee, pounded and poured into a mould of basket-work lined with plantain leaves. This cheese is scraped and added to boiling meat and vegetables; it forms a pleasant relish for the tasteless plantain. It sells for half a dollar at the

factories, and the French export it to adulterate chocolate, which in appearance it somewhat resembles. I am ready to supply you with a specimen whenever you indent upon me.

After the daily siesta, which lasted till 3 p.m., Mr. Tippet begged me to put in an appearance, as a solemn dance, in which the king's eldest daughter joined, was being performed in honour of the white visitor. A chair was placed for me in the verandah, and I proceeded to the exterior study of Fan womanhood. Whilst the men are thin and *élancés*, their partners are usually short and stunt.

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman," is a point upon which most of us agree with his lordship. This peculiar breadth of face and person probably result from hard work and good fare. I could not bring myself to admire Gondebiza, the princess, although she was in the height of Fan fashion. What is grotesque in one appears ugly in the other sex. The king's daughter was married, fat, and thirty; her charms were on the wane; and the system of circles composing her *personnel* had a tremulous and a gravitating tendency. She danced with all her might, and her countenance preserved a great seriousness. Her dress consisted of leaves covering the hair-horns, a pigtail lashed with brass wire, various necklaces of large red and white, and pink and blue beads; a leaf confined to the upper arm by a string, and heavy brass and copper wristlets and anklets; the *parure* of the great in these lands. The rest of the toilet was a dwarf swallow tail, and an apron of greasy and reddened tree-bark, kept in position by five lines of cowries acting as cestus. The body was also modestly invested in a thin pattern of tattoo, and a gauzework of grease and canewood. The other performers were, of course, less brilliantly equipped. All, however, had rings on their fingers and toes, the arms, legs and ankles. A

common decoration was a bunch of seven or eight long ringlets, not unlike the *queue de rat*, still affected by the old-fashioned English women, but prolonged to the bosom by stringings of alternate white and red beads; others limited this ornament to two tails depending from the temples, at the parts where horns should grow. Amongst them all I saw but one well-formed bosom. Many had faces sufficiently piquant. The figure, however, though full, wanted firmness. The men wore red feathers but carried no arms. Each had his Ndese garters and armlets, like the Arab's "hibá's," of plaited palm-fibre, tightened by little brass cross-bars.

The form of dance was a circular procession round the princess, who agitated herself in the centre; it reminded me much of Mr. Catlin. To the sound of "o-o-o-oh," all clapped hands, stamped, and shuffled forwards, moving the body from the hips downwards, whilst she alone was stationary, and smileless as a French demoiselle, in her favourite enjoyment. At times, when the king condescended to "show his agility," the uproar became deafening. The orchestra consisted of two men sitting opposite each other; one performed on a caisson, a log of hollowed wood, with an upper slit; and the other used the national Hànjas, the prototype of the *harmonium*. It is made of seven or eight hard sticks, pinned with bamboo splints to transverse stems of plantain, reposing upon the ground. Like the former instrument, it is thumped upon by things like tent-pegs. The grande-caisse, or large drum, four feet tall, skin-covered and fancifully carved, stood at some distance. Highly gratified by the honour, but somewhat overpowered by the presence, and already feeling that awful scourge the sand-fly, I retired, after an hour's review, leaving the dance to endure till midnight.[1]

[1] Bennett gives an illustration of the Fang Dance in his article already quoted.—N. M. P.

The rest of my day and the week following were devoted to the study of this quaint people, and these are the results. Those who have dealings with the Fans, universally prefer them for honesty and manliness to the Mpongwe, and the other coast races. They have not had time to be thoroughly corrupted; to lose all the lesser, without acquiring any of the greater virtues. Chastity is still known amongst them. The marriage tie has some significance, and they will fight about women. It is an insult to call a Fan liar or coward, and he waxes wroth if his mother be abused. Like all tribes in West Africa, they are but moderately brave. They are fond of intoxication, but not yet broken to ardent spirits. I have seen a man rolling upon the ground and licking the yellow clayey earth, like one in the convulsions of death-thirst; this was the effect of a *glass* of trade rum. They would willingly traffic for salt and beads. *The wretched custom of the coast—the White Coast—is to supply vile alchohols, arms, and ammunition. How men who read their Bibles and attend their chapels regularly can reconcile this abomination to their consciences I cannot say. May the day come when unanimity will enable the West African merchants to abstain from living upon the lives of those who pour wealth into their coffers!* [1]

The Fan plant their own tobacco and care little for the stuff imported. They also manufacture their pipe bowls, and are not ignorant of the use of diamba-hashistra. They will suck salt as children do lollipops, but they care little for sugar. They breakfast (kidiáshe) at 6 a.m., dine (domos) at noon, sup (gogáshe) at sunset, and eat if they can all day. They are good huntsmen, who fear not the elephant (nyok), the hippo-

[1] Only a few, a very few, traders were content to lose by not supplying the natives with alcohol. Of these I must specially mention Burton's friend (and I have the honour to add mine also) James Irvine of Liverpool. I still enjoy a regular correspondence with him.—N. M. P.

potamus (nyok á mádzun), or the gorilla (nje). They are cunning workmen in iron, which is their wealth. Their money is a bundle of dwarf rods shaped like horse-fleams, a coinage familiar to old travellers in West Africa, and of this Spartan currency 10 = 6d. The usual trade medium is a brass rod, of which 2 = 1 franc, and of the copper 3 = 2 francs. Llaki, or witchcraft, has not much power over them. In Africa, however, as in Australia, no man, however old, dies a natural death; his friends will certainly find a supernatural cause for it. The general salutation of the Fans is Neboláne, and the reply Am. The nation is divided, as usual, into many ayons or tribes, who mostly occupy different locations. The principal names in the vicinity visited by me are:—

Máyyá^{n}	Lálá	Sánikiya	Sákulá
Esobá	Esánvímá	Esonzel	Wámási

The names of the men whom I met were:—

Nál	Ngoo	Titevanga	Jembestroná
Mábuná	Yembe	Njèmbekona	Uwá

The names of the women are:—

Aháde	Nyendongo	Gondebiza
Menalenguma	Abome	Nyágondabyámá.

They have their own names for the neighbouring tribes and places, *e.g.*, the Mpongwe are called Bayok, the Bákeli are Ngom, and the Skekyáni Besek, whilst the Gaboon river is called Aboká. They have no vocables corresponding with our distinctive names of week days, months, or years. "Amos" is any day, opposed to alusha, a night. Suká or sukásuá is the rainy season. Isob the little Cries; oyon, the long Dries, *alias* a year. The Eugon, or moon, is of course used to express a month. Mwásá is yesterday. Emm, to-day. Kirige, to-morrow. Ozán, the day after to-

morrow. The only specimen of the language that I can now find time to quote is its numeralogy. It need hardly, however, be remarked to the Ethno-Anthropological Society of London how instructive and how significant numbers are.

1. Foh (with strong guttural aspirate like the Arabic).
2. Be
3. Láre
4. Nne
5. Tánu
6. Sám
7. Sángwá
8. Wám
9. Ebú
10. Abom
11. Abom ná fon
100. Kámá

On the 14th of April, I went, in company with Mr. Tippet and his wives, to the head waters of the Imbokwe river. After descending the stream for a short distance, we turned into the Sondo creek, one of its northern influents, and presently, after losing sight of mangrove for the first time, we arrived at the village of Takanjok. There, having obtained carriers, we marched through a dense bush cut by streamlets and a few plantations. After a six miles walk over stiff wet clay, we bivouacked for the night in a tall but thin forest. In early morning a tornado from the north-east broke over us, a curious crash aroused me, and I found that the upper half of a tree had fallen alongside of me, grazing my hammock. When the rain subsided, we ascended the little hill Beka, where, according to the guides, Nkomo and Imbokwe, the two main forks of the Gaboon arise, and on the same evening, after thirteen miles walk, of which nine were by water, we reached home at Máyyáⁿ. Our return down the river was enlivened by glimpses of far blue hill rising in lumpy and detached masses to the east. It is probably a subrange of the Sierra del Crystal, which native travellers described to me as a broken line of rocky and barren acicular mountains—tall, gravelly, waterless, and lying about three days' journey beyond the wooded hills. Early on the morning of Thursday, 17th April,

the *Eliza* was lying off Mr. Walker's factory, and I was received with the usual hospitality by Mr. Hogg, then in charge.

I will conclude this brief record of "first impressions amongst the Fans," with tendering my best thanks to that gentleman for his many little friendly offices, without which travelling in these regions is rather a toil than a pleasure.

P.S.—You will bear in mind that the Fans whom I visited were a comparatively civilized race, who have probably learned to conceal the customs which they have found distasteful to the civilized man. In the remoter districts they may still be determined cannibals. Before long I hope to pronounce an opinion on that point.

NOTES ON THE DAHOMAN

This interesting paper, with its discussion, touches upon numerous questions which in recent years have received great impetus through the pens of both anthropological and medical men. The names of Haddon, Frazer, Rivers, Ellis, Crawley, Westermarck, etc., will naturally occur to readers. The paper was printed in *Memoirs read before the Anthropological Society of London*, vol. i. 1865, pp. 308–321, with the interesting discussion in the *Journal of the Anthropological Society of London*, vol. iii. February, 1865, pp. vi–xi. As I shall have several remarks to make in the course of the paper it is unnecessary to write further now.—N. M. P.

Hic Niger est, hunc tu, Gens Angla, caveto !

In availing myself of the opportunity now afforded me of addressing you, I cannot but congratulate ourselves upon the fact that we find in this room a liberty of thought and a freedom of speech unknown, I may assert, to any other society in Great Britain. It is well so. Our object of study being Man in all his relations, physical, moral, psychical and social, it is impossible to treat the subject adequately without offending in general the *mauvaise honte*, the false delicacy, and the ingrained prejudices of the age. Without some such refuge for Destitute Truth as the rooms of the Anthropological Society, we find it equally difficult to relate and to publish facts. Indeed, some years ago, I was induced to propose that if the terminology of certain natural objects be held too gross for ears modest and polite to hear, the physiologist might adopt some system of conventional symbols which, like the finger-

language of the Chinese ideologist, would obviate the displeasures of articulation. Some such symbolism is everywhere instinctively known to the natural man. This highly decorous proposal was, however, I regret to say, utterly ignored.

The kingdom of Dahome, upon some of whose peculiar customs it is proposed to treat this evening, is one of the eight purely negro empires, a connected account of which would read greatly to the edification of Europe. The others on the western coast are Inta or Asiante, corrupted to Ashánte, Ashanti, and Ashantee; she has lately been at war with our Gold Coast protectorate, and as she began with right so she left off with honour. The next in consequence is the kingdom of Ibini, or Great Benin, which I visited in 1862 and described in *Frazer's Magazine* (January, February and March, 1863).[1] At the beginning of the eighteenth century it was, as Bosman and Barbot prove, important and powerful. It is now suffering from the ambition of its two brothers and rival princes. Both Ashante and Benin are as inhuman in their worship as is Dahome, and probably more heads fall during the year in the former than in the other two together. The Lake Regions of Central Africa have of late years yielded to our knowledge the interesting Highland country of Karagweh, with its hospitable chiefs and its curious and intelligent population. To its north, between the Tanganyika and where the Victoria Nyanza has been conjectured to lie, is Uganda, a fine hilly country, inhabited by a superior race of negroes; it rivals in atrocity the most terrible despotisms of Western Africa. Above Uganda again is Unyoro or Kittara, where Nature is by no means so kindly, and which appears to be in a state of decadence. These three were described

[1] Here Burton has made a mistake in the months of issue. They appeared in February, March, and April of 1863 in vol. lxvii. See my *Bibliography*, p. 207.—N. M. P.

by me from the reports of Arab merchants living at Kazeh, in Unyamwezi (*Journal Royal Geographical Society*, 1860),[1] and have since been visited (in 1862) by the lamented Captain Speke and his gallant companion, Captain Grant. The latter, whose book is already advertised, will, it is to be hoped, favour us with as many anthropological details as possible. In Central and Tropical Africa there is the great empire of "Matiamvo," properly the Muata ya Nvo, or Lord of Nvo; to his appalling courts visits have been paid by Graça (1847) and other Portuguese travellers. Finally, in South Eastern Intertropical Africa, there is the country of the Muata Cazembe, once a vassal of the Muata ya Nvo. His capital Usenda, or Lusenda, was first visited in 1799 by Dr. de Lacerda e Almeida. That learned Portuguese traveller died before giving a name to the city, and was followed in 1831–32 by Majors Monteiro and Gamitto, whose volumes contain almost all desirable information except an exact geography.[2] The two last-named kingdoms are of considerable size, and nothing can be more horrible than the cruelties practised by priest and king upon their extensive populations. The others can boast of only a few square miles, and appear at present to be dismemberments of once important empires. Dahome and Benin, for instance, are now independent provinces of the great Yoruban despotism, whose capital Katanga or Oyo (pronounced Awyaw) was destroyed in 1825 by the Haussa and Fula Moslems.

A brief sketch of Dahoman annals will be the most fitting introduction to an account of its present peculiari-

[1] See *Journal Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxix, 1859 (not 1860), chap. ix, p. 259, *et seq.*—N. M. P.

[2] In 1873 the Royal Geographical Society published Burton's *The Lands of Cazembe*, which contains an account of Lacerda's journey to Cazembe, and that of Baptista and José across Africa from Angola to Tette on the Zambesi and a résumé of the journey of MM. Monteiro and Gamitto by Dr. Beke. It is still obtainable for 5s. at the Royal Geographical Society.—N. M. P.

ties. The once great military kingdom was first made known to Europe in November, 1724, through a letter written by a Mr. Lamb, or Lambe, reporting to Mr. Tinker, agent of the English fort or factory at Whydah, his forcible carriage to and detention at Agbome, the capital. Between that year and 1727, the Dahoman conqueror, a negro Scourge of God, named Agaja Dosu or Turudo (one who dashes, *i.e.*, throws presents to the people) attacked successively the three populous little kingdoms which lay in his path, from the interior to the coast. Allada, Tori and Whydah, which should be pronounced Hwedah, were taken with dreadful slaughter, and, incorporated in a single empire, enabled Agaja to attain the summit of African ambition, a port on the seaboard, where he could trade directly with white men. Since Mr. Lamb's day the country has been visited and described by a variety of travellers: Captain William Snelgrave (1726), Mr. William Smith (1726), Mr. Robert Norris (1772), Dr. John M'Leod (1820), Commander Forbes (1849–50), the author probably best known to the English reader; Lieutenant Wallon, of the French Navy (1856–58), Commodore Wilmot (1861–62) and myself.

As far back as half a generation ago, Commander Forbes (*Dahomey and the Dahomans*, vol. i, p. 19) correctly stated, "strange and contradictory as it may sound, this great nation,"—he had seen nothing in Africa but petty tribes—"is no nation, but a banditti, and there are few pure Dahomans. Those who may claim to be of the race are the king's family and the nobles; but even these are not of pure descent, as the harems of all are replenished with the fruits of war. As a military nation, the officers are natives, the soldiery foreigners, prisoners of war or purchased slaves." During Gelele the present king's attack on Abeokuta (March 15, 1864) it was remarked by the Iwe Irohin, a local paper, "notwithstanding the desolation he has

made, it does not seem that he can collect more than 10,000 or 12,000 fighting men for an expedition like this; of these scarcely one-half are really Dahomians. Some are forced to come against their will, and to any objection the answer is easy, 'Then we must kill you at once.' Of four prisoners in one house, only one was a true Dahomian; one was from Refurefu, a town on this route destroyed several years ago by Dahomey; another was from Makun, the country they attacked unsuccessfully last year, and the fourth was an Egba, Joseph Madarikan." The old race of black Spartans, concerning which Dalzel's *History* speaks in such high terms, has been killed off, and captives, slaves and mongrels now occupy its place. The only proper freemen with any remnant of ancient blood is the royal family, which numbers perhaps two thousand souls. It cannot, however, be pure, as its members rarely intermarry.

Under these circumstances, it will be useful to enter into certain ethnological explanations of terms occurring in the pages of the older authors; many of them will become unintelligible. The name Fouin or Foy applied by the *History* (Preface xv) to the Dahoman race, is a corruption of Ffon, meaning the Dahoman dialect, which the Rev. Mr. Zimmermann (*Grammatical Sketch of the Akra or Ga Language*) miscalls "Ewe." The Tuffoes (p. 34) are a people properly named Aizoh, who inhabit Tofo, a fine rolling country on the west of the high road from the coast to the capital. I cannot help thinking that Ossue (p. 51) or Assue, the name of a Caboceer, is connected with Iso or 'So. This is a tribe which during some forgotten war fled from Dahome, and established itself in a lagoon called, *par excellence*, the Nohwe, and christened in our charts Denham Waters, by the gallant naval officer of that name. The Dahoman king is sworn never to lead his army where canoes may be required; these Iso, therefore,

have built their huts upon tall poles, about a mile distant from the shore. Their villages at once suggest the Prasian Lake dwellings of Herodotus, and the Crannoges of Ireland, and the Swiss Waters. The people are essentially boatmen; they avoid dry land as much as possible, and though said to be ferocious, they are civil enough to strangers. In June, 1863, I moored my little canoe under one of their huts, and I well remember the grotesque sensation of hearing children, dogs, pigs, and poultry actively engaged aloft. The Mahees (p. 59, *et passim*), better written Ma*khi*, with the Arabic guttural, are mountaineers, inhabiting the country north of Dahome proper. They are almost always at war with their neighbours, and they were first visited in 1846 by the late Mr. Duncan, who describes them as a superior race. "Weemey," or Wemy (p. 60), is Wémé, a little district near Grand Popo on the seaboard west of Whydah; this once "respectable state" has fallen so low that few know its name, some will locate it near Porto Novo, east of Whydah. The "kingdom of Appah" (p. 61), which we are told most erroneously reaches eastward as far as the Bay of Benin, is the little place near Badagry, and known to our directories as "Appee." The Sarrachee nation (p. 163) is interpreted to be an East Yoruban tribe, mixed with the Makhi mountaineers. The country called Croo-too-hoon-too (p. 199) is unknown. I have conjectured that it lies near the Hun-to-nun, or "Canoe Water," a now shrunken *fiumara*, between Agbome and the Tofo plateau. Peshie (p. 214) is for "Kpesi," a subtribe of the Aja nation, lying to the south-west of Agbome. The French call them *Les barbares*, and little is known of them, or of their conquerors, the Ajabi, the Ajabi-kome, and the Ajawachi, except that they worship thunder, probably the Shango or Jupiter Tonans of Yoruban mythology. I may remark *obiter* that the latter system is extensive and complicated,

bearing traces of an Eastern derivation, from the Nile Basin, or even from Asia. For instance, this now inland people has an ark or canoe, which reminds us of the Hindu "Argha," the symbolic source of all mammalian life still typified by us as "Noah's Ark."

In Commander Forbes we find the names of tribes (vol. i, p. 8) "Attahpahms" and "Ahjabee." The "Atakpamwe" live in the country west of Agbome, across the River Mono (vol. ii, p. 96), which runs to the Lagoon of Grand Popo. Like the Ajas, they wear three short cuts up and down the cheek, when the Nagos or Abeokutans prefer three long. The "Ajabi" placed (p. 19) to the "eastward of Abomey," are to the westward, and the word is a corruption of the Aja above noticed. "Tappur" (vol. ii, p. 23) is the Takpa or Tappa race, included amongst the Nagos; the women seen at Agbome wear a pin of coral passed perpendicularly through the lower lip. The "Agoonee people" (p. 193) are the Agone, north-east of Agbome, lying near the Ogun River of Abeokuta.

Such corrupted words as Muley, Malay or Malaye, Yahoos, Porto Novo, Katoo, and others, have been illustrated in the two volumes which I have lately had the honour to lay before the public. Of the religion of Dahome, of its Amazons and its army, of its customs and grand customs, of its ceremonies, manners and morals, of its rise and decadence, the details there given are as ample as my stay at the capital enabled me to collect. Some further account of its speech may be deemed interesting.[1]

[1] Further details on all matters connected with the Dahomans will naturally be found in Burton's *Mission to Galele, King of Dahome*, 2 vols., 1864. In recent years Dahoman literature has considerably increased. Of the chief work and papers I would mention the following:

Bibliographie raisonnée des ouvrages concernant le Dahomey, A. Pawlowski, Paris, 1895; *Compagne du Dahomey*, Jules Poirier, Paris, 1895; *Le Dahomey*, Edouard Foà, Paris, 1895; *Dahomey et dépendances*, L. Brunet et L. Giethlen, Paris, 1900; *Le Dahomey* (official),

The Dahoman language, called by the people Ffon, and by the Portuguese *Lingoa Geral*, is like the Popo, one of the poorest, the meagrest, and the most incult of the great and rich Yoruban family. It is harsh and explosive; one of my Krumen justly observed, "Dis country wouf, he break man tooth." The nasals and gutterals are most pronounced in and about the capital, where the surface is one thousand feet above sea level. At Whydah it is comparatively soft, but far less pure, and the *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana* is found at Allada, lying between the two extremes.

The Ffon or Ffun is built up on a century or so of monosyllabic roots, and three hundred words suffice for conversation. Like the Chinese, it depends greatly upon accent, and the stranger's ear has hard work. For instance, Sô (Saw) is "yesterday" or "to-morrow," causing perpetual confusion. Só is "a horse" or "bring" (the imperative verb and root). Sò with depression of the voice is "thunder." So or Soh, with a subaspirate, is "a stick." Also, one word has numerous significations. Thus "Do," a pit, downwards, etc., has a dozen different meanings. Every vocable ends in a vowel or in a nasal, the latter sound being unpleasantly prevalent. There are archaic expressions, dark and parable-like sentences, titles elliptical in the extreme, which each Fetih has in its own dialect, recalling to mind the Zargari Boli, or "Goldsmith's Speech" of India, the English Thieves' Latin, and the Sim of the Egyptian gipsy. It has neither rhyme nor assonance. Two hundred years of European example has not taught the use of a syllabarium; the people still marvel stupidly at the white man's "sense." They practise oratory, as do all savages,

Paris, 1909; *Notre Colonie de Dahomey*, G. François, Paris, 1906; *L'Ancien royaume du Dahomey*, A. Le Hérissé, 1911; *Die Französische Kolonie Dahome*, P. Sprigade, Mitt. deutschen Schutzgebieten, 1918; *Dahomey*, Foreign Office, London, 1920; also *L'Afrique Française* (Paris Monthly).—N. M. P.

and the language, as is mostly the case with barbarous tribes, is copious in material terminology—almost every wild plant and animal has a name. This is conspicuous in the matter of cowries, the local coin. For instance:—

40	Akwe	or	Cowries	..	.. =	1 Kade, or string
5	Strings		..	..	.. =	1 Afode
10	„		..	..	.. =	1 Afowe
20	„		..	..	.. =	1 Afenne
30	„		..	..	.. =	1 Afainge
40	„		..	..	.. =	1 Afataton
50	„		..	..	.. =	1 Afo, or head
10	heads		..	..	.. =	1 Debwa'aton, or long.

By perpetual cowrie handling the people learn to be ready reckoners. Amongst the cognate Yorubas the saying, "You cannot multiply nine by nine," means "You are a dunce." There are still, I fear, some such in more civilized countries. To express larger numbers, higher than Afaton,—a thousand,—heads of cowries are used; thus, Gelele the King was reported to have lost, whilst attacking Abeokuta, "two heads, twenty strings, and twenty cowries" = 6,820 men.

Yet, curious to say, the Dahoman numerals between ten (*uwò*) and twenty (*kó*) are exceedingly complicated. Thus sixteen would be expressed by *afanton nun-hun lokpo*, literally meaning fifteen (*afantan*), and by side (*nun-kun*) one (*lokpo*). The ten first are thus given by Commander Forbes, who spells the language with hyphens, or in separate syllables, without having ascertained what the syllable meant. He has published in his Appendix C a short vocabulary of the Dahoman language, but the linguist will derive from it scanty benefit. Thus, according to Forbes—

1.	Deh	should be	Dé	or Lokpo in Eglz	Eni
2.	Ẽni	„	Wè	„	Eji
3.	Ãhtor	„	Attón	„	Etta
4.	Eh neh	„	Enne	„	Erin

5. Ah tong	should be	Attòn	or Lokpo in	Arun
6. Ah ee zee	„	Aize	„	Effa
7. Teghn oui	„	Ten'we (*i.e.* 5 +2)	„	Ej'a
8. Tar tor	„	*Tan'ton* (*i.e.* 5 + 3)	„	Ejio
9. Teghn neh	„	*Te'ne* (*i.e.* 5 + 4)	„	Essan
10. Woh	„	Uwò	„	Eron

The Ffon, like the tongues of all puerile races, delights in palpably imitative words; *e.g. koklo*, a cock (*cackler*); *kra-kra*, an English rattle (*crackler*). As in all monosyllabic languages, reduplication of the roots is a necessary evil; for instance, *gaga*, long; *gon-gon*, deep. A delight in euphony produces extensive apocope; *e.g. akho'si* for *akhosu' assi*, a king's wife, Amazon, or eunuch. Finally, as in the Egba, there is somewhat extensive oral proverbial literature, of which the following are specimens:—

1. My musket, after use, needs oiling. [N.B.—Recommending the punishment or acquittal of one accused.]

2. Give a dog a bone and he will break it and eat it: so will we the town of an enemy.

3. Goat's blood is goat's blood. [N.B.—Anglicè in the vulgar "trumps," *i.e.* we knew all that before (*Connu*).]

4. What I speak in the debate, I will enact: there is à fish in the river called *pataseke*. [N.B.—This animal has a natural protection, and is able to defend itself.]

5. Let a man stuff himself at night, and he is heavy in the morning: that man's a fool. [Something like our modern "Proverbial Philosophy."]

6. If one partly destroys a country, one is not likely to return in open day, but will take advantage of the darkness of night. [N.B.—Alluding to the Dahoman system of perpetual surprises.]

7. Where war is, there the drum will be.

8. The readiest way to sell is to cry your goods through the streets.

9. In times of peace, the warrior's eye roves in all directions: in war, it is fixed upon one point. [N.B.—Meaning "Force should be concentrated."]

10. We are the king's sandals.

11. A man entered a room in which lay a corpse; he lifted the sheet, and was asked why. "Because," he replied, "I am anxious to go where that man is gone." Let us go there, or conquer the enemy. [N.B.—The Dahomans, with other African pagans, do not believe, as Commander Forbes supposes, "in a transmigration of souls, and that the dead pass into a happier state," but that after death the ghost can return at times to earth and do good or evil to those living. Thus, the rich take their favourite wives and a few slaves with them, some being voluntary sacrifices, and, with wives, often suicides.]

12. Although a snake casts away beads, and sheds its skin, it cannot change its colour: nor can I my word. [N.B.—The Dahoman believes that the "Popo beads" are the egesta of a snake; whereas other Africans generally consider them the vertebræ of reptiles. They are dug up in the interior, where they are worth their weight in coral. Imitation has hitherto failed; and it is still disputed whether they came originally across the continent from Egypt, or if they were buried in early times by the Venetians.]

13. Beans, though dried in burning fire, can, by introducing the finger, be taken out and eaten.

14. Fetish men never initiate the poor.

15. Spitting makes the belly more comfortable; and the outstretched hand will be the receiving one.

16. When the wolf goes abroad, the sheep must fly.

17. Let the king grant war speedily; let not our energies be damped. Fire cannot pass through water.

18. In the days of our ancestors, the white trader brought good articles. A musket then lasted twenty years, now three. [N.B.—Upon which Commander

Forbes remarks: "I doubt much if this was not a *double entendre*; meaning that formerly a musket would be of little use in Dahomey, but now its use is universal. All these sayings, as will be seen, are in abstruse parables."]

19. If the leopard kills her prey, does she not feed her young? If the hind brings forth her young, does she not nibble grass for it?

20. "We shall still drink water." [N.B.—Meaning we shall still live.]

21. You do not give a goat a plantation to sow corn in.[1] [N.B.—Meaning that he eats it.]

22. Allada is Oyo's calabash. [N.B.—Meaning that no people but the Oyos should be allowed to plunder Allada.]

23. An elephant cannot shelter himself under a clay pot. [N.B.—Used to express the difficulty of concealing a king's greatness. One of the kings called himself Adankpwen'su (not as the *History* writes, Ai-yaw-soo), the Male Oyster, as being hard to crack. Another chose, "I am easy in my pace, but always in pursuit."]

I now proceed to notice certain peculiarities in the Dahoman race, which, in the usual phrase, are "unfit for the drawing-room table."

The Dahoman is essentially a polygynist; and the *History* is still correct in asserting "The Dahoman women do not admit the embraces of their husbands during pregnancy, nor at the time of suckling, which continues two or three years, nor while under the *catamenia*, during which they retire to a part of the town allotted to their reception. The prostitutes, who in this country are licensed by royal authority, are also obliged to confine themselves to a particular district, and are subject to an annual tax." The latter class,

[1] Dalzel (*History*, p. 201), writes the words, "Gree ma zon baw," for *Gre* or *Gle*, a plantation; *ma*, not; *zon*, send; *gbo* (pronounced *gbaw*), a goat.

called *ko'si* (twenty-wife), because the honorarium was twenty cowries, is supplied from the palace; and the peculiar male and female system which pervades the court rendering eunuchesses necessary as well as eunuchs, demands *Hetaerae* for the women as well as for the male fighters. I was hardly prepared for this amount of cynicism amongst mere barbarians; although in that wonderful book, the *Arabian Nights*, which has been degraded by Europe into mere Fairy Tales, the lover is always jealous, not of his own, but of the opposite sex.

Another great peculiarity in Dahome is as follows: Almost all the world over, where man is circumcised, the woman is subjected either, as in Egypt, to mutilation of the clitoris, performed in early infancy, when that part is prominent, or as in the Somal and the Upper Nilotic tribes, described by M. Werne (*Reise zur Entdeckung der Quellen des Weissen Nil*),[1] to mutilation combined with excision of the nymphæ and fibulation, the wounded surfaces being roughly stitched together. The reason of such mutilation is evident. Removal of the prepuce blunts the sensitiveness of the *glans penis*, and protracts the act of Venus, which Africans and Asiatics ever strive, even by charms and medicines, to lengthen.[2] The clitoris, called by old authors *fons et scaturigo Veneris*, must be reduced to a similar condition, or the too frequent recurrence of the venereal orgasm would injure the health of the woman. This is the case in the Old Calabar River of the Biafran Bight; in Dahome it is reversed.

Adagbwiba, or circumcision, which in parts of West

[1] Here Burton has made a mistake with regard to Werne's work. It was his *Reise durch Sennaar nach Mandera, Nasub, Cheli, im Lande zwischen dem blauen Nil und dem Atbara*, Berlin, 1852, pp. 25–27, which describes clitoridectomy of the Niletic tribes. See my *Bibliography*, pp. 62, 63, for details of the custom in East Africa. I would add to the list of references Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. x, p. 442, under the word "Puberty."—N. M. P.

[2] With regard to the East, Burton is referring to the practice of *Imsák*, for which see the *Nights*, vol. v, pp. 76, 77; and the *Ananga Ranga* (Kama Shastra Society Edition), p. 41.—N. M. P.

Africa, the Gold Coast for instance, appears sporadic, is universally practised in Dahome. During the days of the *History* (Introduction., p. xviii) the time of submitting to the rite was left to the boys themselves, and their caresses were not admitted by the women as long as they remained in the natural state. At present, circumcision is undergone in Whydah and about the seaboard at the age of twelve to sixteen; in the interior it is often delayed till the youth is twenty years old, when it becomes cruel and sometimes dangerous. It is apparently not a religious ceremony: a lay practitioner, and not the fetishman, being the performer. The patient sits over a small hole dug in the ground. The operator draws out the prepuce, which, as amongst Africans generally, is long and fleshy, and removes the blood from it by manipulation. He then inserts under the prepuce the forefinger of the left hand, and wetting with saliva a splint or a bit of straw, marks the circle which is to be removed. Two cuts with a sharp razor, one above the other below, conclude the operation. This would argue an origin unconnected with the Jewish and with the Moslem forms, which also vary; amongst circumcising peoples, however, the rite is everywhere differently performed. The favourite styptic is heated sand thrown on the wound, which is washed every third day with simples boiled in water. The drink is ginger and warm water; the food is ginger soup, but anything may be eaten except pork.[1]

"A certain operation peculiar to this country," says the *History* (*loc. cit.*), "is likewise perfórmed upon the woman," and this the foot-note thus explains: *Prolongatio, videlicet, artificialis labiorum pudendi,*

[1] See Burton's long note on circumcision—both male and female—in the *Nights*, vol. v, pp. 209, 279; ditto, Supp. vol. ii, pp. 90–93; "Ju-Ju laws and customs in the Niger Delta." *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, vol. xxix, pp. 59, 60. In this later article Le Comte C. N. de Cardi describes a most curious variety of clitoridectomy and infibulation.—N. M. P.

capellæ mamillis simillima. The parts in question, locally called *Tu*, must, from the earliest years, be manipulated by professional old women, as is the bosom amongst the embryo prostitutes of China. If this be neglected, lady friends will deride and denigrate the mother, declaring that she has neglected her child's education, and the juniors will laugh at the daughter as a coward, who would not prepare herself for marriage. I find the custom amongst the cognate tribes of Grand Popo, but not in any other part of the West African Coast.

As a rule the Dahoman eunuch still marries, and I have heard of cases similar to that quoted in Dalzel's *History*, when relating the end of the rebel eunuch "Tanga": "To his wives he appeared not the rigid jailer, nor the tyrannic usurper of their affections, but the generous arbiter of their liveliest pleasures. Hence they could not but be charmed with a freedom which no other seraglio enjoyed, and" (all devoted themselves to death) "they would not survive that felicity and protection which was to terminate with the existence of their master and their lover, whose ruin seemed inevitable." It is difficult to obtain information in Dahome concerning eunuchs, who are special slaves of the king, and bear the dignified title of royal wives. The operation is performed in the palaces, by evulsion of the testicles, and is often fatal, especially when deferred till the age of twenty. Throughout Yoruba these neutrals are found at the different courts, and the practice may have migrated from the East.[1]

Amongst all barbarians whose primal want is progeny, we observe a greater or a less development of the Phallic

[1] Burton wrote several notes on eunuchs in the *Nights*. See especially vol. v, p. 46; Supp. vol. i, pp. 70–72. He also wrote an article entitled, *The Eunuch Trade in Egypt*, which was probably burned by Mrs. Fitzgerald (Lady Burton's sister). See my *Bibliography*, p. 183. For all recent bibliographical references see article "Eunuchs," in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*.—N. M. P.

worship. In Dahome it is uncomfortably prominent; every street from Whydah to the capital is adorned with the symbol, and the old ones are not removed. The Dahoman Priapus is a clay figure of any size between a giant and the pigmy, crouched upon the ground as if contemplating its own Attributes. The head is sometimes a wooden block rudely carved, more often dried mud, and the eyes and teeth are supplied by cowries. The Tree of Life is anointed with palm-oil, which drips into a pot or a shard placed below it, and the would-be mother of children prays that the great god Legba will make her fertile.[1] Female Legbas are rare, about one to a dozen males. They are, if possible, more hideous and gorilla-like than those of the other sex. There is another Phallic god named "Bo," the guardian of warriors and the protector of markets.

The Dahoman kingdom is apparently not destined long to endure. It contains within itself a preponderance of destructive elements, and hitherto its only safeguard has been the imbecility of the neighbouring tribes. But now the Abeokutans are waxing strong, and the southward progress of El Islam, though slow and gradual, is sure as the course of Fate. Already the Haussa men begin to pour into our youngest colony, Lagos, where, as soldiers and policemen, they are found superior not only to the heathenry, but to the so-called "Christian" Africans. Among the many gentlemen in this room who can confirm this statement, I beg to particularize Governor Freeman of Lagos. The "Safe Faith" is unpopular with our Missionaries, chiefly because they never have converted, and they probably never will convert a single Moslem soul to Christianity. But to the hopeful Philanthropist the dispersion of Africa's gloom, and the dawn of the

[1] Compare with the rites in the Linga temples of Southern India.—N. M. P.

bright day when she will take her place in the Republic of Nations, appear wholly dependent upon the light of the Crescent. Thus only can the negro be annihilated by absorption with the negroid.

With us there are normally three several phases of popular opinion touching peoples as well as persons. For instance, Bruce was looked upon by the public as a Prodigy of Lying when he first published his ponderous travels. Presently came the inevitable reaction. Bruce became an Angel of Truth. When, however, the two extremes found time to meet and to blend, the great Abyssinian traveller took his place as a man with a solid foundation of merit, and with less than the average amount of error.

So it is with the African. Before the Wilberforcean age, he was simply a negro. That counteraction of the Asiento Treaty and of other little jobs, which founded Liverpool, and which poured five millions of pounds sterling into the national pocket, marked him to the one class a Man and a Brother, to the other a Nigger. But in the light of increased experience, the two extreme opinions must eventually disappear. I have already suggested to our excellent and energetic President that the subject properly treated in the three phases into which it naturally divides itself, would form a publication of material use to the many who would welcome information upon this highly interesting subject. Our strong young Society will aid by difference and discussion in establishing the Golden Mean, and thus by individual and combined exertion we shall succeed in restoring the Negro to his Proper Place in Nature, whatever that may be.

An interesting discussion followed which is worthy of reproduction.

After thanks for the paper had been given to Burton MR. BOUVERIE PUSEY said he desired, before the

discussion of the subject by those who knew much more about it than himself, to ask Captain Burton one question. He said in his paper that the negro was being gradually absorbed into the negroid: now, he wished to know whether in Captain Burton's opinion the lower race would be really improved, or whether he meant that they would be "improved from the face of the earth?"

GOVERNOR FREEMAN (of Lagos) having been called upon by the President to address the meeting, said all the information he could give on the subject would be meagre and poor, as he had not had the same opportunities of investigation as Captain Burton. He entirely agreed with him, however, in his general account of the condition of the negroes, especially in his representation that they were being evidently overpowered by a superior race. All along the western coast of Africa the Moslems were gradually progressing. The only converts to Mohammedanism were the only negroes who were really improvable. They were, he regretted to say, superior men to the so-called Christian negroes. The only men among them who had any dignity and self-respect were the Mohammedan negroes, and they extended as far down the coast as Lagos; the course of proselytism extending southward across Africa, from west to east. The increase of Moslems in Lagos was not rapid, but even in that town there was a great number, and the country to the north of it was entirely overcome by them. There could be no doubt of their rapid increase southwards, but he must leave it to Captain Burton and others to explain the cause. The Moslem converts had been employed at Lagos as armed police, and they were found much more efficient than the West Indian regiments. On one occasion that armed police force was sent thirty-five miles into the interior, and they walked that distance in one day, which the West Indian soldiers would have

required three days to accomplish. These negro police did not require the preparation of a regular commissariat, but without shoes or stockings they marched at once, and being accustomed to the country, they could do so much more than the West Indian soldiers.

MR. CARTER BLAKE observed that some parts of the paper treated on questions that had not been previously brought before the attention of English anthropologists, and he hoped Captain Burton would give some further details. He thought it desirable, for the objects of science, that those topics alluded to should be fully discussed. The rite of circumcision, though very ancient, was one about which very little was known. It was practised by the early Jews, by the Moslem, and by different races of mankind; but the distinctions between the various methods of the operation were unknown to most Englishmen. Captain Burton had told them that the rite differs in many respects among the natives of Africa, and it would be instructive to know the points of difference; how, for example, the practice adopted by the Mohammedans in Africa differs from that of the Hebrew race. Captain Burton ought not to be afraid to give full details. He should not shrink from telling them the whole story. After he had told them the story, and it had been printed in the *Journal* of the Society, they could always do as the Abbé Domenech did when he published his *Livre de Sauvages*, paste down the leaves which contained the narrative.

MR. REDDIE said it would be a matter of great interest if Captain Burton or Governor Freeman would tell the meeting how the Mohammedans in Africa manage to be so successful in making proselytes. He should like to know their *modus operandi* now, as the former mode adopted by the followers of Mohammed in making converts would not now be tolerated. How they took the first steps in converting the brutalized

and degraded races of Africans. It would be useful to know the plan the Moslems adopted, so that when known the Christian missionaries might follow the same course. How it was, for instance, they overcame the superstitious prejudices of the negro, when our missionaries are totally unable to produce the like result. How they succeeded in reaching their minds; whether it was not owing to the exercise of formal discipline, the absence of which is a great want in Christian missionary efforts among the lower races.

MR. ROSS (late Secretary to the Government of the Gold Coast) observed that, though he was unacquainted with the country spoken of by Captain Burton, he could speak to the fact of the extensive conversion of the negroes by the Mohammedans in other parts of Africa; and he fully agreed with him in regard to the benefits the African race had received by their exertions. The reason why they succeeded better than the missionaries was, that they settled down in the native villages as head-men, and they began by educating the people, to which object they at first restricted themselves.

MR. CHAMBERS inquired how far the Mohammedans, who converted the natives, differed from the pure negroes; and whether the influence they acquired over the Africans is not to be attributed, in a great degree, to their being nearly related to them as a half-caste race.

MR. ROBERTS made some remarks in reference to the allusion in the paper to the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. He said that he had read the work in several languages, and that it contained a great variety of interesting anthropological information, which was omitted in the English editions, as not being considered proper for general reading. The anthropological value of the *Arabian Nights* was, consequently, not known in England.

DR. SEEMANN said the work was published in German in its original state without mutilation, but it was afterwards withdrawn from circulation.

MR. S. SHARP remarked that as it appeared from the paper that the practice of circumcision was prevalent in all parts of Africa, and was not a religious rite, it seemed most probable that it originated from a sanitary cause, and not from a religious motive.

THE PRESIDENT said he was anxious to know more particularly the division between the negro and the negroid, and the lands to which Captain Burton confined the pure negro race. It was most satisfactory to find that the Anthropological Society had become, as the author of the paper observed, the refuge for destitute truth, if in that capacity they were to receive such valuable papers as the one that had been read that night. It was evident that Captain Burton had more to communicate on the subject he had noticed, and that it was his modesty prevented him from giving them further particulars. It was a misfortune that these things were not made known to scientific men. When the author of a scientific work adverted to them he put his observations into Latin or Greek, that they might not be generally understood; and even when he adopted that precaution, if the meaning became known to the publisher, the author was taken to task, and the passages objected to were withdrawn. The term degraded had been applied to the negroes, as indicating that they had sunk into a lower state from a superior condition. He should be glad to have Captain Burton's opinion as to the negro race having been degraded. They seemed to him (the President) to be in a very natural state. Whether the Moslem be superior or inferior to the Christian religion in its adaptability to civilization of the African race was a question he would not then consider, but he would take the facts as stated by Captain Burton. With regard to the *Arabian*

Nights, it appeared evident from what had been stated, that the original work contained much matter of anthropological interest, and it would be conferring a great boon on science if their Vice-President would give the public a genuine edition. He had done many things for the benefit of science and truth, and that would add one more laurel and glory to his name.

MR. REDDIE remarked that the *Anthropological Review* described the original tribes of negroes as a degraded race.

THE PRESIDENT said he was not responsible for what had appeared in the *Anthropological Review*.

MR. SAMUEL SHARP observed that if circumcision were a sanitary measure, the adoption of it by the negro race was a sign of improvement.

MR. BOUVERIE PUSEY, adverting to the alleged origin of the rite of circumcision, said the Egyptians practised it before they went into Syria, and they did not learn it from the Jews.

MR. CARTER BLAKE inquired whether it was Mr. Pusey's opinion, or whether he had any authority for the statement, that the Jews learned the rite in Egypt.

MR. BOUVERIE PUSEY. It was only a conjecture.

MR. ROSS asked whether the negroes in the mountainous regions to the north of Dahomey are different from the Dahomans?

CAPTAIN BURTON replied that there could be no doubt of the superiority of the tribes of the Kong mountains, but the extent of their territory had been greatly misrepresented in recent maps. He noticed also other inaccuracies in late maps of Africa, in which mountain ranges had been extended far beyond their actual limits, being altogether apocryphal.

MR. PEACOCK wished to know whether the Mohammedanism of Africa is the same as that of Europe, or whether it assumes there a different form?

CAPTAIN BURTON then rose to reply to the several questions which had been put to him in the course of the evening. Commencing with the question asked by Mr. Bouverie Pusey, whether he thought the pure negro would be improved or exterminated, he said he considered the improvement of the negro was effected by an intermixture of northern blood, which produced a negroid. As to the pure negroes, he believed that to say they would be "improved off the face of the earth" would be nearest the truth. With respect to the circumstances of circumcision, on which subject Mr. Blake asked for more detailed information, it would be impossible on that occasion to enter into the whole question; it would occupy three hours. The rite was practised by the Jews and by the Arabs long before the age of Mohammed; and though the Koran contains no especial order about it, it has ever been held a Sunnat or Practice of the Prophet, whom every true believer is expected to imitate. There were many ways in which it is practised. It is generally done in early youth, but sometimes the operation is performed when at a more advanced age. He stated the circumstances in which the extraordinary operation called El Salkh, or the Flaying, has been done publicly on youths and boys with extreme cruelty and suffering. The boy is placed on a hill, holding a spear in his hand. The operating barber begins by making with a common Jambiyah, or dagger, a cut below the navel, then long incisions on the thighs; after which the prepuce is drawn down and removed, whilst the skin of the abdomen is peeled off with the dagger. The wounded part remains throughout life of a grey colour, and no pecten ever grows upon it. Thus wounded and bleeding profusely, the boy is ordered to walk, until he falls down exhausted; the distance he is able to walk being considered a test of his valour. The wounds are then treated with turmeric and salt. The practice varies

among every race of Africans. The rite of circumcision did not originate with the Jews, and it is practised among Central African and completely savage tribes, who never had any communication with that nation. It had been asked by Mr. Reddie by what means the Mohammedans were so successful in making converts now that proselytism can no longer be carried on by the sword. They do so by preparing the natives for civilization; they extend their influence from west to east and from east to west across the whole of Africa, principally by commerce; though, in some instances, the Moslems lose money in their zeal for making converts. In reference to the use of the term "degraded," as applied to the negro, he used it not with reference to the etymological derivation of the word, indicating the fall from a superior condition, but with the general meaning that they were in a very low state. It had been asked how the Moslems overcame the strong prejudices of the negroes; but as regarded their fetish worship, that difficulty was in a great measure overcome by the Mohammedan religion, which did not disdain to incorporate with itself a certain amount of fetish or natural religion; and there are also no specialities of faith to comprehend, which the negro is no more capable of understanding than he is of the squaring of the circle or of solving any other complex problem. The explanation given by Mr. Ross of the facility with the Mohammedans to make converts is quite correct. The Moslems are negroes, or are mixed with negro blood. A pure Moslem is almost unknown in Africa, and is considered a being of a superior order. With regard to the *Arabian Nights*, the only true edition of that work now obtainable is the Cairene edition. Captain Burton ridiculed the squeamishness of those who allow Rabelais, "Petronius Arbiter," and other works of that character, to be published, and yet object to the *Arabian Nights*, which book in its original

state is valuable as an anthropological study. In no European language is it at present complete. As to the cause which induces the practice of circumcision, it arises from sanitary precautions, owing to the peculiar fleshy structure of the penis in negroes; amongst barbarians it is not in any way religious. Dr. Hunt had asked for a more accurate definition of the terms negro and negroid; but, in fact, they were undefinable. There are no known limits to the degrees in which the one mingles with the other. It is impossible to define them either by specific characters, or by the parts of Africa they occupy. The Caffres are distinctly negroids, though not connected with the Mohammedans. Neither had they been converted to Christianity. So far, indeed, from being converted, they seem to have changed the opinions of an eminent personage now in this country. The earliest distinction between the negro and negroid consisted not in external features, but in the smell. That was the best test, and the difference was occasioned by a different development of the sebaceous glands. Captain Burton concluded by adverting to the little attention which had yet been paid by travellers to the question of the reproduction of species. It was, he said, a subject that he had yet had no opportunity to sufficiently investigate; but he hoped to return to it again, and he should be glad at some further opportunity to bring the results of his observations to the "Refuge of Destitute Truth," where his present communications had been so favourably received.

CHAPTERS FROM TRAVEL

This consists of two short articles, one on Damascus and the other on Palmyra. They were printed in *Cassell's Magazine*, New Series, vol. v, 1872, pp. 197, 198 and 212–215.

THE first sight of Damascus was once famous in travel, but then men rode on horseback, and turned, a little beyond Dummar, sharply to the left of the present line. They took what was evidently the old Roman road, and which is still, on account of its being a short cut, affected by muleteers. Now, it is nothing but an ugly climb up sheet-rock and rolling stones with bars and holes dug by the armed hoofs of many a generation. They then passed through El Záarub, the spout, the primitive way, sunk some ten feet deep in *calcaire*, till it resembles an uncovered tunnel, and is polished like glass by the traffic and transit of ages. At its mouth you suddenly turn a corner, and see Damascus lying in panorama, a few hundred feet below you. "A pearl set in emeralds," is the citizen's description of what El Islam calls, and miscalls, the "Smile of the Prophet" (Mohammed). Like Stambul, it is beautiful from afar, as it is foul and sore within, morally and physically. The eye at once distinguishes a long head, the northern suburb, "El Salihiyyah," a central nucleus, crescent-shaped, and fronting the bed of the Barada; and a long tail, or southern suburb, "El Maydán." These three centres of whitewashed dwelling, and sky-line fretted with dome and minaret; are surrounded and backed by a mass of evergreen orchard, whose outlines are sharply defined by irriga-

tion, whilst beyond the scatter of outlying villages glare the sunburnt yellow clay and the parched rock of the Desert, whose light blue hillocks define the eastern horizon.

The prosaic approach by the French road shows little beyond ruins and graveyards. Damascus outside is a mass of graveyards, the "Great" and "Little Camps" of Constantinople, only without their cypresses; whilst within it is all graveyards and ruins, mixed with crowded and steaming bazaars. This world of graves reminds one of Job's forlorn man dwelling "in desolate cities and in houses which no man inhabiteth, which are ready to become heaps." The Barada in olden times had its stone embankment; the walls are now in ruins. On our right is a ruined bridge, once leading to a large coffee-house, both also in ruins. As we advance we see upon the right of the old river-valley the Barmecide Cemetery, all desolate; and beyond it rises the fine Takiyyah (not hospital) of Sultan Selim, half ruined, with its bridge quite ruined. But, though it was prophesied that Damascus should be a "ruinous heap," her position forbids annihilation. The second of Biblical cities, dating after Hebron, she has been destroyed again and again; her houses have been levelled with the ground, and the Tartar has played hockey with the heads of her sons. Still she sits upon the eastern fold of the Anti-Libanus, over her golden-rolling river, boldly overlooking the Desert in face. Damascus, not Rome, deserves, if any does, to be entitled the Eternal City.

I passed twenty-three months (October 1, 1869, to August 20, 1871) on and off, at this most picturesque and unpleasant of residences. It is now in the transitional state, neither of Asia nor of Europe. To one who had long lived in the outer East, a return to such an ambiguous state of things is utterly disenchanting. Hasan, digging or delving in long beard and long

clothes, looks more like an overgrown baby than the romantic being which your fancies paint him. Fatima, with a coloured kerchief (not a nosebag) over her face, possibly spotted for greater hideousness, with Marseilles gloves, and French *bottines* of yellow satin trimmed with fringe and bugles, protruding from the white calico which might be her winding-sheet, is an absurdity. She reminds me of sundry " kings " on the West African shore, whose toilette consists of a bright bandana and a chimney-pot hat, of the largest dimensions, coloured the liveliest sky-blue.

The first steps to be taken at Damascus were to pay and receive visits ; to find a house ; to hire servants ; to buy horses, and in fact, to settle ourselves. It proved no easy matter. Certain persons had amused themselves with spreading a report that my pilgrimage to Meccah had aroused Moslem fanaticism, and perhaps might cost me my life. They as well as I knew far better. So I was not surprised at the kind and even friendly reception given to me by Emir Abd el Kadir, of Algerian fame, and by the Dean of the great Cathedral El Amawi, the late Shaykh Abdullah el Halabi. And I remember with satisfaction that, to the hour of my quitting Damascus, the Moslems never showed for me any but the most cordial feeling.

House-hunting was a more serious matter. The hotel gives you lumbago, or ague and fever ; the lodging is a thing unknown, and the usual establishment, with its single entrance and its heavily barred windows, placed high up and looking upon a central court, gives a tolerable idea of a gaol. You may see this form, which the Arabs used for defence, still lingering in the Old Bell (Holborn Hill), and in olden Galway they are numerous, being derived through Spain and Portugal from Morocco. Rents at Damascus have been prodigiously raised during the last few years ; eighty napoleons are asked for an empty and tumble-down place which in

1850 might have commanded twenty-five; moreover, the tenant pays in advance, and if he improves or is satisfied with the house, the landlord will assuredly raise his terms. After a score of failures, I found a cottage at the head of the Salihiyyah suburb; it was about a mile from the town, surrounded by gardens, flanked on one side by a mosque, on the other by a "hammám" or bath, commanding a splendid view of the city proper, and free from the multitudinous inconveniences, including the four hours' visit, of intramural residence.

To stock the house was a yet harder task than to hire it. Good men will not change civilized Bayrut for dangerous Damascus, where in five years, out of the English colony, rarely exceeding ten souls, there have been nine deaths. And if you persuade them by high salaries they turn sulky, or they fall sick. Thus, within twenty months we had three cooks, and I ended by living on bread and grapes. We had four head grooms, and left a fifth, who, being found stealing the barley, was dismissed by his employer shortly after our departure.

It is no easy thing for a stranger to buy good and sound horses at Damascus, although during the hot season it is girt by equestrian Bedawin. In the matter of driving a bargain, the "Shami" might hail from Yorkshire, and the European soon learns to imitate them. The wild men ask impossible prices from a Frankish purchaser, and even then there is a certain reluctance to sell, especially the mare. If the latter be thoroughbred she can hardly be bought under £240, a sum in these regions equal to £1,000 in England. Donkeys, which were never ridden at Damascus till the days of Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian,—who, by-the-by, delivered the place from its own old barbarous fanaticism,—have risen in the market, till a good white animal commands thirty to forty napoleons. We

won a mare in a lottery, and as she suffered from incurable stiffness of limb, we exchanged her for a donkey, whose owner presently inquired with astonishment if it had given no one a bad fall.

The mare died, and the donkey, after an all but fatal illness, was cured. Of the next two horses, Salim and Harfush, the former was sprained in the back-sinews, and the latter, made vicious by bad riding, was so handy with forefoot, hoof and tooth, that no one liked to approach those weapons. After this we became more wary, and bought and hired decent animals, but always at exorbitant prices.

After getting settled, my first care was to be up and moving, in order to become acquainted with the sphere of my duties. In 1869 the Euphrates Valley Railway had once more raised its head. This weakly babe, born as far back as 1842, and ever since that time half fed and rickety, will not reach man's estate before the end of the present century, unless the actual state of things be radically changed. The fact is, we have shown Turkey and Russia that we want the railway for purely English purposes; two Parliamentary committees of late years have assured them of the fact, and they are acting as those usually do from whom something is wanted. Yet the most superficial observer will see at a glance the necessity of an "Andrew Route," a subsidiary to the Lesseps Canal; a second line of more direct communication with India, and eventually a feeder of the main trunk which will run from Scutari to Karachi.

So my first tour was down-coast, in order to see what would make the best Mediterranean terminus. I was prepossessed against the Alexandretta line, which runs over waste ground to Aleppo, passes through a wilderness after leaving it, and finally strikes the Euphrates at a place where the stream is navigable only during half the year.

Reaching Tyre, which I visited a second time, I inspected the old north-eastern road, the classical line of traffic and transit, as far as the Nabatiyyah village, distant 16 direct geographical miles. The Lebanon is here easily crossed, the heights being much lower on the south than on the north, and the surface of the country is composed of basins parted by rocky ridges. From Nabatiyyah the route falls gradually into the Buká'a, the central portion of the Cœlesyrian Valley proper, and it makes Ba'albak after 20 more miles, being a total of 66. Thence 108 miles lead to Palmyra, the half-way house between Damascus and the Euphrates river, and thus 174 direct geographical miles separate "Tadmor in the Wilderness" from Tyre on the Mediterranean.

I afterwards heard of another good line, which had been carefully surveyed by Colonel Romer, an American engineer. The seaboard terminus was Tripoli of Syria (Tarabulus el Sham). The first great station to the north-east would be Hums (91 miles), and the second Palmyra, 77 miles to the south-south-east. Thus the grand total from Tripoli to Palmyra would be 168 direct geographical miles.

Now both of these lines traverse the richest lands in Syria and Palestine. As in South America, not to say in all thinly-populated countries, the waysides would soon be crowded with settlements; and thus this section may fairly be expected to pay, or at any rate to relieve a portion of the heavy burden which the Desert will impose. From Palmyra the route strikes the Euphrates at a point where it is navigable throughout the year, and, finally, it leads us back from the distant Cape of Good Hope, and from the devious and dangerous Red Sea, to the very first of overland routes, the earliest connection between India and Europe, established long before the days of David and Solomon.

My next excursion was naturally to Palmyra. Until

the spring of 1870, a traveller visiting Syria for the express purpose perhaps of seeing "Tadmor in the Wilderness," after being kept waiting for months at Damascus, had to return disappointed. Only the rich could afford the large Bedawin escort, for which even 6,000 francs and more have been demanded. Add to this the difficulties, hardships and dangers of the journey, the heat of the arid Desert, want of water, chances of attack, the long forced marches by night and hiding by day, ending with a shabby halt of forty-eight hours at a place for which so many sacrifices have been made, and where a fortnight is the minimum of time required.

Since the beginning of the last century, the Porte has had in view a military occupation of the caravan route between Damascus and the Euphrates. "The Turk will catch up your best mare on the back of a lame donkey," say the Arabs, little thinking what high praise they award to the conquering race. The *cordon militaire* was to extend from Damascus, *viâ* Jayrud, Karyatayn, Palmyra, and Sukhnah, to Dayr on the great river. The wells were to be commanded by block-houses, the roads to be cleared by movable columns, and thus the plundering Bedawin, who refuse all allegiance to the Sultan, would be kept, perforce, in the Dau or Desert between the easternmost offsets of the Anti-Libanus and the fertile uplands of Nejd. This project, for which M. Raphael Denouville hopes and fears in his charming little work on the Palmyrene, was apparently rescued from the fate of good intentions by Omar Bey, a Hungarian officer, who had served the Porte since 1848. He moved from Hamah with a body of some 1,600 men, enough to cut his way through half the vermin in Araby the Unblest. Presently, after occupying Palmyra, building barracks and restoring the old Druze castle, he proceeded eastward to Sukhnah, whence he could communicate with the force expected to march westward from Baghdad. The welcome intelligence

was hailed with joy—Palmyra, so long excluded from the Oriental tour, lay open to the European traveller; half a step had been taken towards an Euphrates Valley Railway. At Damascus men congratulated themselves upon the new line of frontier, which was naturally expected to strengthen and to extend the limits of Syria, and the merchant rejoiced to learn that his caravan would be no longer liable to wholesale plunder.

A fair vision doomed soon to fade! After six months or so of occupation, Omar Bey, whose men were half starving, became tired of Palmyra, and was recalled to Damascus. The garrison was reduced to 200 men under a captain, whose only friend was the Raki-flask, and the last I saw of the garrison was his orderly riding into Hums with two huge empty demi-johns dangling at his saddle-bow. The Bedawin waxed brave, and in the spring of 1871 I was obliged to send travellers to Palmyra by a long circuit, *viâ* the north and the north-west.

A certain official business compelled me to visit Karyatayn, which is within the jurisdiction of Damascus, and my wife resolved to accompany me. In this little enterprise I was warmly seconded by the Vicomte Fernand de Perrochel, a French traveller and author, who had twice visited Damascus in the hope of reaching Tadmor, and by M. Ionine, my Russian colleague. The Governor-General, the Field-Marshal commanding the Army of Syria, and other high officials lent us their best aid. We engaged a pair of dragomans, six servants, a cook and eight muleteers; fourteen mules and eight baggage-asses, to carry tents and canteen baggage and provisions; and we rode our own horses, being wrongly persuaded not to take donkeys—on long marches they would have been a pleasant change. We were peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of head dragoman, a certain Antun Wardi, who had Italianized his name to Rosa.

We altogether rejected the assistance of Mohammed, Shaykh of the Mezrab tribe, who had systematically fleeced travellers for a score of years. He demanded two napoleons a head for his wretched Arabs, sending a score when only one was wanted. Like all other chiefs, he would not guarantee his *protégés*, either in purse or person, against enemies, but only against his own friends. He allowed them but two days at Palmyra. He made them march twenty instead of fifteen hours between Karyatayn and their destination. He concealed the fact that there are wells the whole way, in order to make them hire camels and buy water-skins; and besides harassing them with night marches, he organized sham attacks, in order to make them duly appreciate his protection. I rejoice to say that Mohammed's occupation is now gone; his miserable tribe was three times plundered within eighteen months, and instead of fighting he fell back upon the Desert. May thus end all who oppose their petty interests to the general good—all that would shut roads instead of opening them! With a view to keeping up his title to escort travellers, he sent with us a clansman upon a well-bred mare and armed with the honourable spear; but M. de Perrochel hired the mare; the crest-fallen man was put upon a baggage-mule, and the poor spear was carried by a lame donkey.

Armed to the teeth, we set out in a chorus of groans and with general prognostications of evil. Ours was the first party since M. Dubois d'Angers was dangerously wounded, stripped and turned out to die of hunger, thirst, and cold, because he would not salary the inevitable Bedawi. It would, doubtless, have been the interest of many and the delight of more to see us return in the scantiest of costume; consequently, a false report flew abroad that we had been pursued and plundered by the Ishmaelites.

The first night of our journey was passed under

caravans near the then ruined Khan Kusayr in the Merj, or Ager Damascenus, the fertile valley-plain east of the Syrian metropolis. The weather became unusually cold as, on the next morning, we left the foggy lowland and turned to the north-east, in order to cross the ridge-line of hills which, offsetting from the Anti-Libanus, runs from the capital towards the Desert, and afterwards sweeps round to Palmyra. The line of travel is a break in the ridge, the Darb el Thaniyyah (Road of the Col), which the Rev. Mr. Porter converts into Jebel el Tinîyeh (Mountain of Figs). Then gently descending we fell into a northern depression, a section of that extensive valley in the Anti-Libanus which, under a variety of names, runs nearly straight north-east (more exactly, 60°) to Palmyra. Nothing can be more simple than the geography of the country. The traveller cannot lose his way in the Palmyra Valley without crossing the high and rugged mountains which hem it in on both sides, and if he be attacked by a razzia he can easily take refuge, and laugh at the Arab assailant. During the time of our journey the miserable little robber clans, Shitai and Ghiyas, had completely closed the country five hours' riding to the east of Damascus; whilst the Subai and the Anirzah bandits were making the Merj a battlefield, and were threatening to burn down the peaceful villages. Even as we crossed the Darb el Thaniyyah we were saddened by the report that a razzia of Bedawin had the day before murdered a wretched peasant, within easy sight of the capital. This state of things was a national scandal to the Porte, which, of course, was never allowed to know the truth.

We resolved to advance slowly, to examine every object, and to follow the most indirect paths. Hence our march to Palmyra occupied eight days; we returned, however, in four, with horses that called loudly for a week's rest.

On the second day we dismissed our escort, one officer and two privates of irregular cavalry, who were worse than useless, and we slept at the house of Da'ás Agha, hereditary chief of Jayrud. A noted sabre, and able to bring 150 lances into the field, he was systematically neglected by the authorities because supposed to be friendly with foreigners. Shortly after my departure he barbarously tortured two wretched Arabs, throwing them into a pit full of fire and practising upon them with his revolver. Thereupon he was at once taken into prime favour, and received the command of Hasyah.

Da'ás Agha escorted us from Jayrud with ten of his kinsmen mounted upon their best mares. In the bleak upland valley we suffered severely from weather, and the sleety south-wester which cut our faces on the return was a "caution." Travellers must be prepared for much more cold than they will experience at Damascus, and during the heat season they must travel by night.

At Karyatayn, which we reached on the fifth day, Omar Bey, who was waiting for rations, money, transport, in fact everything, offered us the most friendly welcome; and I gave protection to Shaykh Faris, in connection with the English post to Baghdad. The former detached with us eighty bayonets of regulars and twenty-five sabres of irregulars, commanded by two officers. This body presently put to flight everything in the way of Bedawin. A war party of two thousand men would not have attacked us, and I really believe that a band of thirty Englishmen, armed with breech-loading carbines and revolvers, could sweep clean the Desert of the Euphrates from end to end.

At Karyatayn we hired seventeen camels to carry water. This would have been a complete waste of money had we gone like other travellers by the Darb el Sultani, or high way. Some three hours' ride to the

right or south of the road, amongst the hills bounding the Palmyra Valley, is a fine cistern, the Ayn el Wu'úl (Ibex Fountain), where water is never wanting. There is a still more direct road, *viâ* the remains of an aqueduct and a ruin in the Desert called "Kasr el Hayr," and looking like a church.

We chose, however, the little-known Baghdad or eastern road, called the Darb el Basir, from a well and ruin of that name. The next day we rested at a large deserted khan, or caravanserai, and on the eighth we made our entrance into Palmyra, where we were hospitably received by another Shaykh Faris. Our muleteers, for the convenience of their cattle, pitched the tents close to, and east of, the so-called Grand Colonnade, a malarious and unwholesome site. They should have encamped amongst the trees at a threshing-floor near three palms. Those who follow me are strongly advised not to lodge in the native village, whose mud huts, like wasps' nests, are all huddled within the ancient Temple of the Sun, or they may suffer from fever or ophthalmia. At present the water of Tadmor is like Harrogate, the climate is unhealthy, and the people are ragged and sickly. May is here, as in most parts of the northern hemisphere, the best travelling season, and in any but a phenomenal year like 1870, the traveller need not fear to encounter, as we did, ice and snow, siroccos, and furious south-westers.

If asked whether Palmyra be worth all this trouble, I should reply no, and yes. No, if you merely go there, stay two days, and return, especially after sighting nobler Ba'albak. Certainly not for the Grand Colonnade of weather-beaten limestone, by a stretch of courtesy called marble, which, rain-washed and earthquake-shaken, looks like a system of gallows. Not for the Temple of the Sun, the *fredaine* of a Roman emperor, a second-rate affair, an architectural evidence of Rome's

declining days. Yes, if you would study the site and the environs, which are interesting and only partially explored, make excavations, and collect coins and tesseræ, which may be bought for a song.

The site of Palmyra is very interesting. Like Pæstum, "she stands between the mountains and the sea"; like Damascus, she sits upon the eastern slopes of the Anti-Libanus, facing the Chol, or wilderness; but, unhappily, she has a dry torrent-bed, the Wady el Sayl, instead of a rushing Barada. She is built upon the shore-edge, where the sandy sea breaks upon its nearest headlands. This sea is the mysterious wilderness of the Euphrates, whose ships are camels, whose yachts are high-bred mares, and whose cock-boats are mules and asses. She is on the very threshold of the mountains, which the wild cavalry cannot scour as they do the level plain. And her position is such that we have not heard the last of the Tadmor, or, as the Arabs call her, Tudmur. Nor will it be difficult to revive her. A large tract can be placed under cultivation when there shall be protection for life and property. Old wells exist in the ruins; foresting the highlands to the north and west will cause rain; and the aqueducts which brought water from Hums and Hamah distant three to four days may easily be repaired.

A description of the modern ruin of the great old depôt has employed many able pens. But very little has been said concerning the tomb-towers which have taken at Palmyra the place of the Egyptian pyramids. Here, as elsewhere in ancient Syria, sepulture was extramural, and every settlement was approached by one or more *Viæ Appiæ* much resembling that of ancient Rome. At Palmyra there are, or rather were, notably two—one (south-west) upon the high road to Damascus, the other, north-west of the official or monumental city, formed, doubtless, the main approach from Hums and Hamah. The two are lined on both

sides with these interesting monuments, whose squat, solid forms of gloomy and unsquared sandstone contrast remarkably with the bastard classical and Roman architecture, meretricious in all its details, and glittering from afar in white limestone. Inscriptions in the Palmyrene character prove that they date from 314 to 414 of the Seleucidan era; but they have evidently been restored, and this perhaps fixes the latest restoration.

It is probable that the heathen practice of mumification declined under the Roman rule, especially after A.D. 130, when the great half-way house again changed its name to Adrianopolis. Still, vestiges of the old custom are found in the Hauran and in the Druze mountain west of the great Auranitis Valley, extending deep into the second century, when, it is believed, the Himyaritic Benu Ghassan (Gassanides) of Damascus had abandoned their heathen faith for Christianity I found in the cells fragments of mummies, and these, it is suspected, are the first ever brought to England. Nearly all the skulls contained date-stones, more or less, and a peach-stone and an apricot-stone were found under similar circumstances. At Shukkah, the ancient Saccæa, we picked up in the mummy-towers almond-shells with the sharp ends cut off and forming baby cups.

There are three tomb-towers at Palmyra still standing, and perhaps likely to yield good results. The people call them Kasr el Zaynah (Pretty Palace), Kasr el Azbá (Palace of the Maiden), and Kasr el 'Arú (Palace of the Bride). They number four and five storeys, but the staircases, which run up the thickness of the walls, are broken, and so are the monolithic slabs that form the tower-floors. Explorers, therefore, must take with them ropes and hooks, ladders which will reach to eighty feet, planks to act as bridges, and a stout crowbar—we had none of these requirements,

nor could the wretched village produce them. I have but little doubt that the upper storeys contain tesseræ, coins, and pottery, perhaps entire mummies. The value of the latter may be judged by the fact that Dr. C. Carter Blake, after carefully examining the four ancient skulls which I deposited with the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, pronounced them to be old Syrian or Phœnician.

The shortness of our visit allowed me only a day and a half to try the fortune of excavation at Palmyra. It was easy to hire a considerable number of labourers at 2½ piastres a head per diem—say, sixpence—when in other places the wages would be at least double.

Operations began (April 15th) at the group of tomb-towers marked "Cemetery" in the handbook, and bearing west-south-west from the great Temple of the Sun. I chose this group because it appeared the oldest of the series. The fellahs, or peasants, know it as Kusúr abu Sayl (Palaces of the Father of a Torrent), and they stare when told that these massive buildings are not royal residences, but tombs. Here the loculi in the several stages were easily cleared out by my forty-five coolies, who had nothing but diminutive picks and hoes, grain-bags and body-cloths which they converted into baskets for removing sand and rubbish. But these cells and those of the adjacent ruins had before been ransacked, and they supplied nothing beyond skulls, bones, and shreds of mummy-cloth, whose dyes are remarkably brilliant.

The hands were then applied to an adjoining mound; it offered a tempting resemblance to the undulations of ground which cover the complicated chambered catacombs already laid open, and into one of which, some years ago, a camel fell, the roof having given way. After reaching a stratum of snow-white gypsum, which appeared to be artificial, though all hands agreed that it was not, we gave up the task as time pressed

us hard. The third attempt laid open the foundation of a house and showed us the well, or rain-cistern, shaped, as such reservoirs are still in the Holy Land, like a soda-water bottle. The fourth trial was more successful. During our absence the workmen came upon two oval slabs of soft limestone, each with its kit-cat in high relief. One was a man with straight features, short curly beard, and hair disposed, as appears to have been the fashion for both sexes, in three circular rolls. The other was a feminine bust with features of a type so exaggerated as to resemble the negro. A third and similar work of art was brought, but the head had been removed. It would be hard to explain to you the excitement caused by these wonderful discoveries. Report flew abroad that gold images of life-size had been dug up, and the least-disposed to exaggeration declared that chests of gold coins and ingots had fallen to our lot.

On the next morning we left Palmyra, and after a hard gallop, which lasted for the best part of four days, we found ourselves, not much the worse for wear, at home in Damascus.

NOTES ON ROME

This well-written article appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xxxi, 1875, pp. 56, 63 and 126–134. It would be hard to add any notes without going into detail about recent archæological research and the modern development of the city.

I would, therefore, merely refer readers to the excellent article by several authorities in the 11th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xxiii, pp. 584 *et seq.*

Apart from the numerous fresh buildings springing up in every quarter of the city, the most striking edifice of to-day is the huge monument of Victor Emmanuel, under which reposes Italy's Unknown Soldier. The masses of gleaming carara marble enriched with the golden statue, present a strange contrast to the dull sombre aspect of the ruined Forum in front of which it towers.

Besides the numerous new buildings in Rome, most of the galleries have either received so many additions or been entirely re-arranged, that in 1923 I found Baedeker's last edition (1909) of very little use. The local guides are all very badly printed, and it is advisable to come as well equipped as possible.

I.—The Seven Hills of Rome.

Exact topographical description is a comparatively new feature in geography and history: the result of advanced geological and other studies. It bears the same relation to the general subject as anthropology bears to physiology, a well worked out detail. "Voyages and Travels," the folios of fifty years past, contented themselves as a rule with describing sites and scenery as the pictures affected the authors, their feelings, and so forth; much upon the same principle as the

modern critic, who reviews not the book, but the writer of the book—a firm reliance upon the power of the personal. Consequently, those fine old English travel-works were weak in their topography as in their anthropology, and both were very weak indeed.

This defect is, naturally enough, reflected by books of compilation, and in the large branch of literature known as the popular. Turn, for instance, to the British Murray, the lineal successor of Mrs. Starke *et compagnie*. Read the paragraph entitled the "Seven Hills," and you will readily understand my meaning. Every schoolboy learns from his Butler, his Lemprière, or his Smith (Dr. Wm.), the list which made up the "urbs septicollis"; every collegian can go through the list of Palatine, Quirinal, etc. But one and all, when quoting the resounding line

Septem urbs alta jugis toti quæpræsidet orbi—

have a hazy idea that Rome the city still sits, as she originally sat, upon seven distinct *monti* (hills). And haziness of idea, I would observe, is apt to affect the memory: we can hardly remember long what we fail to see distinctly and in due order.

Let us try if the Seven Hills will not fall into a natural topographical series easily understood and not readily forgotten. It is quite true that Time, by adding thirty or fifty feet of *débris* to the surface has, at some points, "rendered it difficult to distinguish the limits of the original eminences." We may be sure that the outlines of the seven, especially the four consecutive hills of which I shall speak, have greatly changed. But we are equally certain that the main features remain unaltered, and in order to avoid becoming more archæological than is necessary, we will speak of the "montes" as they now are.

A section from Ancona to Civita Vecchia shows the "humilis Italia"—maritime Italy—extending along the

Adriatic and the Tyrrhene Seas, to be composed of water-rolled calcareous pebbles, underlying humus of various thickness. Down the whole length of the axis run the Apennines forming the backbone of the Peninsula, and the limestones and sandstones of the highlands have been washed down to create the lowlands, even as Egypt was said of the ancients to be the gift of the Nile. But about Rome and elsewhere there are igneous complications. We see the direct effects of the Latin volcanoes in the rolling basaltic ridge, whose extreme tongue, buttressing the left or western bank of the Almo, is still quarried near the Appian Way about the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The material is a close-grained blue rock, containing crystals of lime and several peculiar minerals. The peculiar rocks of Rome itself, as we may remark upon the Monte Verde, and in the Mamertine prison, are the tufa, whose earthly texture shows chiefly, if not wholly, volcanic ashes, and the peperino, sand pasted together with erupted cinereous matter: a noted variety of the latter is the Gabino of Gabii (*Lapis Gabinus*). Both tufa and peperino resemble the puzzolina of Puzzuoli, the light, porous, and friable mixture of silica, alumina, and iron, the basis of hydraulic cement. And both contrast with the travertino of Tivoli and elsewhere, a white concretionary stone, originally lime, in solution deposited by fresh water, often hard, generally containing heterogeneous matter like pudding-stone, and sometimes assuming a semi-crystalline character. The stones of Rome, therefore, neglecting the foreign marbles, are peperino and tuff, basalt and travertino.

Let us cast a look upon the site of Rome in those palæolithic days when the Alban block ceased to build up the country by deluging it with fire, and when the goodly scene was gradually assuming the present shape. Geologists still dispute whether the large water-courses of the præ-historic period changed to the com-

paratively small rivers of our times gradually or *per saltum*, and Mr. Belgrand has given reasons for his belief that in some cases, especially in the Parisian basin, "les grands cours d'eau de l'âge de pierre sont devenues tout à coup les petites rivières que nous voyons couler de nos jours." And the cause is as variously sought in the secular growth of the earth and in the newer theory—the *Einsturz Hypothese*, which is taking its place. But no one doubts that the valleys were shallower, and therefore more saturated than the deep drains of the present day; that the spring floods carrying off the accumulated ice and snow of winter were sudden and violent, and consequently that the rivers were giants compared with pigmies. Nor indeed can it be doubted: it is written upon the rocks in characters which all may read.

The imperial stream now shrunk to a mere cunette in its lowest depressions, and wandering about the Prati or leas of its valley, was then a broad sheet of turbid water filling the whole space between the two parallel ridges which still subtend its course. The same was evidently the case with its influents the Turrone, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almone. Old river-banks still remain to prove the extent of the original beds, that of the Tiber varying in breadth from less than one mile at the north and south, to about three at the central bridge. The riparian material is a soft crumbling tuff, sub-stratified, readily forming caves, and easily cut with the pick; alternating with confused layers of river-silt, resembling, but a little older than, that now used for brick-making, and embedding particles of mica, limestone, quartz, trap, and other hard rocks. This incipient stone is well developed in the low and precipitous sides of the yellow buttresses lying to the north of the Pincian Hill, in the rivèrine front of the Capitol, at the dwarf scour called the (*Cafarelli*) Tarpeian Rock, and in other

places where the summit has been shaped by nature or art.

The classical stream, at present impure and wanting a washing as badly as Father Thames, approaches the venerable ground in a succession of snaky curves. Drive along the Flaminian Way to the Ponte Molle, and turn up the left-bank road leading past the Acqua Acetosa towards the debouchure of the Turrone or Anio Rivro. Here the valley belonging to the ages which it is the custom to call geological, præ-historic, or proto-historic, is admirably defined. The right bank is a green plain with regular buttresses like earthworks, dented by occasional bays; and the Tor di Quinto hills, after impinging upon the stream, shelve away to enchain themselves with the Monte Mario. On the left bank are the grassy mounds, buttresses, and tumuli which denote the site of Turrigeræ Antemnæ (which the guide-books will write *turrigiræ*), and are now known as the Monti dell' Acqua Acetosa. They are continued down stream by the Monti Parioli, whose sides and summits, crowned with villas and lines of cypresses, are often isolated by the beds of secondary drainage-lines passing between the heights. Many of these "Monti" are mere heaps and ridges in the old valley sole, as we may see by passing out of the Porta del Popolo, and turning to the right from the villa and fountain of Papa Giulio, under the Arco Oscuro: here we shall find still further eastward the true river-bed of antiquity.

About the parallel of the Porta del Popolo the Tiber forms a reach running, to speak roughly, north-south, and after a few hundred yards begins the great western bend, at whose furthest projection stood the Pons Triumphalis. This is followed by an easterly road, whose extreme limit would be the modern suspension bridge (*Pons Emilii*)—where the self-plying nets curiously remind one of the Na'urah, or giant box-

wheels of the Syrian Orontes,—and the strip of embankment where some score of wild craft denote the "Port" of modern Rome. Here again the Tiber flows north-south past the Monte Testaccio, curves a little to the east, and then sweeps sharply westward at the Prati de S. Paolo, the suburban St. Paul, near the celebrated basilica of that name.

The fluviatile valley of the Tiber is the main feature of the site of Rome, but it is complicated by the presence of three—perhaps it would be more correct to say four—other secondary river beds.

The first is the course of the Anio, Anione, or Teverone, which defines the north-eastern, or, as we may call them, the landward slopes of the Roman hills. This stream is well known as draining the eastern or Tivoli block, a spur projected westward and south-westward by the Apennines. Its left bank receives the Fosso della Maranella, a water-course partly natural and partly artificial, which subtends the eastern walls. Of this I shall have occasion to speak again.

The second is the course of the Almo or Almone, the classical "Brevissimus Almo," which exerts considerable effect upon the southern contour. It drains the Alban hills, that volcanic mass to the south-south-east of Rome, springs from the slopes about the Mura de'Francesi, and makes part of the Campagna a labyrinth of old wady-beds and channels, some the work of nature, others of man. Under the name of Valle Cafarella it forms a broad and well-defined channel; its old bed, scarped with red tufa, is distinctly seen from Egeria's clump of holm-oaks, the false nymphœum lying in the actual valley, whilst the Via Appia (Pignatello), the circus or hippodrome of Maxentius, the catacombs of Calixtus (cemiterio de S. Sebastiano), the church of "Domine quo Vadis," and the old Roman Mausolea, all occupy the broken left or western bank. The Almo, still under the name of Cafarella, now bends

from south-east to north-west, and twists and flows with a breadth of about twelve feet in a wide basin past the conspicuous modern bastion "Sangalla," this part of the southern wall being built on its high right bank. Then running by the Vicolo della Moletta, its right side forms the Mons Æliolus, or Æliolus Minor (*Fabricius Roma*, chap. 3), and the buttresses crowned by the temples of SS. Balbina and Saba. Finally, it disappears under the Via Ostiensis, not far north of the basilica of Paolo fuori le mura, and finds a grave in the Tiber.

The third is the Acqua Maranna, so called, it is supposed, from its origin—the slopes east of Marino (Castrimanium); though less important, it is somewhat longer than the Almo, which rises west of it. This stream, called Acqua Crabra in its upper or southern part, and La Moletta in the lower, where it drives a mill, is extremely complicated, being partly an independent feature and partly a branch of the Almo. Want of slope in the Campagna causes an immense confusion, covering the surface with a network of rivulet-valleys, wet and dry; and near Roma Vecchia di Frascati we still see the "lock and lasher" diverting into the Almo the waters of the Maranna, which there flows upon a raised leat of earth-work. Approaching Rome it bends from south-east to west, and its right bank shows well defined and scarped sides, above which St. John of Lateran is built. It passes under the city walls near the closed Porta Metronia, forms the true Vallis Egeriæ, whose fountain of wonderful transparency and alas for romance! slightly medicinal, lies on the right bank. Its left side is formed by the Mons Cæliolus, continued by the two other buttresses which have been mentioned as bounding the Almo on the right. The Mons Cælius and the Palatine prolong the rise upon whose slopes the true Egeria lies, and with the Aventine on the other side (west) the Maranna passes

through the Circus Maximus to the Tiber. The Maranna, I warn the reader, must not be confounded with the Maranna di Grota Perfetta, another offset of the Almo arising from the Colle di Grotta Perfetta to the south, crossing the Via Ostiensis where stands the Ponticello di S. Paolo, and falling into the Tiber south of the great extramural basilica.

Thus the site of Rome, whose hills evidently rise above the soft waves of the Campagna, is bounded north and west by the Tiber; north-east by the Anio or Teverone; east by the Fosso della Maranella and south-east and south by Aqua Maranna and the Almo. As is the rule of primary rivers, the Tiber flows upon an elevated plane, and beyond the hills, the buttresses and the bays of its old fluvial banks, there is a compound slope at right-angles inland. The depression is readily noted by walking down the Via Nomentana (Sta. Agnese) outside the Porta Pia towards the valley of the Anio.

The present walls show the Pagan city at its largest, and a study of the Almo valley renders it unnecessary to prolong the *enciente*, as some antiquaries have done, southwards. The capital of Christianity occupies both banks and the site of the old river bed—an irregular amphitheatre. There is more level ground on the left than on the right side of the fluviatile plain, because the Monte Mario hills—the Janiculum and its continuations flanking the stream—run in a tolerably straight line from north to south; the eastern, or left, bank, on the other hand, is disposed in crescent shape, with the hollow fronting the river, and the latter curves away westward leaving a much larger area.

The western, or right bank of the Tiber, is easily understood when viewed from any height—the Pincian gardens, for instance; it is little built upon, and it is free from the complications of secondary valleys.

Similarly, for a study of the complicated site of Lisbon, we must cross to the opposite side of the Tagus. Beginning north with the Tor di Quinto and the Monte Mario, we notice a line of dome-shaped mountains, disposed in regular sequence, curving with the stream; their walls are either sloped or bluff with brick-cuttings, and their summits are crowned with churches and villas with gardens, vineyards, and fields. The cypress and the stone-pine—a conjunction so characteristic of Roman scenery—contrast strangely with the huge crops of ferns and of nettles and thistles which would do honour to Scotland.

Then, bending slightly westward and forming more than one parallel cut by lateral valleys, the bank projects eastward a long tongue or ridge, as may be seen by walking through the Porta Angelica, up the Leonine Via della Mura, and a mile or so westward from the Porta Pertusa. This buttress is the Mons Vaticanus, so called, they say, from the god Vagitanus or Vaticanus, or from the Vates, who here gave their prophetic answers; it contained the tomb of Scipio Africanus, and it was first inclosed by Leo IV. The range still runs southward taking for a mile and a half the name of Mons Janiculus, or Janicularis, named from the town of Janus, or because Janus was here buried, or because it was the Janua by which the Romans attacked the Tuscans. Ancus Martius fortified, and Aurelian annexed this Janiculum, and here also is S. Pietro in Montorio, the Mons Aureus of golden sands (*Fabricius Roma*, i. 3) which, according to Martial (iv. 64), is the most fitting standpoint for a full prospect of the Eternal City:

> "Hinc septem dominos videre montes
> Et totam licet aestimare Romam."

Farther on, the old right bank becomes the Monte Verde outside the Porta Portese, and lastly, La

Magliana, where the valley flares out before debouching upon the bourne whence no river ever returns.

The eastern, or left bank, is equally well-defined north of the Villa Borghese, and we may assume the "Monti Farioli," with their scarps and outlines, their steps and terraces divided by bays and inlets, and their height, varying from one hundred to three hundred feet above the water, as the typical hills of old Rome. Here the muddy stream, now swirling thirty feet deep in its silty bed, evidently swung in bygone ages; we see this in the scarps of the hills and buttresses everywhere more or less precipitous, except when converted by art into stiff zigzag ramps, up which horses painfully struggle—for instance, the ascent to the Barberino Palace. So in modern Babylon the Duke of York's column stands upon the old raised bank of a Thames very different in dimensions from what it is now. For a general view, ascend the tower of the Capitol, or drive to S. Pietro in Montorio, where now lie the Pincian gardens of the south-west or "city" end. A walk along the Via Sistina, the Via Tiber, the Via delle Quattro Fontane, the Piazza di Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Via Merulana, shows as clearly as possible the ups and downs of the old river side, which is always on the right hand. Another walk southwards from the Porta Pia, along the Via della Mura of the old city, will give an excellent idea of the buttresses and bays in the riverine banks of the Fosso della Maranella, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almo.

Historically and chronologically we speak of the Palatine, Quirinal, Capitoline, Cælian, Aventine, Viminal, and Esquiline. The topographical sequence, beginning from the north, along the left bank of the old river, would be the Quirinal and its buttress, the Capitol; the Viminal; the Esquiline with its buttress, the Cælian; and the two isolated tumuli, the Palatine and the Aventine.

Concerning each of these features a few lines of explanation will be necessary, and we may commence our survey from north to south by the hill of the Pincii, *alias* the Collis Hortorum, or Hortulorum, derived from the gardens of Sallust. Following the ridge of the Trinita de Monti, where the model-haunted steps run up the ancient bank, we come to the lordly Quirinal. It was added by Numa Pompilius (*Dionysius Halicarnassus*, lib. 2). The old name derived from the temple of Quirianus (Romulus) or from the Sabine Quirites, the citizens of Cures, Curium, or Quirium—here removed with their chief, Titus Tatius—was afterwards changed to Caballus from the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, presented to the much-defamed Nero by Tiridates, King of Armenia (*Fabricius Roma*, chap. 3). The breadth of the modern Quirinal is crossed by walking from the Piazza Barberini, up the Via delle Quattro Fontane, to the dwarf square of the same name, and by descending the southern section of "Four-fountain Street." Its highest and westernmost buttress, Monte Cavallo, retains the classical name, and the length of the ridge may be appreciated by passing along the Via Venti Settembre, which forms its crest. Lastly, to understand the crescent-form bending to the south-south-east and the old river front, you follow the Via Quirinale, down the steep descent past the Tor de Conti ("Nero's town") to the Campo Vaccino. This will also illustrate the riverine faces of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

The Capitoline Hill here appears to be a digression, but it is not. This Mons Saturni, or Saturnius, derived its earliest name from the venerable god who lived there, ὡς λέγουσι: as the Tarpeian rock immortalizing the name of the young person who betrayed the Citadel-asylum to the Sabines, it was recovered for the city by Romulus, after incorporating the Quirites with his Populus Romanus; and, lastly, it became the Capi-

tolum, or Mons Capitolinus, from the human head found when digging the foundations of the Jovian Temple, popularly placed at the Ara Cæli; and thus it is synonymous with Golgotha and Calvary. Topographically, it is the south-western buttress of the Quirinal, and hence the Arx of the Sabines, who occupied the whole ridge. As Trajan's column tells us, the connecting neck of land was cut away to make room for his Forum, and the inscription fixes the height of the old ridge or isthmus at about 127.5 English feet—namely, the altitude of the whole column from its base, exclusive of the statue and pedestal. Mons Capitolinus is a buttress of peperine scarped by art towards the stream sloping in other parts, and artificially ramped towards the south-east.

The Viminal, a small and humble feature, lies immediately south of the Quirinal. It took a name they say, from the Vimina, or Rivis, which grew along the old river bed and formed a thicket about the altar of Jupiter Viminius (Varro); Servius Tullius added it to the city (*Dion. Hal.*, lib. 4). It is a short, tongue-shaped ridge projecting to the south-west, beginning at the foot of the southern Via delle Quattro Fontane and ending at the Via Nazionale. The Via dei Stuzzi runs along its crest, and its junction with the Quirinal is shown by the so-called Baths of Diocletian. By turning to the right and then to the left, up the Via Venezia, you can distinctly trace in its riverine point the scarped rock of the old bed and the cut caves so common in classical ages. The limits of the Viminal elsewhere are difficult to lay down, as this part of the bank has been torn to pieces.

Worse still is the Esquiline, the largest and the most confused; there is a break of continuity in the left bank, and the complications of the Acqua Maranna render it an exceedingly tough bit. According to

Fabricius (chap. 3) its ancient names were Mons Cispius and Mons Oppius. Esquilinus is a corruption, *on dit*, of Excubinus, from the outlying watch kept by Romulus (*Propertius*, ii. 8) and it was added to the city by Servius Tullius, whose palace was here (*Livy*, i. 44).

The modern Esquiline is, roughly speaking, bounded north and separated from the Viminal by the ascent of Santa Maria Maggiore, and denoted south by the Baths of Titus. The church of Santa Pudenziana shows the riverine front, which is continued behind the Flavian amphitheatre (Coliseum). Walking down the Via Merulana towards S. John of Lateran, we see on the left (east) an old scarped bank showing the action of water inland from the Esquiline, forming a long deep bay, with west-east trend between it and the Mons Cælius. As has been mentioned, the valley of the Acqua Maranna curves round the southern side.

The Cælian hill is to the Esquiline what the Capitoline is to the Quirinal. Called Querculanus, or Queratulanus, *dizem*, from its oak copses, and Augustus, because the Emperor Tiberius built upon it after a fire (*Tacit. Annals*, 4; *Lactantius in Tib.*, chap. 48), it was annexed to the city by Tullus Hostilius (*Livy*, i. 30; *Dion Hal.* lib. 3) or by Ancus Martius (*Strabo*, lib. 5). It is evidently a buttress thrown forward to the west by the left bank of the Tiber, and by the right side of the Acqua Maranna. The large map of Messrs. Parker and Fabio Gori, which is hung up at the entrance of the British and American Archæological Society, makes the Cælian distinct from the Esquiline hill. But it is not so, as any one can ascertain for himself by walking up the new road leading from the Coliseum past the ruins of the Claudian substruction; here the connection at once becomes evident.

The sixth and seventh hills, the Palatine and Aventine,

no longer belong to the system of the Tiberine left bank, although possibly in geological ages the former might have been connected with the Cælian, and afterwards isolated by human labour. Both as they now stand, are detached tumuli—large warts on the sole of the river-valley. Smaller features of the same kind will be noticed in the course of the Anio. The lordly Palatine, named from Pales or from Pallas—how many gods to one city!—from the Palantes or the Palatini, or from the bleating of sheep (*palare* being the older form of *balare*) is identified with the history of the world's capital, from the Roma Quadrata of Romulus and Tullus Hostilius to the Palatium of Augustus. Its present form is a lozenge, with the long diameter generally trending north-south. The Aventine, a hill of many names, variously derived, called after Aventinus, King of Alba from the Avens rivulet, or *ab'avibus*, the birds of Tiber; also known as Murcius, from Murtia, the goddess of sleep, whose temple stood here (Festus); as Collis Dianæ, from the fane of Diana, and as Remonius, from Remus, who was buried upon the hill where he wished the city to be founded (Plutarch in Roma), was added by Ancus Martius (Eutropius 1). It is an irregular square or trapezoid, which, like the Capitoline, bounds and deflects the Tiber to the west. This hillock is mostly concealed by houses, but the *charpente osseuse* shows itself in a bluff river-front, a kind of sea cliff, to those who pass by the south-western end towards the pyramid of Cestius—a monument, by the by, quite worthy of the late M. Soyer. From the Monte Testaccio, which commands a fine view of the Maranna and the Almo valleys; the Aventine is seen to slope gently towards the city walls. Here also are good studies of the Mons Cæliolus, and the buttresses crowned by the churches of SS. Balbina and Saba.

The Palatine and Aventine were once parted by the

Maranna stream, whose channel silting up became a swamp or marsh, and finally gave place to the riverine end of the Cloaca Maxima below, and to the Circus Maximus above ground. It shows the wondrous conservatism of the world, when we remember that Juvenal (*Sat.* 3) left the Jews living in this the true Egerian valley:

> Nunc sacri fontes, nemus et delubra locantur
> Judæis

and we see that they still use it for burying their dead. In other matters they have greatly changed; the grandfathers kept shops; the grandsons are princes in Israel and out of it, marrying the noblest of the land, and disdaining neither to wear graven images, nor to bear on the breast a corslet of crosses.

Such, then, are the far-famed "Seven Hills of Rome." As might be expected in the days when many a Cacus flourished, they were first occupied by little villages that feared the plains, and perched themselves upon defensible summits; we still see them so placed in every country part of Italy. The first connection would be by a wall uniting settlement with settlement, and doubtless in those early times the scarped sides of the hills and the houses themselves continued the line of curtain. Such, indeed, we learn from history was the work of Servius Tullius, when he took in the seven eminences by a wall and an agger some seven Roman miles long. The Servian fortification began at the Porta Trigemina, passed south of the Aventine, including the Palatine connected with the Cælian. In the church of San Clemente, at the foot of the Esquiline, we still find remains, large quadrilateral blocks of "headers and stretchers," much resembling the Etruscan ashlar-work, and the draughting and bossing deserve careful study. Hence the wall swept to the north-north-east and north, and became an agger on the eastern or landward

slopes of the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, between the Porta Esquilina and the Porta Viminalis. Thence it ran westward of the great parallelogram called the Prætorian Camp; and, lastly, falling south-westward, it embraced the Capitoline and united with the Tiber a little north of where it began.

Thus secured by strong fortifications, a large and ever-increasing population would gather upon the more convenient valley-sole, with its ready access to the main artery of commerce; and, finally, the masters of the world, having no foes to fear but themselves would spread far and wide beyond the original walls, and push their dwelling-places into the fair Campagna.

II.—The Actualities of Rome.

Those who fail to read these pages will probably follow the practice of the many-headed, and do in 1875 what was done by the world of strangers—myself included—in 1873. Holy Week, once so brilliant, is now become, like the Carnival of Paris, a myth, a tradition, with much less of costume than any Volunteer levee-day in London will show. There is no girandola, there are no illuminations, no benedictions *urbi et orbi*, and no special services at St. Peter's. A cardinal now washes the pilgrims' feet, and only their respective chapters function at the four great Basilicas—the Austrian Vatican, the French Lateran, the Spanish Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Basilica of S. Paolo, once, but now no more, under the protecting wing of England. The traditionary Jew is still baptized for a consideration, at the traditional chapel of the Lateran, on the traditionary Saturday before Easter. The squares before the Basilicas are fairly crowded with carriages during *Tenebræ*, on Good Friday, but there is a very thin muster inside. It is no wonder that the genus *dévot*, which feels so much excitement at

Jerusalem, here complains that the medium is unfavourable for devotion. Few strangers, especially non-Catholics, know that at the church of St. Apollinare, where the priests are all professors, they can enjoy a fine study of the grand old ritual. Yet, though the Holy Week is strenuously to be avoided at Rome, hosts of strangers, filled with the traditions of twenty years ago, swarm up on the evening of Maundy Thursday, each with red book under arm, and are sent away by the *padroni*, and directors of hotels, who wring their hands over the fatal necessity. Those who succeed in lodging themselves delay the *table d'hôte* from 6.30 p.m. to 7.30; and the extreme penuriousness of an Italian *gasthaus*, combined with the abnormal excitement which, upon such occasions as Holy Weeks and World-fairs, seems to possess the horde of harpies that preys upon periodical migrations, makes the visitor feel thoroughly uncomfortable and *dépaysé*.

Throughout Italy the hotels have gained in number, and perhaps in size, what they have lost in convenience and economy. The large country towns, like Ancona, still offer you the shelter of a mere pothouse, such as you would find in an Austrian village; the only decent entertainment is in houses kept by Germans—I will name the Hotel Brun at Bologna. In the various capitals —for every great Italian city preserves the traditions and the ways of a metropolis—living once cheap and good, is now dear and bad. We can hardly be surprised at this in Rome, where prices have doubled since 1870, the reason being simply that the population has risen to 240,000, a figure unseen by any Pope before Pio Nono. With that peculiar hard and material side which characterizes the Italian, a feature seldom detected by the passing stranger, the wealthy hotel proprietor rigidly carries out the pettiest economics of mustard and cheese, of salt and pepper. He can engage any number of waiters, sharp heads and deft hands, whom

a good major-domo would soon drill to perfection in a week: he hires ten to serve two hundred, and they can hardly be expected to brush the soiled carpets or even to change the stained tablecloths. Some Englishmen boast that they avoid the houses where their compatriots congregate; I only hope that they will enjoy the Hôtel de Rome—so much praised by the guide-books—and the Albergo della Minerva. The best plan is to take a room or rooms in a house frequented by "Britishers," such as the Angleterre, the Italia, the Costanzi, or the Iles Britanniques, and to lunch and dine at Spillman's—not mistaking, however, Spillman Brothers for the real Simon Pure. You will then have little to complain of, except the attendance and the addition. But even the choice of an apartment is no easy matter in a place where a freshly-papered room may bring on an attack of Roman fever or ulcerated sore throat.

The atmosphere of the capital, that "divinest climate" of Shelley, has been allowed to become as bad as any in Europe. Of course, its evils have been exaggerated. Every autumn sets forth a host of calumnious reports, mostly traceable to Switzerland, where a money-loving race disapproves of a movement southwards, and its friends have lately armed themselves in its defence. Yet the fact remains that the bills of mortality show thirty-six deaths per 1,000 per annum, whilst Madras is thirty-five, Bombay twenty-seven and London nineteen. Some diminish it to thirty, declaring the infant mortality to be excessive, and showing that great numbers of country-people flock into the hospitals when there is no hope of life being saved; others, again, increase it to forty-five. Many Italians are unable to live in Rome. A Florentine aide-de-camp of the king assured me that after suffering from two "*pernicieuses*," bad as those of Sardinia, he was obliged to give up residence.

Rome, like Jerusalem, is "builded on her own heap," and the similarity of the two climates strikes every traveller. This doubtless arises because in both Holy Cities you are living upon an accumulation of vegetable and animal decay, varying from 30 to 120 feet in depth. About half the old city, moreover, is still unoccupied—a wild waste of ruin, rubbish, and rotting vegetation; and the *enceinte*, especially to the south, is a world too wide for the now shrunken proportions. Finally, Rome asserts her new dignity by raising vast piles when public offices and barracks cannot be accommodated by old palaces and ecclesiastical buildings. Such, for instance, is the Ministry of Finance now rising within the Porta Pia; whilst all around the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the work of destruction and construction is advancing with giant strides. Even on the Palatine, in the Foro Romano, and in the Colosseum, the spade is at work to the great joy of the archæologist, who, here as at Jerusalem, expects it to solve a host of vexed questions. Much has already been done, and more remains for future years to do. Meanwhile, the *fièvre de construction*, so well known in the French capital, here flourishes, the more so as deodorizers—especially the use of lime—are apparently unheard of. And last, not least, are the drains, which neglect has made mines of poison: visit the Baths of Caracalla on a fine balmy day in spring, and calculate what the malaria must be in summer and autumn!

Peril of climate is certainly another reason for avoiding Rome in the Holy Week, which is somewhat too late for safety. Weather is fickle in the extreme during early April. There will be a few days of burning rain-sun sufficient to make an English dog hydrophobically inclined. I had the honour of dining with a mad terrier at Rome, and for the future all such invitations are declined with thanks. Then follows a furious thunder-

storm: on April 10, 1873, the lightning blew up a gasometer outside the Porta del Popolo, but the gas was too weak to do much harm. Ensues that:

Piova
Eterna, maladetta, fredda e greve,

which distinguishes Rome, one of the rainiest of cities when Libeccio blows—those torrential showers and the cold damp draughts realizing the Moslem idea of Barakút, the icy place of punishment for those who delight in genial warmth. And finally, the mud, which is stickier and stiffer than that of the London clay, becomes once more under the sun of Italy a fine searching dust, like the plague of Egypt and Young Egypt. Hence the traveller must live the life of an invalid, avoid draughts by day as by night, and muffle himself up at sunrise and sunset, unless he would risk the ague and fever of Hindostan, and resemble the country-people of the Campagna—gamboge-yellow with hepatic complications. And yet, despite all his care, he may find malaria master him in the shape of bilious remittent or diphtheria, and fall a victim to Rome at Florence.

As you leave the Via Flaminia, and whirl into the single station so convenient in all these Italian cities for commissionaires and hotel omnibuses, you cannot help recognizing the fact that the old world capital

Non e più qual era prima.

A mighty change has come over the spirit of her dream, or rather she has been thoroughly aroused from the sleep of ages. New Rome, in fact, is pushing on with frantic haste, and not a few sharp eyes distinguish at the end of the race a stout young woman, principally remarkable for her breadth of chest and her Phrygian bonnet. There is a disruption of the traditionary

dolce far niente. Non possumus is at a discount, and the old order is making place for the new—not without sore trouble and travail. It would hardly be safe for the Pope to officiate beyond the walls of the Vatican, and certainly it would not be pleasant, when even on the *enceinte* of the Leonine city, the unseemly words "Morte," "Assassino," and "Boia" (*bourreau*) are written in large characters under his name. Formerly you met a cardinal's coach at least once a day; now the newspaper kiosks, teeming with obscene and blasphemous books and caricatures, a disgrace to the Chief of Police, are alone sufficient to keep them under arrest at home. Priests and Friars, Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, still show that we are in the headquarters of Catholicism, but there are far more soldiers than before, and the forty or fifty Swiss guards keep within the Vatican. There is a blood-feud between the Italianissimi and the Neri, in which no quarter is given, and justice and fair play are thrown by both parties to the winds. Street "rows" are now becoming the fashion, and I witnessed a scene between a *curé* and a "gutter-boy," because the latter passed the former laughing and whistling:

> Galibaadi ha detto à me
> Andremo à Roma senza Rè.

The Religious Corporations Bill is causing a mighty excitement; characters are not spared on either side, and the vilest motives are attributed by Progressist to Retrograde, and *vice versâ*. Foreigners, as usual, are taking part in the question, and the local paper (*Roman Times*) very properly warns them as follows:—

"The address recently presented by Prince Lichtenstein and a deputation of one hundred and sixty Catholics, amongst whom the names of some well-known English and Irish gentlemen were conspicuous, the

violent language of which called forth much not undeserved censure, is but one of many evidences of what we must be allowed to call the very injudicious attitude assumed by the Catholic party towards the present Government of Italy. I am sure the English members of the Church of Rome who sanction, directly or indirectly, such intemperate expressions of party feeling cannot know what injury they are doing to the cause of their religion."

These zealots, in fact, do not reflect that they are putting themselves in the wrong before the high court of public opinion in Europe. Whilst they use bad language, and grossly insult the majesty of a nation, the Italians appeal to general sympathy by the perfect temper which they oppose to the intemperate stranger. The latter would probably have suffered in the flesh if he had thus vented his bile before any capital in Europe but Rome. Then came the pleasant episode of March 1873, when Mr. V—— went wholly out of his way to support the clerical party, and was "thrashed," as he deserved, by the Liberals in the Piazza di Gesù. If Englishmen will fight the battles of other nations, let them, at any rate, look after the honour of their own nation, and make sure of winning. Even our peaceful nuns at home, I happen personally to know, were not long since "touting" for volunteers to "draw blood in honour of the Pope." Italy is obliged to keep up, at a ruinous expense, an army and a fleet in preparation for a crusade, or religious war, which would be certain if France could afford it and if the Legitimists had come to power. The finest agricultural country in Southern Europe, admirably worked by a sober, high-minded and hard-toiling peasantry, can hardly keep itself afloat; the exchequer is empty, and the markets are flooded with depreciated paper-money. It is curious to compare the state of the people in Italy and Austria. The limits of these notes will

not allow me space even to outline the difference; I can only say that the Adriatic seaboard cities of the east, Trieste, for instance, who, remembering their Venetian origin, would prefer the House of Savoy to the House of Hapsburg, had far better remain as they are.

The fact is, whilst we are talking shallow commonplaces in England about the separation of Church and State, and droning over little household differences reckless of the enemy thundering at the door, the politics of every great nation in Europe are at this present moment directly influenced, and in many cases guided, by the religious question. I need hardly instance England, where, as the saying is, the Pope lately turned out a government, and I have spoken of France and Italy. The anti-Jesuit excitement in Prussia has extended to Poland, and will presently extend to Austria, where the Concordat is dead and buried, and to Hungary, where, even in the *cafés chantants* of Pesth, priests are travestied and ridiculed by the "poor player." Switzerland has openly rebelled against the Roman Curia. What is at the bottom of the Carlist movement in Spain? Even Russia and Greece are engaged in a brotherly quarrel of no small animosity; and Turkey is torn by intestine disputes between Christians and Christians, Moslems and Moslems, when in the early century the question was only between Turk and Nazarene. It is not astonishing that the timid and those who presage evil both look forward to one of the fiercest wars in human history, imminently impending.

The only change in the population of Rome is the mixture of the rude and energetic Northern Italians, already half "barbarian," with the kindly and courteous race of the South. You know these Italian foreigners by their rough jostling in the street and in the station; by their never knowing the right side

of a *trottoir*, and by their loud and unmusical jargon. Yet they are admitted to be the best soldiers in the country, and all over South America the Piedmontese makes a fortune when the Neapolitan remains a *facchino*. In the Campo dei Fiori you will see the broad-brimmed and gold-necklaced *contadina* with white napkin on her head, originally used as a porter's pad, with stays outside, and her feet protected by the primitive *cioccie* sandals. She looks more at home here than the high-shouldered, huge-waisted, and bluchered specimen of womanhood who, yoke on shoulders, hawks her milk and water about London. Her husband, in narrow-brimmed sugar-loaf felt, Robinson Crusoe trousers of goatskin, leather gaiters connecting hobnails and brigand's cloak of grey or blue homespun, is at any rate more picturesque than our Hodge, whose waggoner's hat and smock-frock appear so much out of place in the streets of a capital. Not a few of these men, especially beyond the walls, where wooden cages defend you from buffaloes and half-wild cattle, ride rough little nags with hairy fetlocks; they are well at home in their padded saddles, with cruppers and poitrails to match; and the skill displayed in handling their long spear-like goads suggests that they would make good light cavalry. The boys still get excited over their *morra* (*dimicatio digitorum*), and keep up their reputation for that lust of gambling which in southern countries takes place of hard drinking in the "moral north." The flower-girls are a pest, but not so bad as in Florence. The boot-blacking brigade is intrusive and demonstrative as Sierra Leone negroes: wear a pair of white cloth shoes or leather boots of natural colour, and you will find something to study in their faces and their language. The plague of beggars is perhaps worse than in London and has abated nothing since the days when I was called a *brutta creatura d'Iddio*—an ugly creature of God—for advising coppers to be given to them

instead of silver. We again see the wondrous contrast of wealth and misery so familiar at home—the incongruity of new churches decked with costly and splendid marbles whilst whining *Pordioseros* display their deformities on the steps, and teach babes in arms to stretch out the hand. Here, however, beggary is the deliberate choice of pure Bohemianism, for no man need lack a meal and a bed. Amongst the Maronites of the higher Libanus respectable house-masters and their families will flock down to Bayrut and invoke the traveller's charity. In this, however, there is a sub-superstitious idea of following the path pointed out by Jesus and His apostles. This Italian beggary is simply a form of the Egyptian *bakhshish* projected northwards; it is a tax which the poor man has a right to levy upon his rich brother. It belongs essentially to the land where you say "Allah, increase thy weal!" not "Thank you!" where everything comes from the Creator, nothing from the creature; and consequently where all that is yours is also after a fashion mine.

The Englishman first visiting this historic city is astonished at the contrast between report and actuality, fame and development: accustomed to his huge wilderness of brick at home, he feels himself cramped as if he were in a country town. Presently he grows to the state of things, and he becomes a "Nero of the Neri," ultra-conservative. One of these "Inglezi Italianati" was scandalized because I spoke of draining the Campagna—'twould be such a pity to change its desert *cachet*! A third waxed almost violent when he heard of tramways in Rome—did it ever strike him that the R.R. 'bus is more like the carriage than the latter is like the *biga* or the *quadriga*? So to please these retrogrades the Romans would have to exclude every modern comfort of a European city, simply because it would not be picturesque.

And Rome as she now stands simply wants everything but gas. Whilst other nations and their capitals have progressed, she has been sleeping—sleeping in the sun—like Barbarossa, who still sits slumbering amongst the enchanted hills.

Compare the Vienna of the present day, the gorgeous metropolis, with the little *hof* which existed even up to 1860, the head-quarter village girt round by its *ring-mauer*. But at Rome, men who remember as far back as 1830 find most of the quarters absolutely in *statu quo ante*. Take, for instance, British Rome, which is bounded north by the Piazza del Popolo, south by the Piazza Miguanelli, east by the Pincian hill and the Trinità dei Monti, and west by the Corso; and whose arx, or stronghold, is the Piazza di Spagna; with the exception of a few sesquipedalian letters in gold sprawling over the walls, and a few alluding to the newly-invented art and mystery of photography, what is there changed? Still you find the old institutions, the red-volumed folks flocking in and out of Lowe the grocer's, Piale the librarian's, Spithöver the stationer's, and so forth. The state of life is drowsy as Bernini's old font-shaped fountain (*detta della Navaccia*) that plays drearily in the dreary square. The "Church of England" is not ashamed to *afficher* herself when compelled like a pariah or leper to lie outside the walls amongst the 'busses and the butchers—*proh pudor!* Really, let me ask, was Cromwell the *ultimus Romanorum*? Again, in the Ghetto, the local rag-fair, what progress is there, except that the Hebrew grandees have moved out of it to palaces and suburban villas? And the whole Trastevere, is it not as foul and graveolent as of yore?

Rome, the capital of Italy, and, as the experience of history shows, far more liable to be attacked than even Paris, absolutely has no fortifications except the patchwork of old walls which a falconet could breach.

How long is this to last? Inside there is not a sign of flagged *trottoir* except in the Corso and scattered about detached streets; you must tread upon a *pavé* of small uneven blocks, an *opus Alexandrinum*, which seems intended to enrich the pedicure. Asphalte, which is creeping through Pesth, is unknown except to a few hundred yards about the Piazza Navona. And where are the tramways which render locomotion so easy to the middle classes at Vienna? Romanticus replies —when rage permits—that the streets are too narrow for these latter-day abominations. Then why not adopt the sensible plan of Brazilian Rio de Janeiro, and let the pointed finger on the wall denote the only direction allowed to the driver? I know of no modern city where street railways would be more economically or usefully laid down than in Rome; only you must prolong the Corso into the Foro Romano by knocking away the mass of corruption about the Via Marforio. The three main thoroughfares radiating from the Piazza del Popolo, especially when a broad embankment shall run down the left bank of the Tiber, seem built with a prospective eye to tramways. I suppose one must not speak of churches, but we surely long to see a few of the 360 cleared away; let us specify the S. Bonaventura Convent on the Palatine Hill; the SS. Cosmo e Damiano, which deforms the old temple, and the ugly pile of Sta. Francesca Romana, which has taken the place of Venus and Rome.

During the whole of the last generation, Italy perforce confined her studies to politics, and was compelled to throw everything else overboard. We all know the effect of this style of excitement upon the Irishman, who in the course of half a century has become a moody and melancholy man; his wit and humour survive only in books and economy rules with a rod of iron where profuse hospitality used to prevail. Under the influence of politics Italy has lost even her pre-eminence in art.

The rooms in the Vatican which offer for sale the pictures by modern painters make you hurry through in shame, feeling that your eyes cannot wholesomely rest upon their rainbow tints. Artists there are in abundance, chiefly, however, foreigners, Americans and English; but art, which you see in every bit of scenery around you, apparently cannot be reproduced. The *kunst-sentiment* is dead, or asleep, as in Greece. Even mechanical art has rapidly declined. The cameos and the mosaics which our mothers wore are no longer to be bought; like the good old shawls of England, their place is taken by a lower article at a higher price.

But Italy will now bid a temporary adieu to the exclusive cultivation of politics, and will return to the normal business of human life—how best to live. She has nobly dared and grandly done; it is to be hoped that success will not turn her mobile head. When she cried in 1848, "*L'arte de la guerra presto s'impara,*" the host of field-marshals smiled with some pity and more contempt. When she proclaimed to the world, "*L'Italia farà da sa,*" statesmen listened with a polite incredulity. She persisted, however; she *did* learn war, and she *did* help herself, and struck her own swashing blow. Then the nations believed in her, for nothing succeeds like success. And after realizing the vision which Dante saw through the gloom of five hundred years, she is again turning to the realities of existence. She is pushing her commerce far and wide over the East, and taking high rank amongst European nations even in distant Japan. Already, after a few years of existence, the Royal Geographical Society of Italy, under my excellent and energetic friend, the Commendatore Cristoforo Negri, numbers nearly as many names as that of Great Britain. Presently she will have a newspaper. Curious to say, there is nothing that deserves the name of a first-rate periodical throughout

the length and breadth of Italy, haunted as she still is by the politic ghost.

Meanwhile Rome still vegetates—*elle vivote*—upon art and commerce. The latter is chiefly represented by "doing" the stranger by *pelare la quaglia*. The hotel-keeper, the cicerone, *et hoc genus omne*, flourish. There is also a stout competition in the matter of counterfeits, and of course there is a brisk trade in "holy things," images, crucifixes, and rosaries, blessed by his Holiness. The Roman shop is a study. I know of only one establishment which might decently appear in a European capital—Maglieri's, Via Condotti, Corso. The rest remind me of their humble origin—the hole in the wall which Cairo still possesses; and the glass cases hung out every morning and taken in every evening are worthy of a country town in Essex at the end of the last century. Of art I have spoken; you can still buy everything from a bit of old bronze to porphyry models of the ruined temples. Of antiques it is only necessary to say, avoid them, like the Damascus blade at Damascus and the Egyptian Scarabæus in Egypt.

III.—The Hygienic Treatment of the Tiber.

The first glance at the Tiber bed, deeply encased as it is in banks thirty feet high, convinces the potamologist that it must be a most troublesome stream.

The large quantity of silt suspended in the yellow water raises the sole by slow but certain deposition. The swirl is so great that north of the Porta del Popolo a columnar inscription cautions unwary swimmers; and thus the banks are undermined and fall. There are two large and many small bends to check the regular current required to carry off a sudden and violent access. In places the bed narrows till the stream at

all times flows like a sluice; for instance, about the Ponte Sisto (Janiculum Bridge) and the ruins of the Sublician. Finally, there are the large sand-banks near the Acqua Acetosa and the Isola di S. Bartolomeo (the ship of Æsculapius) which break the river into two, and which cause sensible retardation. Hence the chronic flooding of the Pantheon; the destructive deluge of December 1870 still marked upon the walls of the Corso and elsewhere; and the immense loss of life and property which history, especially in the seventh, and eighth, and the fourteenth centuries, scores down to the account of the imperial stream. And in such matters history will inevitably repeat herself.

For these evils there is absolutely but one efficient remedy. It has often been proposed; indeed, I am told that during the last eighteen months it has been heard of in "the city." It has always been approved of, and after the fashion of other mundane things, after being labelled "highly advisable," it has been placed upon the shelf with due honour. The immense impetus which must presently be given to Rome cannot fail again to bring it on the *tapis*, and whether this time it escape from the realm of limbo or not, the good intention cannot fail eventually to be carried out.

The panacea in question is simply the diversion of the Tiber. The vehicle will be a relieving channel upon the same principle as, but upon a much larger scale than, that which Florence has dug in the left bank of the Arno.

As a cursory inspection of the map proves, there is no room for such diversion on the right or western bank. Here the Tor di Quinto, the Monte Mario, the Vatican, the Janiculum, and the Monte Verde, form a continuous line of embankments, and although the land behind them may be, as it usually is, upon a lower level than

the river-bed, the cost of cuttings, of locks, and of other works at the offset and the inlet of the canal, would be fatal obstacles to the project.

It is not the same with the left or eastern bank, where, by going sufficiently high up the stream, it is easy secure to a sufficient fall. At this point, above the Rome and Florence Railway, would be an embankment, provided with gates and sluices in order to control the action of the new channel, and, by a barrage across the Tiber, the same power would be exerted over the main stream. Hence it would cross the Anio or Teverone Valley, which is well defined as that of the Tiber itself; with the same scarped sides, and the warts or tumuli rising from the sole. (I may here mention that the historic Mons Sacer is a mere section of the ancient right bank of geological days, rising opposite the Nomentan Bridge.) It would then traverse the course of the Fosso della Maranella, which rises south-east of the Porta Furba, and which, after running from south to north, falls into the left bank of the Anio. Here all the difficulties end. A short cut from east to west strikes the valley of the Maranna, and another, but a shorter, falls into the Almo, or Cafarella, on a line with the second milestone of the Via Latina, or Frascati road. Thence it would pass down the old course, where the two conspicuous cliff-faces, one small, the other large and close to the great Pauline Basilica, define the form of the ancient river-valley. About this part the Tiber bends sharply to the west, and here the canal, sweeping gently to the south-east, would by an embankment with gates and sluices convert the old channel into a port connected by a tramway with the heart of Rome. And thus we should secure efficient drainage for the rich Prati di S. Paolo, a copy of the Prati di Acqua Acetosa to the north; their malaria at present compels even the most seasoned monks to remove during the summer and autumn.

An English engineer, who shall be nameless, proposes a curious up-stream and up-hill scheme, He would let the waters of the Tiber into the valley of the Anio or Teverone, which, as I have said, is perfectly well defined by side buttresses and natural earthworks, and above the Nomentan Bridge he would strike up the equally well-marked course of the Fosso della Maranella. I need hardly point out the enormous expense necessary to turn a stream from north to south and indeed the only way to account for such a project coming from a man of education is the fact that it was suggested by the inspection of a map to one who had never seen the ground. This is undoubtedly an excellent prescription for doing away with a good name.

The gates and sluices of the relieving channel would readily enable the engineer to clean out the Tiber bed, and by deepening it to neutralize the danger of smaller inundations. Thus, too, the sides would be prepared for a river embankment, which, being the first necessity for riverine towns, appears generally to be the feature last thought of. Yet even the Thames will probably be embanked before the end of the present century, by a race which, if not always sure, is certainly always slow. The Tiber is now bordered by rubbish heaps and foul dwelling-places, except the strip of quay to the north-east, called the Ripetta, and a similar feature to the south-west, La Ripa, where the voice of the English sailor sounded in past centuries. Presently we shall expect to see it with the καλὴ ἀκτή, the *pulchrum littus* of classical days, prolonged down both sides. Finally, after cleaning the Tiber of mud and the deposits of ages, it would be easy to make it an ornamental stream, with banks three miles long, the most pleasant of promenades.

The idea of laying dry the Tiber bed is enough to make the antiquarian mouth water. Imagine the

treasures which its waves must veil; these hoards of past ages would suffice to store the museums of all Europe. What a list of valuables sunk under its brown waters and browner mud might be drawn up from the annals of the past! It is enough to mention one—the seven-branched candelabrum of massive gold from the Temple of Jerusalem, which fell from the bridge when Maxentius was put to flight by Constantine.

The insulation of Rome would doubtless tend greatly to diminish the terrible malaria of the Eastern Campagna. Drainage to the new channel would be facilitated, and by subsidiary works, the home of Tertiana, Quartana and all the fell sisterhood of fever would after a time be converted into one of the most salubrious and productive districts of the Romagna, environs right worthy of the greatness of Rome, past and present. In 1874, the rich land lies fallow, bearing grass without cattle to graze it down. It is admitted that with improved drainage and irrigation some 311,550' hectares could be placed under the plough, and that the widely-scattered farmsteads could be centupled. The increased value of this wide area would counterbalance the expenses of the works, and by draining without and building within the walls, Rome will silence the voice which is still proposing Florence as the seat of empire. The Holy City is not so much the capital of Italy as the capital of Europe, and consequently the capital of the civilized world.

In these days, when the Suez Canal converts Africa into an island, when similar works are proposed for the Isthmus of Panama, for the neck of Corinth, and even for Southern England, from the Bristol Channel to the Solent, and from the Solent to the Thames; and, finally, when it is seriously contemplated to make another and a Southern Mediterranean of Northern and Saharan Africa, this plan for insulating Rome can hardly appear extravagant. And in considering

the expense, it may be observed that such works are carried out in Italy with more economy than in most parts of the world: labour is abundant, wages are cheap, and perhaps detachments from the several *corps d'armée* might be utilized.

SPIRITUALISM IN EASTERN LANDS

This paper was read before the British National Association of Spiritualists on December 2, 1878. It was printed in *The Spiritualist*, December 6th, pp. 270–275 with the discussion December 13th, pp. 283–286. It was afterwards reprinted in Lady Burton's *Life*, vol. ii, pp. 136 *et seq.*, from which I have extracted the following preliminary remarks.

Although the paper is nothing much more than a "long ramble," as Burton himself declared, it contains much interesting information which will be of value to the reader, especially in view of the development of Spiritualism and Psychic Science to-day.

Prosaic after death, our spirits then
Invent machinery to talk with men;

. . . . . .

And Shakespeare's spirit visits earth to tell
How he and Washington are very well;
And Lindley Murray, from the body free,
Can't make his verbs and nominatives agree;
Ben Franklin raps an idiotic dream,
And Webster scrawls vile twaddle by the ream;
That splendid knave, Lord Bacon, has turned fool,
And Penn's great soul is busy keeping school,
Well may the living poet heave a sigh
To think his spirit, stooping from the sky
When he is dead, can rap at mortal call,
Bad rhymes and wretched metre on a wall!
Well may the hero shudder in despair,
Whose soul can choose to animate a chair;
And the great statesman, sinking in the tomb,
To rise, and wheel a table round a room!

ONE night we had a most amusing spiritualistic meeting at the rooms where the Society usually met, somewhere near the British Museum. It was a night

appointed for a very great gathering to hear Richard speak on Spiritualism. The Spiritualists in 1878 were as anxious to claim him as one of their Chiefs, as the Agnostics were in 1891–2, after his death. Richard was the honestest, most truthful man I ever knew; whatever he said he believed, but he believed a great deal more than he said. He was such a many-sided man, that one individual could not understand him; they could only see the one light presented to their eye, and could not imagine the others. He was so anxious to get to the highest of the high, that he studied everything, and amongst others every religion, and when he thought he knew it he took the good out of that religion, and practised it. Now, he thought that if several manifestations which we had witnessed could be pushed further, and especially one of which he was one of seven, that we should have a closer connection with the other world, and for I cannot tell how many years we pursued this phantom, and the more we saw the more puzzled we got; for it never came up either to a Roman Catholic miracle, nor the Sufi's mysticism, which he had practised so long in the East. And in practical England, where there was generally so much money in the case, there was three-quarters of a pound of humbug or jugglery to one ounce of spiritual matter; and Richard at last became convinced that we were on the verge of a new science, which any one who had time and power to grasp this will-o'-the-wisp could turn to good practical account, just as in old days with steam, railways, telegraph, telephones, and electricity in all its branches. At times he and I together got very near something, he being the power, and I the medium (this he called the sixth sense), and then we lost all trace and gave it up. I was not sorry, because I was always in hot water with my Church every time we had a *séance*. I think, or rather, I should say, *he* thought, that people should not make a religion

of it, and only use it for scientific experiments. He did not believe in the "communion with the dead" through *that* medium—if for no other reason, that, as a spirit is supposed to know all things, the spirits that came were always just as illiterate as their invokers. They dropped their *h's* in exactly the same place where he or she did, and used exactly the same expression, and were just or rather more vulgar, especially the joking spirits. We had an excellent example of that, when a doctor, whom I will not name, provided us with a splendid specimen for clairvoyant treatment, and the soul of an Italian doctor presented himself and spoke through the medium, who was evidently unaware that Richard and I could speak anything else but English; and upon being asked certain questions, he spoke a little broken English, with two or three words of very bad Portuguese. We looked at each other, and we talked to him in Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish; but he knew none of the three, which an Italian spirit certainly would have done. His coming to was a splendid bit of acting, and we had to pay our guinea for the medical advice therein. This night, of which I write, Richard made the following speech:—

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THE DEBATE ON CAPTAIN BURTON'S PAPER.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the British National Association of Spiritualists was held at 38, Great Russell Street, on Monday evening, the 2nd instant. The chair was taken by Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, M.S.Tel.E., and the rooms were crowded to excess, the paper to be read being by the renowned traveller, Captain R. F. Burton.

THE CHAIRMAN.—Ladies and gentlemen, I have to go through a work of supererogation in introducing

to you a gentleman with whose reputation at least you are already well acquainted. I have to introduce you to a gentleman who of old did great service to Spiritualism by defending the Davenport Brothers when they were unjustly attacked. I have to introduce you to a gentleman who, if he believed that Spiritualism or any part of it were a great truth, would, without any doubt, unhesitatingly and fearlessly stand up and support his convictions; I have to introduce you, in fact, to the modern Bayard, our English *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.* After paying to him a *devoir* which sounds like a compliment, but which is not one, I have to say that I stand here rather anxiously awaiting what Captain Burton has to say in relation to Spiritualism. I know he is not quite one of ourselves; I know he is a very hard hitter, and if there are any flaws in our armour, I know he will make it ring again; but I feel certain we shall take every observation he may make in good part, being certain of the honest and good intent of the speaker. (Applause.) I feel that I cannot sit down without mentioning the name of Mrs. Burton. (Applause.) Captain Burton is in my eyes, and I believe I represent the feeling of all those who know him, or even only know his reputation, one of the finest specimens of manhood I have ever had the honour to stand beside, and I must say of Mrs. Burton that I consider her the finest specimen of womanhood I have ever met. She is a lady of high birth, but she is something more, something higher than that. She is a true woman, who has over and over again stood beside her husband in times of trouble and imminent danger, and it is a great honour to me to be in the position of introducing you to our distinguished visitors this evening. With this little preamble, I will at once call upon Captain Burton to read his paper. (Applause.)

I felt highly honoured when your energetic secretary, Miss Kislingbury, proposed to me a lecture in these rooms. It is indeed a privilege; for here we Students may speak out what we honestly believe to be the truth, without fear of those brother-foes, the Theologian and the Scientist—the Black Terror and the Red Terror.

The subject allotted to me for this evening is "Spiritualism" (or rather Magnetism, Occultism, and similar matters) "in Eastern Lands," and I would obtain your leave to enter into a personal matter which may interest Spiritualists. As regards standpoint, it can matter little to an audience what may be the opinions, spiritual or unspiritual, psychological or unpsychological, of one whose humble duty is to collect and narrate a few facts. But it would hardly be fair to enter upon such a subject without briefly laying down the standpoint from which it is viewed. Of course, the *point de vue* is that of the individual who pretends to be right individually, but who has no pretension to be right either absolutely or relatively to others.

The standpoint is intelligent enough. Seen from it, life is nothing but the innate condition of man's material and sensuous organization; as the old Materialist said, "it is the *swabhám* (nature of things) which thinketh in man." Consciousness, concerning which battle still rages, is not a "quality of the sentient principle, or, in other words, the soul," but a condition of life inexplicable to us at present—a life itself. The supernatural is the natural misunderstood or improperly understood—we cannot say where nature either begins or ends. The superhuman is the superlative of human; we know what our senses and their "interpenetration" teach us, but no man—positively, absolutely, no man—neither deity nor devil—angel nor spirit—ghost nor goblin—has ever wandered beyond the narrow limits of this world—has ever brought us a single idea or notion which belongs to another and a different world—

has ever eluded the simple cognizance of man's five wits. "I refuse," says Verax, "to doff my hat and go on my knees and strip myself of all that is deemed spiritual in my being, in defence to an arbitrary negation which they who propound it profess their inability to maintain." Let him keep his hat on, and point out one single spiritual entity which is not subject to our animal senses, or rather to the brain which directs them. With such belief, or absence of belief, I must be contented to remain, as a facetious friend said, "a Spiritualist without the Spirits."

An Agnostic, who can have no knowledge save that which his senses bring to him, is necessarily a materialist. By "matter," or molecular structure, or concourse of atoms, or whatever you please to call it, the Common Sense of mankind, our supreme arbiter of physics and metaphysics, understands that which is perceptible to, or cognizable by, the senses. When Berkeley proves logically that spirit only exists, we admire the ingenuity with which he shows that white is black and black is white. Like the Hindú philosopher he inverts the normal mode of definition by calling the invisible prototypes the only reality. Similarly, when Schopenhauer, the Buddhist of modern Europe, assures us that "in reality there is neither matter nor spirit," we note that he has adopted the Hindú idea of *Mâyâ*, or universal illusion; and that he reduces all existence to will and manifestation—will in motion being force, and force producing matter. When it is proved to us that matter does not "exist," we recognize a quirk or conceit in the use of the verb "to exist." Meanwhile, this chair, this table, these walls, and all with them are of matter, material. And that suffices for every-day use.

We avoid asserting that spirits do not exist; we fear being called upon to prove a negative; and we students are addicted to "suspension of judgment"—

a mental operation apparently distasteful to the multitude. But we affirm that if they do exist, they are material. As you see upon these walls they allow themselves to be photographed; therefore, they have substance, shape, and size; upstairs a simple instrument shows you their connection with weight. We, therefore, conclude that there are ample grounds for holding these spirits to be, like ourselves, of the world, mundane, of the earth, earthy. And when Spiritualists speak of a "materialized spirit," I can think only of a form of speech whose genus is *Taurus*, species *Hibernicus*. Similarly Lucretius makes Epicurus argue that the soul is material because all its belongings are of the material world. And Paracelsus, the mighty adept, declared: "the imagination of man is a seed which is material."

We, a goodly company, thus place ourselves in direct opposition with immaterial animisers. We regret the term "psychic force" applied to zoo-electricity, because it asserts a soul-theory. We claim to know the genesis of the soul, the place and almost the date of its birth. The beautiful conception of a refined body-form, denoted by the golden heart of the mummy, was familiar to the ancient Egyptian who, as Mr. Bonwick lately told you, had a soul's soul, as well as a body's soul. And, note, that your modern belief in perispirits and spirit-forms is that of the heathenry on the banks of the Nile who disbelieved in Moses. The Hebrews, Moses included, agreed to banish from their system a Soul-land, a Spirit-land, a Ghost-land a Kutome or Dead-man's-land, as Dáhome calls it; in other words, a future world, a state of rewards and punishments. Contented with *Ruach* (Arabic Ruh), the "breath," that is, the sign and symbol of life, these sturdy materialists wanted no Gentile *Atma* (soul) in addition to *Mátrá* (matter). In Asia the fair vision may be traced to the Guebres, who taught it to the

Jews during the captivity at Babylon: their subsequent teaching, Manicheism, or Dulism, the antagonism of light and darkness, good and bad, god and devil, positive and negative electricity is still, and long will be, a power in the world of faith. In Europe it arose amongst the fair humanities of pagan Greece and Rome; as Cupid and Psyche prove, it did noble service to the poets; while prosaic Pliny declared that "to seek for other beings external to him, is not only useless to man, but beyond his power." St. Paul introduced into Christendom the threefold idea of a natural body, which could become a glorified body, of a soul, and of a spirit; while the moderns remark, "Our ideas of the soul are not what they were a century ago; a century hence they will not be what they are now." Personally, I ignore the existence of soul and spirit, feeling no want of a self within a self, an I within an I. If it be a question of words and my *ego*, or subject, as opposed to the *non-ego*, or object; or my individuality, the concourse of conditions which differentiates me from others, be called a soul, then I have a soul, but not a soul proper. For some years, however, I have managed to live without what is popularly called a soul; and it would be hard to find one violently thrust into the recusant body.

But why do the Spiritualists so violently rage against us? Why these wails concerning the "awful spread of materialism"? The Church hates the admirable Epicurus above all other heathen sceptic-sages, simply because he would abolish Churchmen. Is this the standpoint of the psychologist? Can there be anything less rational than the phrase which has of late grown popular, "The dark and debasing doctrines of materialism"? Listen to the latest words of the learned Serjeant Cox: "The pursuit of psychology (*Psyche*, my pretty maid) is certainly as elevating as that of materialism is degrading. The eyes of the

materialists are fixed upon the earth. Psychology at least looks up to the heavens (blank sky and air). The regards of materialism are only for the present; psychology has a future"—let me add, a very unpleasant future, if Spiritualists say true. Hear, again, the words of one who was called in his day *l'austère intrigant*—"Belief in the supernatural is a fact, natural, primitive, universal, and consistent in the life and history of the human race. Unbelief in the supernatural begets materialism; materialism, sensuality; sensuality, social convulsions, amid whose storms men again learn to believe and pray" (Guizot). Granted to thee, O theologian! a personal Demiourgos, an anthropomorphic creator, by what right canst thou limit his power, his omnipotence? Surely the baser the material, the greater the feat which works it out into the noblest of forms. Far more wisely speaks an Eastern poet:—

Is not the highest honour His who from the worst can draw the best?
May not your Maker make the world from matter, at His own behest?
Nay, more; the sordider the stuff, the cunninger the workman's hand—
Cease, then, your own Almighty Power to bind, to bound, to understand!

But man—made, we are told, in the image of God—has returned the good office by modelling his God after his own very human fashion. This is the anthropomorphism, the "theanthropism" of Mr. Gladstone, concerning which the great master, Aristotle, wrote, "Men create the gods after their own image, not only with regard to their form, but with regard to their mode of life." Meanwhile, I hold it to be one of the brightest features of our times—this gospel derisively called "of Doubt and Denial." It shows the firm resolve of mankind no longer to be fooled with the fallacies

of many faiths; his longing to supplant the fatuous fires of belief by the pure daylight of present reason, and his determination to shed the lively ray of science upon the dark deceits and delusions, the frauds, the follies, and the failures of the past.

And yet another objection. The scientist, in his turn, is addicted to laying down terms and bounds to the immeasurable field of human knowledge in the ages to come. He assures us, for instance, that we shall never know the connection between the body and the soul—for there are scientists who still have souls. I would ask—By what manner of authority can man lay down such a *ne plus ultra*? We hold, under certain limitations, the law of development—of progress—to be the normal order of the world. What, then, will be the result when the coming races shall have surpassed the present as far as the present has surpassed the man of the Quaternary and, possibly, the Tertiary ages? Meanwhile the antidevelopists, theological and scientific, who cling to the obsolete and immoral doctrine of degradation, are bound to find, sunk deep below earth's surface, vestiges and remains of ancient civilization in an ever-ascending scale; they must show us, in fact, water running up to its source. They are bound to produce, amongst the old stone folk, a cave-man who, by his noble and symmetrical skull, his delicate jaw, his short forearm, his straight shin, and, possibly, his "hyacinthine locks" shall receive the fading honours of Father Adam and Mother Eve. Lord Beaconsfield is "all on the side of the Angels." I cannot but hold to the apes. And if he be a fallen angel, I, at least, am a Simiad that has done something to develop itself.

Before entering upon magnetism and occultism in Eastern lands, will you kindly allow me a few words of personal explanation? In 1876 I addressed to *The Times* the following note upon extra-sensuous percep-

tion in the mesmeric state, suggesting the universality of the so-called "spirit" phenomena :—

"Sir,—Seeing my name quoted in your columns (October 30, 1876) as one of those who have 'certified to the genuineness of spirit phenomena,' I venture to request the briefest of hearings. The experience of twenty years has convinced me that (1) perception is possible without the ordinary channels of the senses; and (2) that I have been in the presence of a force or a power, call it what you will, evidently and palpably material, if, at least, man be made of matter; but I know nothing of what is absurdly called Spiritualism, and I must be contented to be at best a Spiritualist without the Spirits.

"Some such force or power the traveller is compelled to postulate even in the absence of proof. He finds traces of it among all peoples, savage as well as civilized, and it is evidently *not* a 'traditional supernaturalism.' This all but absolute universality claims for it the right to rank in the 'suprahuman category' of the late Lord Amberley, who did not hold, as I do, the superhuman and the supermundane to be the human and the mundane imperfectly understood. Even mere barbarians, as 'the Earl' tells us in the last pleasant book, have learnt to juggle with it; and I fear that many a professional 'medium' has, at times, when the legitimate agent failed him, learnt to supplement it by sleight-of-hand, pure and simple. In 1835 the late Mr. Lane startled the public with his account of the Cairo magician and the drop of ink in the boy's hand; and 'Eothen' vainly attempted to explain the phenomenon as a 'tentative miracle.' Had the public read the *Qanoon-i-Islam* by Dr. Herklots, instead of passing over it as a cookery-book, they would have found the very same process everywhere utilized in India. Colonel Churchill's *Mount Lebanon* (1853) again describes a notable feat performed by a Druze medium,

which distinctly comes under the head of 'Materialized Spiritualism,' to use the 'Irish bull' now in vogue,—I am, sir," etc., etc.

That "perception is possible without the ordinary channels of sensation" is a hard saying. The Press took it up; and, I am told, the small boys at Norwood amused themselves by shouting to one another, "Take care where yer going! yer haven't got Captain Burton's six senses!" But I meant simply to state my conviction that the senses—which, little known to us as the "Laws of Nature," after the study of twenty-four centuries, still conceal so many secrets—sometimes are, and often may be made, independent of their organs. Who amongst you cannot quote cases of men being strangely affected by the presence of some animal? You have all heard of Henri III and of the Duke of Schomberg, who could not sit in a room where there was a cat. A notable instance of this occurred in my own family—a brave soldier who had fought through many a campaign, and yet who turned pale and faint in the feline presence. He neither saw, smelt, heard, felt, nor tasted the cat; the fact of its being there was enough.

Again, why should not the brain, or the nervous system, or whatever controls the sensuous processes of man, be able, when artificially excited, stimulated, exalted—as by mesmerism or somnambulism—to see, hear, and feel for itself; see, without eyes; hear, without ears; feel, without fingers? In other words—Why should it not be capable of clairvoyance and clairaudience? I assert that it does, and many in this room will support my assertion. A learned physician and devout Catholic—Dr. F. Lefebre, Professor of Pathology at highly orthodox Louvain—goes so far as to affirm "it is possible that the somnambulist's power of foresight may be raised to a degree far above the ordinary level, and that they can sometimes penetrate

into the future so far as to excite our utmost astonishment." In fact, this honest and courageous scientist confesses his belief in "second sight." Thus the heterodoxies of yesterday become the orthodoxies of to-day. That sturdy incarnation of common sense, Dr. Johnson, the Philistine Colossus of English literature, would certainly, had Spiritualism been developed in his day, have become a thorough-paced Spiritualist. The theory of extra-sensuous perception of things sensuous is to be proved or disproved, not by hard words, not by mere logic, but by experiment and facts. Meanwhile I hold myself justified in believing it to be true, and others equally justified in believing it to be false. As the wise man said, "Different people have different opinions." And in our present transitional empirical state of knowledge unanimity appears hopeless. Half the world of Christendom believes that "miracles" still take place; the other half denies their taking place; and who shall decide between them?

When my note appeared in *The Times*, that picturesque paper, the *Daily Telegraph*—whose peculiar gifts are *not* what it claims, "logic" and "common sense"—took up arms. With a war-whoop, *à la jingo*, and a flourish of the tomahawk, which on this occasion assumed the guise of that weapon so deadly in the hands of a certain Hebrew Hercules, he proceeded to demolish me (November 14, 1876). "How," he asks, "can a man *perceive* a cat in the room without the sensation of sight?" I am not bound to answer his "how." I affirm that man can do it, that he has done it, and that he still does it. Again, "How can he *perceive* a clap of thunder without the sense of hearing?" Let me ask, in return, how many there are—some perhaps in this room—whose nervous systems infallibly tell them, without the intervention of the "Five Deluders," that "thunder is in the air?" After fixing upon me the term "Suprahuman," which I quoted from the late

Lord Amberley's last book, he lectures me upon Eastern jugglery, as if I had never been out of Fleet Street. He asks, with that mock-humility so well known of old, in what the medium's "legitimate agent" may consist? I, on my side, would inquire what he understands by sanative mesmerism or somnabulism—is it lawful or unlawful? He would shed a Saurian tear over my lapse from grace: "It is melancholy to find a man of strong common sense indulging in such nonsense as this." Finally, because I hold to "nervous perception," which may be called a sixth sense, after the fashion of one proposed by John Stuart Mill, he threatens me with *hysteria*, which again is not sound physiology, and (horrible to say!) with "confirmed insanity."

The "Cairo magician," whose ink-mirror in the boy's hand startled the public through Lane's *Modern Egyptians* (chap. xii, vol. ii, p. 99, edit. 1846) is probably familiar to all in this room. Not so the account of the same phenomenon, given by Dr. Rossi (*Gazette Médicale de Paris*, February, 1860). This physician, established at Cairo, has supplied ample details concerning the methods employed by the Egyptian sorcerers to produce sleep accompanied by insensibility.

"In this land of tradition," writes Dr. Rossi, "in this country where what was done forty centuries ago is still done at the present day, there exists a class of persons who gain their living by the profession of *Mandieb*. [The latter is a mistake for Darb el Mandal,[1] as the Arabs call the process.]

"The effects produced by them, hitherto spoken of with contempt as charlatanism, are the same as those lately published by Dr. John Braid (1843). Still further, as you had foreseen by scientific induction, hypnotism

[1] "Mandal" is, properly speaking, a Persian word, and means the magic circle in which the necromantist sits when summoning the demons and spirits of the dead.

in their hands is merely the first link of the chain which ends by the phenomena of 'magnetic somnambulism,' discovered by the Marquis de Puységur in 1784. They proceed in the following manner. They generally make use of a perfectly white platter of earthenware. This is the luminous object of Braidism. In the centre of this plate they draw, with pen and ink, two triangles crossing each other,[1] and fill up the space occupied by this geometrical figure with cabalistic words, the probable object being to concentrate the sight upon a limited point. Finally, to increase the brightness of its surface, they pour a little oil upon it.

"Generally speaking, they choose a young subject[2] for their experiments, and make him fix his eyes on the centre of the double triangle. Four or five minutes after[3] the following effects are produced. The patient begins to see a black spot in the middle of the plate; some minutes later, this black spot grows larger, changes its shape, and transforms itself into different apparitions, which float (or rather pass in procession) before the subject. Having reached this point of hallucination, the patient often acquires a somnambulistic lucidity as extraordinary as that of those who are magnetized.

"There are, however, some of these Shaykhs who, more simple in their preparations, without having recourse to geometrical figures or cabalistic words, cause the simple hypnotism and somnambulism of Dr. Braid, by making the subject fix his eyes upon one of those glass balls which contain oil, and serve for lamps."

Before these lines had been written, a Member of the Institute, Count Léon de Laborde, bought from an "Arab Magician" at Cairo, of the confraternity

[1] The well-known cabalistic figure known to Moslems as Khátim-Sulaymán—Solomon's Seal.

[2] A negro, a boy, or a woman with child, say the Arabs.

[3] This is not time enough; in India half an hour would be the minimum.

of Lane's Shaykh Abd-el-Kadir, the secret of apparitions in the hollow of the hand. Children taken at hazard see with as much ease as through a *lucarne* (skylight) men moving, appearing and disappearing (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, August, 1840).

Had the learned public been a little better read, they would have known what Dr. Herklots wrote some three years before Lane's account caused so much excitement, "fluttering the doves" that began at once to shriek "Necromancy."[1] In the *Qanoon-i-Islam* (chap. xxxiii, pp. 376–378. London: Parbury and Allen, 1837), translated by Dr. G. A. Herklots, we find Section I devoted to the "viewing of *Unjun* (anjan), or the magic mirror."[2] The author says, "For the purpose of ascertaining where stolen goods are concealed, or the condition of the sick whenever possessed by the Devil, or where treasure has been buried, they apply *Unjun* to the palm of a child or an adult, and desire him to stare well at it." This art is practised by Jogis,[3] Sányasis, and other Hindú devotees, who use it to ascertain the exact position of buried treasure. The "Dafínah," in India, emits fire-sparks at night, and rolls about like a ball of flame. Our author continues: "The person to the palm of whose hand *Unjun* is applied, occasionally mutters a great deal of ridiculous nonsense. For example, that "at such and such a place there is a *lota degchah*, or *kurrahee*, full of rupees, etc., buried."[4] *Unjun*, we are told, is of five kinds, viz.:

1. *Urth* (arth) *Unjun*, used to discover stolen goods. This is prepared by triturating various roots, for instance, that of the *Abrus precatorius*, or carat tree,

[1] It reminded them of the Island of Glubdubdrib, "where the Governor, by his skill in necromancy, had the power of calling whom he pleased from the dead" (*Gulliver*, chap. vii.).

[2] Lamp-black prepared in a peculiar way.

[3] Of these men more hereafter.

[4] Various kinds of brass pots and pipkins.

in water. It is thus applied to the inside of a piece of earthen pot which must be new and pure, and placed inverted over a lamp lighted with (fresh) castor oil. The lamp-black is collected, mixed with oil, and applied to the hand of a footing child, who, we are told, "particularly details everything regarding what is wanted."

2. *Bhoot* (bhut) *Unjun* is similar, but used chiefly for ascertaining what regards devils, evil spirits, and spirits, and the condition of the sick.

3. *D'hunna* (dhanná) *Unjun* is composed of a lot of white cloth dipped in the blood of a cat, an owl or a "king-crow"; the eyes, liver and gall-bladder are rolled up in it, and it is used as a wick in a lamp of castor oil. The lamp procured is also mixed with oil and applied to the hand; hidden treasure is thereby discovered.

4. *Alop Unjun*, which, if applied to a person's eyes or forehead makes him, wherever he be, invisible to others, while they remain visible to him.

5. *Saurwa Unjun* is prepared with the suds of the *Dolichos lablab*. After staring for two or three *ghurees* (each of twenty-four minutes) the subject will say something to this effect: "First I saw the Farrásh (sweeper) coming; he swept the ground and departed. Then came the Bihishti (water-carrier), who sprinkled water on the flower and went away. The Farrásh reappeared and spread the carpet. Next came a whole army of fierce demons, fairies, etc., to whom succeeded their commander, who was seated on a throne." This was, in fact, the king of the Jinns, into whose presence the culprit was borne and forced to make confession.

The Hindi Moslem, from whose manuscript Dr. Herklots' translation was made, concludes the *Unjun* section as follows: "I myself place no faith in such *unjuns* and *hazeeruts* (spirit-summonings). Although born in this very country (Hindostan), bred and educated among this race (Moslems); yet, through

the blessing of God, and the friendship of the great, by the study of good books, and by the hearing of the sane counsel, the credibility of the existence of such things has been entirely effaced from my breast."

This conclusion is evidently *ad captandum*. It must be remembered that the author wrote before 1832, when even European travellers who feared to be called "credulous" were compelled to make an apology for recounting any phenomenon that savoured of the so-called "preternatural." Spiritualistic societies have, at least, taught them a little more boldness in dealing with facts, and courage in affronting the vulgus.

I need hardly enlarge upon the antiquity and the almost universal use of the Magic Mirror: Cornelius Agrippa's crystal and Dr. Dee's bit of cannel coal are doubtless well known to you. But I would draw your attention to the curious fact that everywhere and in all ages, the vision follows nearly the same ceremonial —the floor sweeping, the procession, the throne, the ruler, and the person summoned. This is the phenomenon which deserves investigation. Is it traditional—that is, taught by one "magician" to another? Or is it spontaneous—the mesmerizer's thought reflected by the medium?

The following description of treasure-raising by magic, given in the words of a Tunisian notary, shows the popular idea of the process in Western lands, as opposed to that mentioned by Herklots:—[1]

"On the evening appointed, the Moroccan and three others besides myself left the city as the gates were closed, and reached the appointed place when only two hours were wanting to midnight.

[1] See the two following papers, *Journal of the Anthropological Society*, Bombay, vol. i, 1886 (1) "Indian Necromancy," M. Dimcock, pp. 16–18; (2) "Divination by Hazirat among the Indian Musulmans," E. F. Leith, pp. 18–33, and that by W. H. Worrell in the *Journal of the American Orient Society*, vol. 36, 1916, pp. 37–53, "Ink, Oil and Mirror Gazing in Egypt."—N. M. P.

"After a short rest our guide took us to a fragment of ruin on the southern slope of a hill, where he desired us to remain perfectly silent, and instructed us not to be intimidated by anything we might see or hear. He could not tell precisely what would happen; but 'whatever may transpire,' he said, 'give no utterance to your feelings whether of fear or of joy; for if you do, our labour will not only be in vain, but the treasure itself will have to continue in the bowels of the earth for another century.'

"He then lit a small lamp, and began his incantations. He stood in the centre, and we at the four cardinal points of the compass, only about four or five arms' length from him. Then he blew into a small flame the coals he had brought in an earthen cruse, and threw a variety of incense into it. No sooner did the smoke commence to ascend than he made a last imploring sign to us neither to move nor to utter a sound, and threw himself flat on the ground.

"In a few seconds we felt the ground beneath us heave like the waves of the sea, so that we had the greatest difficulty to stand erect; tremendous noises, like the sound of thunder, at the same time assailed our ears. By the dim moon we could discern hosts of cavalry, in the plain below, galloping up to us, with their guns and lances aimed at us. They rushed upon us in the most furious and threatening attitudes; but no sound—not even that of hoofs—could we hear, and horses and riders seemed to vanish when only within a few yards of us. But this strange army thickened; the fierceness of their countenances and their threatening position increased, while at the same time we distinctly heard the clangour of chains and other extraordinary noises underground. Although trembling from fright, we stuck to our posts, and obeyed to the very letter the Moroccan's instructions. But now huge masses of rock above us began to stagger; and, as if hurled by

some supernatural and invisible force, commenced rolling down with the utmost velocity in the direction of the spot where we stood, threatening us with instantaneous destruction. The fear of death overcame our love for treasure. We fled with the speed of lightning, and called for mercy at the top of our voice, never stopping nor looking back till we found ourselves in safety.

"The Moroccan joined us soon afterwards, giving utterance to the greatest rage and fury as soon as he could make himself audible; and, had we not been four to one, he would, I believe, have committed murder that night. 'The work,' he said, 'was on the eve of being completed, and the stones opened the gap for us to possess ourselves of vast treasures. Your cowardice has frustrated all. You might have been wealthy by this time; but beggars you were when you came here, and, through your own folly, beggars you return.'"

Dr. N. Davis, who relates what was told to him (pp. 399, 400, *Carthage.* London: Bentley, 1861), notices other events of this kind. As an eye-witness he describes (p. 425) the charming of a dangerous serpent by one Haji Ibrahim, and owns that the fat little Darwaysh "had a certain influence over venomous reptiles—mesmeric, or of some other kind." Elsewhere (p. 404) he tells of a dancing drinking-cup, that skipped merrily into the middle of the room; the same kind of manifestation as that produced by Colonel Churchill's Druze mediums. Tales of this nature may be found scattered through the pages of a host of travellers; they offer, in fact, no *embarras de richesses.*

The following is the modern European form of the magic mirror. I find in a well-known Masonic journal (the *Rosicrucian,* No. 4, April 1, 1877) an article—"Evenings with the Indwellers of the World of Spirits"—by my friend, Mr. Frederick Hockley:—

"The pendant of a crystal chandelier destroyed in the

palace of the Tuileries during the Revolution under Charles the Tenth (29th July, 1830), had this evening arrived and been laid upon the table, and had not been charged. My seeress, Miss Emma Leigh, taking it up, said:

"It is thick; there is a vision in it.

"There's a pair of compasses and a square. Now the compasses are opening; now there is a point on each end of the square, which has turned sideways. There's a book come underneath—a thick book, bound in rough calf, with thick bands up the back; now there's a man's face, very thin, dark, straight hair, quite black, come inside the compasses, and a thin, very thin hand placed upon the book.

"Now the face has come from the inside of the compasses to a small space outside. The hand has opened the book; the book is very beautiful inside, it looks like a picture. There are two figures with wings on each side of a little oval; in the middle of the oval there appear words or figures beautifully coloured.

"This remained some time, and as the hour for using the C.A. mirror was at hand, I tried to dismiss the vision, but it remained. I then placed the crystal in my cabinet.

"At 8 p.m. I invoked, as usual, the C.A. in his mirror, the action lasted till a few minutes to ten, when the C.A. left.

"Ten p.m.—Immediately Emma took up Mr. Dresser's crystal she observed: 'It is still clouded. The book is there open, and the man's face and shoulders. He has held his hand up, and the book has opened in the same place. It looks very richly illuminated in gold and colours; there is an arch at the top, and one angel is standing upon a crushed ball. Now there are clouds of different colours coming up under the other figure at the bottom—white, like smoke, then purple, blue,

pink, and golden-coloured, which covers all up to their wings.

" ' In the oval the reading is not in English or like letters; it is large enough to be read. Two or three of the letters look like ducks with their heads under water.'

" Emma then copied the contents of the oval, and when finished, she said: ' Now there's a little slip of paper come underneath the title-page with words on it.' "

(For the rest of the article the reader must consult the Masonic journal.)

In Dr. Herklots we find the word " Jogi " properly applied to a Hindú devotee. Some of our modern Spiritualistic writers (" Isis Unveiled ") speak of a " Hindú Fakir," which sounds much like a " Protestant Franciscan," or " Trappist." These Jogis are familiar, by sight at least, to every Anglo-Indian, who includes them all under the comprehensive term, " holy beggars." They maintain the possibility of acquiring, even during life, entire command of our elementary matter, and all worldy substances. The means are certain ascetic practices, such as (1) long-continued suppressing of breath, and inhaling and exhaling in particular ways; some of them are said to retain respiration for an incredible time; (2) sitting in different attitudes, of which the Ayin Akbari (ii, 445) records eighty-four different *asans*, the eyes generally fixed so as to produce hypnotism, or Braidism, upon the nose tip. These austerities affect the *yoga* (union) between the particle of vital spirit residing in the body and that which, being the source and essence of creation, pervades all nature—in fact, the *Anima mundi*, or soul of the world. Thus the Jogi, being liberated from his too coarse flesh, can make himself lighter than the lightest substances, and heavier than the heaviest. He can become as big or as small as he pleases. He can practise

attrobacy, or levitation, and traverse all space. He can render himself invisible, and animate a dead body, by transferring his "spirit" [1] into it. He can attain all objects, and become equally familiar with the Past, the Present, and the Future. Finally, he can be united with the sources of life, the archæal soul of the world, the "Universal Soul" of Plato, and the Astral Light of the cabbalists. He now consequently escapes the pains and penalties of metempsychosis.

The Jogis are mostly strong in the Zoo-electric force, which Mr. Crooke's instrument has proved to be material as any other form of electricity. Its application evidently dates from the earliest ages, and is by no means confined to the nobly born and civilized races of man. My cousin, Edward Burton, when serving, about 1840, in the now abolished Royal African Corps at St. Mary's, Bathurst, Gambia River, found a self-taught negro magnetizer. "Tom Tom Jack" wisely refused to meddle with "whites" (Europeans), but boasted that he could hypnotize any black man. My cousin offered five dollars, a large inducement, to his orderly, "Charley Ross," if he could resist the force; but the magnetizer was successful. I may also state that in my own case the practice began naturally, long before I had the benefit of books and teachers.

Amongst those who have recorded "Spiritualism" in Eastern lands, we must include Colonel Churchill.[2] He resided long upon the Lebanon, and he gained much mediumistic experience, expecially from one of his friends, Bashír Talhúk. The following lines deserve quotation concerning the Shaykh, who, we are told, "has devoted his time, singular as it may appear, to the cultivation of magic; and the stories he relates of his interviews with immaterial beings are novel and startling.

[1] Read *Zoo-electric force*.
[2] Churchill's *Mount Lebanon* (London, 1853), vol. i, pp. 146–167.

"At times he will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other; when, after the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David,[1] it will move spontaneously round. A stick, at his bidding, will proceed unaided from one end of the room to the other. A New Testament suspended by a piece of string to a key will, in the same way, turn violently round of itself.[2] On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one being empty, the other filled with water, the empty jar will, on the recital of certain passages, move across the room; the jar full of water will rise of itself on the approach of its companion and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the same manner that it came. An egg boiling in the saucepan will be seen to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance.[3] A double-locked door will unlock itself. *There cannot be a doubt that an unseen influence of some kind is called into operation, but of what nature those may conjecture who like to speculate upon such matters.*"[4]

But it is in the more serious cases of disease or lunacy that the supernaturally derived powers are called into play. Previous to undertaking a cure, he shuts himself up in a darkened room, and devotes his time to prayer and fasting. Fifteen and sometimes thirty days are passed in this state of abstinence and self-denial. At last one of the genii (Jinn), described by him to be

[1] This process, like the words of the vulgar "spell," was probably used to concentrate the will.

[2] The *Korán-gardán*, or Korán-turning of the Persians. Usually the key is made fast to the book, and its handle rests upon the finger-tips of the patients, whose nervous agitation and muscular action, unknown to them, cause the movement. At Goa the Portuguese thus discover thieves, etc. The gypsies of Spain also practise the rite, the accuser and the accused singing the Song of Solomon.

[3] A favourite gypsy trick in Northern Africa.

[4] The italics are not the author's.

much of the same appearance as human beings, will suddenly appear before him and demand his bidding. He then states his position, and requires assistance in the case he is about to undertake. The genii replies at once that his request is granted and encourages him to proceed.

"The wife of Shaykh Ahmed Talhúk had been for more than two years afflicted with a swelling, which had been mistaken for pregnancy. Shaykh Bushír, after the usual preparatory discipline, passed his hand over her person, and in five minutes she arose perfectly cured. Shaykh Yúsuf Talhúk was brought before him a confirmed lunatic; in two days he returned to his home perfectly restored in health and reason. (You see how shrewd was the apostle of Allah when he disclaimed the gift of miracle-mongering.)

"That the Shaykh stoutly maintained his intercourse with spiritual agents to be real and effective is unquestionable; and, indeed, the belief in magic, and in the interposition of an order of unseen creatures in worldly affairs, at the bidding of those who chose to devote themselves earnestly to such intercourse, is universal throughout the entire population of every religion and sect. . . . Instances could be multiplied in which the most extraordinary and unaccountable results have been brought about, by the introduction of individuals who made this communion the subject of their study and contemplation. *But as the ears of Europeans would only be shocked by assertions and statements which they would not fail of holding to be utterly fabulous and ridiculous, the subject is merely alluded to in these pages to indicate the existence of a very prominent and prevalent belief in the Lebanon.*" (Again I place in italics those words which supply a Spiritualistic Society with such an admirable *raison d'être.*)

The notes on Spiritualism which you have this

evening favoured with your hearing are, to use a Persian phrase, only a handful which proves what the heap is. My friend Dr. Charnock especially recommends "Le Spiritualisme Oriental," by another friend, A. de Kremer (*Journal Asiatique*, 6 série, tom. 13, p. 105). Also he refers to index tom. 20, in connection with "Le Sougisme" (Reading-room, British Museum, 2098D). In my *History of Sindh* (London: Allen, 1851) I have given a chapter (No. viii) and its notes to the same subject, Sufi-ism. And, lastly, in *Vikram and the Vampire* (London: Longmans, 1870), I have related, under a facetious form of narrative, many of the so-called supernaturalisms and preternaturalisms familiar to the Hindús. These studies will show the terrible "training," the ascetic tortures, whereby men either lose their senses, or attain the highest powers of magic (proper), that is, of commanding nature by mastering the force, whatever it be, here called Zoo-electric, which conquers and controls every modification of matter.

Nothing remains but to thank you for the patience with which you have listened to a long ramble, and to hope that the debate will be more interesting than the discourse. According to the Arabs, "The lesson is one; the talk (that follows the lesson) is one thousand."

GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI

This intimate account of the great Italian Egyptologist affords most interesting reading, for besides speaking of his work in Egypt Burton gives us a short survey of exploration in West Africa and a unique account of his attempt to reach Timbuctoo with the curious details concerning his death.

Belzoni was the first man to excavate in the Valley of the Kings where the late Lord Carnarvon has recently made his great find of Tutankhamen's tomb. The article was printed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xlii, pp. 36–50.

I.—Belzoni in Padua.

I HAVE no intention of troubling the reader with a biography of Giovanni Battista Belzoni. The birth, the short, eventful life of forty-five years, and the death of the great Italian explorer have been written and re-written both at home and abroad: his excursions into ancient and classical Egypt are as familiar, if not more so, to the Englishman as to the Italian. My business is with a few details of his career, and especially with his death, concerning which I know more than any man now living. Finally, I would suggest certain honours due to his memory before it fades—the fate of travellers and explorers amongst their brother men—into the mists and glooms of the past. As, however, all are not familiar with a career, peculiarly attractive to Englishmen, which began in 1815 and which ended in 1823, the following facts, borrowed more from living authorities than from books, may not be unwelcome.

Belzoni's mother-city was Padua. A century after he was born I visited what now represents his birth-

place, No. 2946 in the Via Paolotti. It stands opposite the gloomy old prison of the same name, a kind of guardhouse, whose occupation is denoted by the sentries and the wooden window-screens. The two-storied, four-windowed tenement, with its yellow walls and green shutters jealously barred in the ground-floor, bears, under the normal Paduan arcade, a small slab of white marble inscribed:

IN QVESTA CASA
IL 5 NOV. 1778 NACQVE
BELZONI.

The building, however, is modern. In the early quarter of our century the street was a straggle of huts and hovels, and the garden of the present house contained more than one. They were "improved off" about 1845, on the occasion of his leading home a bride, by the present owner, Sig. Squarcina, C.E.

As the explorer tells us in his well-known *Travels*,[1] the family was originally Roman, with the rights of citizenship, and the name Bolzon, or Bolzoni, was softened by him to Belzoni. One of many children, he inherited a splendid *physique* from his mother, Teresa, of the well-known Orsolato house; she is described as a woman of masculine strength and stature. His father, Jacopo, was a *tonsore*—in plain English, a barber—proud of the old home which he had never seen, and full of legends concerning the grandeur of Rome and his ancestry. Let me say, *sans rancune*, that there is an important difference (in kind) between a Roman *tonsore* and a northern "barber,"[2] We must not confound old and new civilizations.

[1] *Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries in Egypt and Nubia, etc.*, fol. and atlas. London, Murray, 1820.

[2] Even more difference exists between the Barber of the East and of the West. The immortal tale of the Barber in the *Nights* is not exaggerated, and as a master of intrigue and as a general household factotum is well known from Morocco to Burma.—N. M. P.

The future traveller's first journey was an escapade which is related at full length by his biographers.[1] The father had taken his large and lively family for a *gita* to Monte Ortone, near the famous thermæ of classical Abano, and the day in the country had been so charming that Giambattista persuaded his younger brother Antonio to repeat the trip without the formality of asking leave. This led to further wanderings—to Ferrara, Bologna, and other places in the direction of Rome; but the two runaways, who were penniless, presently lost heart and returned home. Hence, possibly, the persistent but mistaken report which makes Belonzi's father a *cultivatore*, or peasant-proprietor, at Abano, and, consequently, a compatriot of Pietro di Abano, the "Conciliator of Doctors' Differences" (A.D. 1250–1316).

Padua, it must be confessed, has by no means neglected her worthy, as is known to every traveller who visits the Palazzo della Ragione. This curious pile, which separates the fruit market and the vegetable market, with their Dahoman umbrellas, is thoroughly out of place. The guide-books tell us that the architectural idea was borrowed from a Hindu palace; I find in it a forecast of the nineteenth century railway station. A mighty roof covers the great hall, *Il Salon di Padua*, called "of Reason" because courts of law were held here; both have the merit of being as large and as ugly as any in Italy. Inside, over the doorway, stands the great medallion in Carrara marble, two mètres in circumference, cut in *alto-relievo*, at Rome, by Rinaldo Rinaldi of Padua, a pupil of Canova. Girt by the serpent of immortality, the head of the turbaned and long-bearded explorer looks towards the dexter

[1] Vol. ii, pp. 11–16, *Viaggi in Egitto*, by Prof. Abate Lodovico Menin, Milano, 1825. Menin was acquainted with Belzoni's mother, and with the whole family, of whom only relations on the female side (Orsolato) now remain.

chief and bears the following simple and incorrect legend :—

I.B. BELZONIVS. VETER. AEGIPTI [*sic*] MONVMENT. REPERTOR.

Below stands :

OBIIT, AET. ANN. XLV IN AFRICA. REGNO
BENINENSI AN. MDCCCXXIII.

This medallion was set up after the explorer's death. In 1819, when he revisited his native city, and, despite the *res angusta domi*, presented to her, with the pride of filial piety, two Egyptian statues, his compatriots showed their gratitude by a medal coined in England. It bore round the figures :—

OB DONVM PATRIA GRATA
A. MDCCCXIX.

On the reverse is :

IO BAPT. BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI CEPHRENIS PIRAMIDEM
APIDISQ. SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVS APERVIT
ET URBEM BERENICIS
NVBIAE ET LIBYAE NON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT

At either side of the entrance which carries the medallion sit the two Egyptian statues alluded to. Both represent Pasht, the cat-headed goddess of Bi-Bast, or Bubastis, now Zagázig town. Brugsch Bey makes her Isis of the tabby-head, in Arabic Bissat, (the cat),[1] Osiris assuming the title of Bas or Biss (the tom-cat). The two hold in the left hand the mystic

[1] See Burton's note in the *Nights*, vol. iii, p. 149.

Tau; one has well-marked whiskers *à la Rè Galantuomo*; consequently, despite the forms, which are distinctly feminine, it has become, in local parlance, the "male mummy." "Pussy,"[1] on the right, is inscribed:

IO. BAPT. BELZONI. PAT.
EX THEBIS AEGYPTIS
DONVM MISIT
A.M. DCCCXIX.
CIVITAS GRATA.

Further to the left of the entrance stands the plaster statue of Belzoni, carrying on its base the artist's name, SANAVIO NATALE. It is of heroic size, at least ten feet tall, and habited in a very fancy costume: large falling collar, doublet buttoned in front, sash round waist, shorts, long stockings, and "pumps" with fancy arabesques; in Rabelaisian phrase, "pinked and jagged like lobster wadles." The right hand holds a roll of manuscript; the left controls a cloak, or rather a fringed cloth, a curtain, which is, I presume, the picturesque and poetical phase of cloak. This work of art has two merits. It shows the explorer's figure exactly as it never was, and it succeeds in hiding his face from a near view; the rapt regard is so "excelsior," so heavenwards, that the spectators see only a foreshortened nose based upon a tangled bush of beard. The inscription also has its value; it is long, while it says little; it omits one of the names; and, as a record of exploits, it indulges too freely in the figure called "hysteron-proteron." I copy it because, being provisional, there are hopes of its growing out of childish defects, and the numbers in parentheses

[1] In the *Gold Mines of Midian* I derive this word from "Bissah." The cat is a later introduction into Europe, and the very word (Katt, *Catus*) is probably Semitic.

show what should have been the proper order of the lines : [1]

GIOVANNI [add BATTISTA] BELZONI
NATVRALISTA IDRAVLICO ARCHEOLOGO
(4) IL RECONDITO EGITTO DIVINANDO SVELÓ
(3) ERCVLEO INFOCILATO
(9) ALLE INGORDE SABBIE TOGLIEVA BERENICE
(8) LA SECONDA PIRAMIDE (6) I SEPOLCRI D'IPSAMBVL
(7) LA NECROPOLI PSAMETICA [*sic*] PENETRAVA [2]
(5) SMOSSE LA MOLE DE MEMNONE FONDATO IL MVSEO
BRITTANICO [*sic*]
PARLÓ FAMA SI GRANDE
CHE GLI STRANIERI STANCHI D'INVIDIARE ONORARONO
A PIÙ ARDVE IMPRESE SCORREA L'AFRICA
IL SIRIO ARDORE SPENSE L'AVDACIA
CREBBE LA GLORIA

NATO IN PADOVA 1778 MORÌ A GATO D'AFRICA 1823.

The first three lines are correct enough, "barring" the mutilated name. Belzoni, after preparing to become a monk, studied the elements of engineering at Rome, which, on the French occupation (1803), he exchanged for London. "Hercules" probably alludes to the fact, forgotten by his countrymen, that he supported himself by feats of strength at various theatres. He was a magnificent specimen of a man, strong as a Hercules, handsome as an Apollo; the various portraits taken about this time show the fine features which rarely, except in statues, distinguish the professional athlete. He *had* that "divination," that archæological instinct, which *nascitur, non fit*: we see it now in MM. Mariette, Cesnola, and Schliemann, whose name is Shalomon.

After marrying, and passing nine years in England,

[1] The 1st of January was up the Nile; the 2nd, entered the Second Pyramid and continued till the 3rd up stream; the 4th was to Berenike on the Red Sea, and the 5th to the so-called Oasis of Ammon.

[2] This orthography, and even *Psamatikhos*, is found; but the M. of Psammis, or Psammetic, probably bore in this a sign of reduplication (M)

Belonzi with his wife drifted to Egypt (June 9, 1815), then happy under the rule of Mohammed Ali the Great. He began, as an "independent member," with setting up a hydraulic machine at the Shubrah Gardens, carrying owls to Athens, coals to Newcastle. He failed, and fell into the ranks. Nile-land was then, as now, a field for plunder; fortunes were made by digging, not gold, but antiques; and the archæological field became a battle-plain for two armies of Dragomans and Fellah-navvies. One was headed by the redoubtable Salt; the other owned the command of Drovetti, or Drouetti, the Piedmontese Consul and Collector, whose sharp Italian brain had done much to promote the great Pasha's interests.

Belzoni, without a regular engagement, cast his lot with the Englishman, and was sent to Thebes. Here he shipped on board a barge and floated down to el-Rashid (Rosetta) the bust of Rameses II, miscalled "Young Memnon"—(Miamun or Amun-mai). The Colossus reached its long home, the large Hall in the British Museum, without any of the mishaps which have lately attended a certain "Needle." [1]

The explorer then travelled, *viâ* Alexandria, Cairo, and Edfu, to the Isles of Elephantine and Philæ, both, by-the-by, meaning Elephant (*Arabic* el-Fíl), despite Wilkinson. The enemy attacked him as he was removing his obelisk from Philæ; it consisted of an "Arab" mob, numbering some thirty, under the command of two Italians—Lebuco and the "renegade Rossignano," with Drouetti in the rear. Belzoni defended himself in a characteristic way, by knocking down an assailant,

[1] In 1822, John Murray, of Albemarle Street, published six "Plates Illustrative of the Researches and Operations of G. Belzoni in Egypt," etc. They are, 1. General View of the Site of Thebes. 2. The Mode in which the Collossal head of Young Memnon was taken from Thebes. 3. India from the Ceiling of the Great Vaulted Hall, in the Tomb supposed to be that of Psammis at Thebes. 4 and 5. Ruins of Ombos, etc. 6. Interior of Temple in the Island of Philæ.

seizing his ankles, and using him as a club upon the foemen's heads. This novel weapon, in the Samson style, gained a ready victory. He reached Wady Halfah (second Cataract), and cleared the deposits of Typhon from the Ramesseums of Abu-Simbal (Ipsambul). The so-called Crystal Palace contains a caricature of these rock-temples; and country folk identify the Colossi with "Gog and Magog."

In 1817 Belzoni, still under Salt, made his third run up-country, and attacked the famous Bíbán el-Mulúk, the "Gates (*i.e.* tombs) of the Kings." The hollow sound of a wall revealed an inner chamber, and the sinking of the ground, caused by rain, led to the Sepulchre of Sethi I. His description of crawling, snail-like, through the passages is admirable. The results of this work best known in England are the Colossal head and arms sent to the British Museum; and the Sarcophagus, of semi-transparent arragonite, afterwards (1824) sold by Salt to Sir John Soane for 2,000*l.* "Belzoni's Tomb" preserves his name in Egypt; but I have noticed that of late years certain tourist-authors have forgotten the duty of rendering honour where honour is due.

During 1817–1818 Belzoni worked at the *Troici lapidis mons*, vulgarly known as the "Second Pyramid." He had some difficulty in persuading the Bedawin-Fellahs of the west bank to assist him; but, as usual, he ended by succeeding. He cleared the upper of the two openings, and found that the Arabs had been before him. The inscription given by him (p. 273) and copied into every handbook is, let me say, despite of Professor Lee and M. Salámé, in part unintelligible. Perhaps Belzoni's occupation is not gone. It appears to many that those vast sepulchral mansions must contain many chambers; and I ask myself why the pendulum and the new sound-instruments should not be scientifically tried.

In September, 1817, our explorer set out from Esue to visit Berenike (Troglodytica). This Port of Ptolemy Lagi was the African terminus of the Indian "overland," intended to turn the stormy and dangerous Gulf of Suez; and it held its own till supplanted by Myos Hormos and other ports further north. The goods were disembarked, were carried by caravans through the Desert of the Thebaïs to Coptos, Kobther, Caphtor (?), Kobt, Kaft or Koft on the Nile, and thence were floated down to Alexandria. The land journey was estimated at 258 Roman miles, and the march of twelve days gave an average of 21 per diem; our modern itineraries made the total 271 English statute miles. A similar western line was also taken, to escape the even more turbulent and perilous Gulf of Akabah; the road lying from Leuke Kome (el-Haurá) through the Land of Midian to Rhinocolura (el-Arísh), on the Mediterranean.

At Berenike, following M. Caliud, and seeking for sulphur, Belzoni discovered a temple of Serapis; he explored the emerald mines of Jabel Zabbârah to the north-west, and the "Emerald Island," or St. John's, which the Arabs call Semergeh, or Semergid, from the Greek Smaragdos. Berenike has twice been visited by my friend General Purdy (Pasha), in 1871 and 1873. He found remains of mines about the Jebel el-Zabergah (Zumurrud ?) with scoriæ, handmills, and other appurtenances of the craft, all along the road.[1] Belzoni's last trip (1819) was to Mœris and "Elloah" (El-wah) el-Kasr, the smaller oasis, of which he is the discoverer. He was wrong, however, in identifying it with the "Wady" of Jupiter Ammon, which is Siwah.

After five years of splendid and profitable work in Egypt, Belzoni left it for ever (1819). In London he published his book, canvassed his friends, and prepared to carry out the dream of his life—a plunge into the then unexplored depths of the African continent. And

[1] Bull, *Egyptian Geographical Society*, No 6 Nov. 1879.

here, leaving him for a time, we will return to Padua *Par parenthèse*, the "Chauvnismus" concerning stranger jealousy hardly applies to England; she was the explorer's second mother; and his enemies were his own countrymen.

In 1866, when Padua exchanged the "Eagle with Two Heads displayed" for the plain Cross Argent of Savoy, sundry patriotic citizens addressed a petition to the municipality, praying that the name of the *contrada* be changed from the ignoble "dei Paolotti" to the noble "Belzoni." The request was disregarded, probably for the usual reason; it did not emanate from the fountain of all civic honour—the town-hall. The experiment is to be tried again, under circumstances which ought to, and which I hope will, ensure success. The Riveria (quay) Santa Sofia, formerly a fetid canal, one of the many veinlets of the Bacchaglione, has just lost name and nature; the ground, a large oblong, will be planted with trees (Eucalyptus?), and it would start well in life under the honoured name of PIAZZALE BELZONI.

The necessary measures are being taken by Giovanni Dr. Tomasoni, of Udine, a man of property, who has travelled round the world. He holds, by-the-by, with Mesnier (1874), against Gray (1875), that the Bonze in strange costume, short cloak and flat cap, who appears in the Buddhist temple of the "Five Hundred Genii" at Canton, is not Shien-Tchu, a Hindu saint, but a western man, and consequently Marco Polo.[1]

The first step will be to name the Square; the second, to raise a Monument. Something provisional might be set up, in the shape of a wooden pyramid, till subscriptions justify a formal statue. As this charge could not fairly be imposed on the municipality, an appeal

[1] Lecture of February 20, 1877. Mr. Archdeacon Gray's *Walks in the City of Canton* was printed at Hong Kong. It supports the Hindu claims in pp. 207–208 and 217.

should be made to public generosity. Padua has now many wealthy sons, and we may hope that they will practically disprove the imputation of *materialismo*. Let us also hope that the statue will be realistic; will show the explorer in working garb, not habited like a Turk, a courtier, or a Hercules.

II.—Belzoni in Benin.

Before landing the explorer on the edge of the Dark Continent, it is advisable to cast a short glance at Africa, in connection with England, during the first quarter of our century. The "African Association," which became (1831) the "Royal Geographical Society," was formed in June, 1788. It began by sending out Ledyard, one of *the* Cook's circumnavigators, who was killed by fever in "Sennaar"—properly Si (water) n (of) and Arti (the Island) = Water Island. Followed Lucas: but this well-qualified traveller returned, *re infectâ*, to the north coast. Next went the gallant Major Houghton, to be plundered and left to starve among the Arabs of Ludamar (Wuld Omar) in the Great Desert (1791). Then came upon the stage that famous Mungo Park, whose charming volumes, I believe, owe most of their charm to Brian Edwards, of Jamaica. The Scotch surgeon's first and ever memorable march was made in 1795–97, and the fatal second in 1805. Herr Hornemann, of Göttingen, set out from Cairo in 1798; became, it is supposed, a Marabut or Santon in Káshná; and disappeared about 1803. Roentgen was murdered near Mogador in 1809. Adams, *alias* Benjamin Rose, assured the Association that in 1810 he had visited "Timbuctoo," or, properly, *Tin-bukhtu*, the "Well of Bukhtu." The same place was reached, in 1815, by James Riley, supercargo of the American brig *Commerce*, who brought back authentic details concerning the then mysterious course of the Niger. Captain Tuckey, R.N., commanding

a Government expedition, lost himself and most of his companions by Congo fever and calomel, in 1816. During the same year Major Peddie died at the beginning of his march on the Rio Nunez; and Major Campbell, his second in command, at Kakundy, in the next, June 13, 1817. Captain Grey (1818–19) returned safe from a trip to the Upper Gambia. Major Laing (1821–22) fixed the sources of the Niger, which he did not reach, in N. latitude 9°.[1] He was murdered during a second expedition in 1826, and evil reports, probably false, connected his death with the French explorer Caillié. The expedition of Ritchie and Lyon ended disastrously, by the death of its chiefs, in November, 1819. Lastly, Denham and Clapperton began their memorable exploration in 1820, and returned in January 1825.

During this interval, Belzoni again presented himself before the British public. The reports concerning "Timbuctoo" had only whetted general curiosity; and the factitious importance with which the march by "long Desert," and the "treachery of the Moors," had invested that uninteresting place, lasted till the visit of my late friend Barth in 1853. The nineteenth century moves apace. In 1879 the French are proposing an impossible railway from Algiers to the ex-capital of Negroland;—the chief inducement being, evidently, to cut out *ces Anglais*.

The Italian explorer had much in his favour. His gigantic strength was unimpaired; and he had recruited his health by three years of beef-steaks and beer. He

[1] I proposed to explore the sources in 1860–65; but the late Dr. Baikie agreed with me that *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*. My friend Winwood Reade was not successful in 1869. The head of the Joliba ("Great River") has just been reached by MM. Tweifel and Moustier, *employés* in the house of M. Verminch, of Sierra Leone. They ascended the Rokelle, passed the Kong Mountains and Falaba town with some difficulty; and, guided by Major Laing's map, found the main source on the frontier of Kissi and Koranka, some 200 miles from the "Lion's Range." What was our "Royal Geographical Society" doing?

had acquired the habit of command; and he was well acquainted with colloquial Arabic. His economies and the liberality of his friends supplied him with the sinews of travel. The well-known Briggs Brothers, of London and Alexandria, lent him 200*l.* On the other hand, his forty-five years were against him; Africa, like the persons alluded to by Byron, ever

> Prefers a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

Belzoni began by visiting Tangier, where, foiled by the suspicions of the Moors and the Jews, he failed to reach Fez. He now changed his plans, and very sensibly made his will (May 20, 1823) before entering Central Africa, the "grave of Europeans." He divided his property into three parts—the recipients being his mother, "Teresa Belzoni," or "Bolzoni"; another Theresa, the daughter of his deceased brother Antonio; and his wife Sarah. This done, he embarked at Mogador, touched at Cape Coast Castle, and landed in the Bight of Benin. He seems to have "divined" the Niger outlet. There were many "theoretical discoverers," especially my friend the late James M'Queen; but the question was not practically settled till Richard and John Lander dropped down the Nun, or direct stream, to the Atlantic mouth, in 1830.

"Benin," or "Binnin,"—by the natives called "Ibini," "Bini," or "Ini"—held her head high amongst African kingdoms during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In our age the name has fallen into disuse, and few know anything beyond the fact that she lies somewhere in West Africa. According to early explorers, the length (north to south) was 80 by 40 leagues of depth. John Barbot[1] increases these figures to 300 by 125, and makes the northern limit "Ardra,"

[1] This "Agent-General of the Royal African Company" treats especially of Benin in book iv. chap. 5, and his brother James continued the work from 1682 to 1699.

now Dahoman, which he identifies with the classical *Aranga mons* on the South Ethiopic Ocean.

Benin was discovered by the Portuguese, of whom old Willem Bosman politely says, "They served for setting dogs to spring the game which was seized by others." The explorer was Joam Afonso de Aveiro,[1] and the date 1485, one year after Diogo Cam had begun that conquest of the Congo which has lately been completed by Mr. Henry M. Stanley. Men were enthusiasts in those days. Fernan' de Póo (Fernando Po) called his trouvaille *A Ilha Formosa* (Fair Isle); and the Benin River became *O Rio Formoso*, or Fermoso—an older form—but not Formos*a*, the feminine. In our times the British mariner sings—with variants—

> The Bight of Benin! the Bight of Benin!
> One comes out where three goes in.

The natives know the stream-mouth as *Uwo ko Jakri*, or "Outlet of Jakri," the latter being African for the European Wari, Owari, Awerri, Ouueri, Owhyeré, or Ovare, a petty princedom on the southern fork. The late Mr. Beecroft, H.M.'s Consul for Fernando Po, proved (1840) by a cruise in the *Ethiope* steamer that this Wari branch leaves the Niger a little below Abu or Ibu town. Consequently the Rio Formoso is the Western arm of the Delta, whose hypothenuse measures some 180 miles.

The "Missioner" soon took Benin in hand. Aveiro brought home a "Mouf" (Ambassador) from the King, praying to be supplied with reverend men and ghostly meals. The Capuchin, Father Jerom Merolla de Sorrento,[2]

[1] He was factor of the then Dutch Elmina on the Gold Coast during the terminal quarter of the last century. His twenty-first letter treats of the "Kingdom of Benin," and his valuable work was translated in 1705.

[2] He wrote about 1680 his *Voyage to Congo and several other Countries, chiefly in Southern Africa.* His work, which is minute and valuable, was first "made English from the Italian" in Churchill's collection (i. 521). I borrow from Pinkerton (vol. xvi.), and hope to republish the book with the good aid of the Hakluyt Society.

tells us a pleasant story how Father Angelo Maria persuaded a " white young lady " of St. Thomas Island to a peculiar act of self-devotion. She travelled to Benin, and, " being arrived at the King's palace, she was received by that monarch like another Rachel by Jacob, Esther by Ahasuerus, or Artemisia by Mausolus, and afterwards married by him after the Christian fashion ; thereby giving a good example to his subjects, who soon forsook their former licentious principles and submitted to be restrained by the rules of the Gospel ; that is, were all married according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church." This much-suffering young person sacrificed herself to very little purpose. During the seventeenth century Benin, like Congo, was overrun by a little army of " Apostolic Missioners," who had, however, more care for their fees of slaves than for cures of souls ; they meddled and they muddled, and they conducted themselves generally, to judge by their own accounts, in a way which would have secured deportation at the hands of downright Mr. John Dunn.

By slow degrees Christianity withered on its uncongenial soil. The Portuguese, who had begun work at Benin under D. Joam II, struck work under D. Joam III. During the latter part of the last century only a few half-caste traders and slavers from St. Thomas kept up churches and lodges at the chief settlements. In 1862 I found a trace of the faith in one place only, Wari—or Jakri—town ; a tall cross still bore a bronze crown of thorns nailed to the centre, and a rude M(aria ?) of the same material was fastened to the lower upright. Singularly strange and misplaced was this emblem, rising from a grass thicket surrounded by a wall of the densest jungle, with a typical dead tree in front. Native huts here and there peeped over the bush ; and hard by stood the usual Juju or fetish-house, a dwarf shed of tattered matting garnished with a curtain of white calico soiled and rusty. Truly a suggestive type of

the difficulties with which the Cross had to contend in lands where Nature runs riot, and where the mind of man is rank as its surroundings;—difficulties against which it has fought a good fight, but hitherto without the crown. Hard by the cross was a mound of solid earth, whose tread suggested that it was a place of sepulture. Of these reverend men, these Nigerian martyrs, it may be truly said, "Time hath corroded their epitaphs and buried their very tombstones." Not a sign of burial appeared save a bit of blanched and weathered skull. Yet they are not to be pitied. They laboured through life at a labour of love, expecting the pleasing toil to end in eternal repose. And the good which they did lives after them;—at Wari I saw none of the abominations of Great Benin and Dahome.

Upon the heels of the "Apostolic Missioner" came the merchant, who was mostly a slave-dealer. Now our eye-witnesses and authorities become Bosman and Barbot, who give copious accounts of the country and country folk. All the principal European nations, Portuguese, Dutch, English, and French, at one time had *comptoirs*; and all failed in consequence of the mosquitoes, the fever, and the utter rascality, the complicated dishonesty, of the people, or rather peoples. The celebrated botanist (A.M.F.J.), Palisset de Beauvais, here passed upwards of a year (1786) in collecting materials for his *Flore d'Oware et de Benin.* In 1788 Captaine Landolphe founded near the river mouth for the *Compagnie d'Owhyeré* a fort and factory which he called Borodo; this establishment lasted till 1792, and died of the Great Revolution. In these days a few English houses, Messrs. Horsfall, Harrison, Stewart and Douglas, and others, have settlements near the estuary, and take palm-nuts in barter for English goods. The export slave trade is totally stopped, to the manifest injury of the slave, who was once worth eighty dollars, and now hardly as many sixpences.

Nothing, however, would be easier than to run a dozen cargoes of *casimir noir* out of the Benin river.

The ethnological peculiarity of Great Benin, as noted by all travellers, is the contrast between a comparative civilization and an abominable barbarity. The capital which Bosman and Barbot call Oedo (Wedo) had in 1800 a circumference of six leagues; and of the thirty main streets some stretched two miles long and twenty feet wide. All were kept in a remarkable state of cleanliness—a virtue little known to Europe in those days—because "every woman sweeps her own door." At levees the prince sat upon an ivory couch under a silken canopy; and on his left hand, against a fine tapestry, stood "seven white scoured elephant's teeth," on pedestals of the same material. The palace also contained large stables for horses, an article of luxury which has almost died out. The nobles bore the titles of Homograns (*homens grandes*) or grandees, and below them were the Mercadores and Fiadores (sureties or brokers). Yet the city was a Golgotha, an Aceldama and Barbot exclaims in the bitterness of his heart and nose :—

> The fiends their sons and daughters they
> Did offer up and slay:
> Yea, with unkindly murthering knife
> The guiltless blood they spilt;
> Yea, their own sons' and daughters' blood
> Without all cause of guilt.—Psalm lv, 35–38.

The "grand customs" on the death of a "King" were, and are, essentially different in detail from those of Dahome. Yet the underlying idea is the same. Majesty must not enter Hades, Ghost-home, the Shadowy Land, without regal pomp and circumstance. The body is lowered into a deep pit; and the most beloved domestics of both sexes, who highly prize the honour, take their places above it. The mouth of the hollow is then closed with a large stone, and crowds

of mourners sit around it night and day. Next morning certain officers, told off for the purpose, open the pit and ask the set question, "Have ye found the king?" (*i.e.* in Dead-man's-land). Those alive answer by telling how many of their number had perished of hunger and cold. This "strange-fantastical ceremony" is sometimes continued for five or six days. When at last no sound comes from below, the lieges make a great feast, and spend the night running about the streets, chopping off heads and dragging off the corpses, which are thrown into the pit before its final closing. Bosman, in the normal chapter on "Manners and Customs," notices the "ridiculous religion" and the frequent "apparition of ghosts of deceased ancestory" —in fact, full-blown Spiritualism. But, like the men of his day, he never for a moment suspects that anything lies beneath the surface.

In May, 1838, Messrs. Moffat and Smith,[1] surgeons on board a merchant schooner, went to the city of Great Benin, wishing to open, or rather to re-open, trade. The latter, a "very promising young man," died of a dysentery caught by being drenched with rain. They were horrified to see a trench full of bodies at which the turkey-buzzards were tugging, and "two corpses in a sitting position." These victims had probably been despatched with a formal message, announcing the arrival of strangers to the King's father in Ghost-land. The same unpleasant spectacle was offered in August, 1862, when I visited Benin, accompanied by Lieutenant Stokes, of H.M.S. *Bloodhound*, and Dr. Henry.[2] In the tall rank herbage, on the right of the path leading into the city, appeared the figure of a fine young man bare to the waist, with arms extended and wrists fastened to a scaffold framework of peeled

[1] "A Visit to the Capital of Benin in the Delta of the Káwár or Niger," *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1841, vol. xi, pp. 190–192.

[2] "My Wanderings in West Africa," *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1863.

wands, poles and stakes planted behind him. For a moment we thought that the wretch might be alive; a few steps convinced us of our mistake. He had been crucified after the African fashion, seated on a rough wooden stool, with a white calico cloth veiling the lower limbs. Between the ankles stood an uncouth image of yellow clay, concerning which the frightened natives who accompanied us would not speak. A rope of lliana, in negro-English called a "tie-tie," bound tight round the neck to a stake behind, had been the immediate cause of death. The features still showed strangulation, and the sacrifice was so fresh that, though the flies were there, the turkey-buzzards had not found the eyes. The blackness of the skin and the general appearance proved that the sufferer was a slave. No emotion whatever, save holding the nose, was shown by the crowds of Beninese, men and women, who passed by; nor was there any expression of astonishment when I returned to sketch the victim.

It is some comfort to think that the murder was committed with as much humanity as possible. These messengers to Ghost-land are always made to drink off a bottle of rum before the fatal cord is made fast. In one point, indeed, I found the Beninese superior to their neighbours. Twin births are esteemed good omens, not bestial and unnatural productions; and the mother receives a royal bounty like the happy parents of triplets and quartets in England. Beyond this nothing can be said in favour of Great Benin. The town has a fume of blood; it literally stinks of death. Without any prepossessions for "Humanitarian policy," and far from owning that Proselytism has succeeded, or ever will succeed, in this part of Africa, I could not but compare once more the difference between Abeokuta, where there are missionary establishments, and Benin, which for years has remained a fallow field. In the former, human sacrifice still flourishes; but it is excep-

tional, it is done *sub rosâ*, and it does not shock public decency by exposing the remnants of humanity. In the latter it is a horror—*teste* "Fraser."

This unpleasant city was Belzoni's first objective. He had engaged a homeward bound sailor, a negroid from Káshná, who had served on board H.M.S. *Owen Glendower*, as his companion to "Timbuctoo," *viâ* Haussa. Thus he hoped to open a way through one of the most dangerous corners of the Dark Continent. A similar attempt was made in our day by the unfortunate Jules Gérard, the *Chasseur* (afterwards *Tueur*) *du Lion*. Whilst his relations live I hesitate to tell the true tale of his death.

Belzoni was not a general favourite in Egypt. He had placed himself in a false position, and he seemed to suffer under a chronic irritation and suspiciousness. He complained of "atrocious persecutions"; he found fortune "barbarous and unkind," and he left Egypt "prematurely," his plans being incomplete. In Africa it was otherwise. The skippers, supercargoes, and agents, popularly termed "Palm-oil lambs" (of the Nottingham breed), rough-mannered, kindly-hearted men, soon learned to love their guest as a friend. With affectionate adieux he took leave of them, was rowed up stream and landed at Gwato. Bosman calls this village "Agatton"; he tells us that it ranked in importance after Boededoe (Obobi),[1] and Arebo, Arbon, Egro, New-town or Young-town. "It was formerly a considerable place, but hath suffered much by the wars; it is situate on a small hill in the river; and it is a day's journey by land to the city of Great Benin." Barbot describes "Gotton" as a very large town, much more pleasant and healthy than its two rivals. The country is full of all sorts of fruit trees, and well furnished with several little villages, whose inhabitants go thither to the markets, which are held at Gotton for five days

[1] P. 138, *Fraser*, February 1863, and p. 275, March, 1863.

successively. He places it twelve leagues south-south-east of the capital. Messrs. Moffat and Smith make "Gatto or Agatto" twenty miles to the south-west (read south-south-west). I have noticed "Gwato" at some length as here Belzoni was fated to find a grave.[1]

The explorer was kindly received by Obbá (King) Oddi or Odállă, father of Jámbrá, *alias* Atòlo, whom I visited. In 1862 many of the oldsters at Benin remembered the traveller; and talked admiringly of his huge black beard, his gigantic strength, and his mighty stature—six feet six.[2] Everything was looking well, when the bad water of the city, taken from holes and polluted wells, brought on a dysentery, and the explorer was no longer young. In those days African fever was treated with the lancet, which still names our leading Medical Journal. Dysentery had the benefit of calomel, opium, laudanum and oleum ricini, the latter a poison in those lands. Here let me observe that the anti-diarrhœa pill in the Crimean campaign was fully as fatal as the Russian bullet. When Nature is relieving the engorged liver, Art slips in and prevents the cure. Instead of meat-broths to support the strength, paps and gruels are given to sour the stomach; in fact, the treatment was, and generally is that best calculated to ensure fatal results.

Belzoni was too ill to take leave of the King, who sent him a kindly message. On the morning of November 28 (1823) he told Captain John Hodgson, of the brig *Providence*, who had run up to see him, that the hand of death was upon him. On December 2nd, with his usual good sense, he begged to be carried to Gwato and thence to "Bobee" (Obobi), hoping much from the sea air. Mr. Hodgson in his ignorance unwillingly consented, and dispatched him in a rough

[1] P. 277, *Fraser*, March, 1863.

[2] The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th edit.) gives him another inch, and says the proportions of his wife were equally enormous.—N. M. P.

palanquin accompanied by Mr. Smith; he himself intended to rejoin the sufferer at Gwato, whence the vehicle was to be sent back. At the end of the march the disease seemed to take a favourable turn; and the explorer was well enough to eat some bread and drink a cup of tea. Before leaving Benin city he disposed of his belongings. He ordered all the objects worthy of a passage to be sent to England by the brig *Castor* of Liverpool. He wrote a few lines to Messrs. Briggs; and, being unable to hold a pen, he sent his ring to his wife, with an expression of lively affection and loving memory.

At 4 a.m. on the next day (December 3rd) the explorer awoke with swimming head, cold extremities, and eyes expressing delirium. He was strong enough to swallow a little arrowroot, but not to speak. At 2.45 p.m. he passed away, apparently without pain. Mr. Hodgson, reaching Gwato at 4 p.m., found that the body had been laid out by Mr. Smith. He went to the local Caboceer, or Governor, and obtained leave to bury his dead "at the foot of a very large tree." Under its broad foliage a grave was dug six feet deep, and at 9 p.m. the corpse was buried with all the honours. Mr. Hodgson read the funeral service, and his eighteen men, headed by himself and Mr. Smith, saluted with three salvos of musketry his guest's tomb. Sundry guns were fired by the vessels in port, the schooner *Providence*, the American *Curlew*, and the *Castor*. Mr. W. Fell, supercargo of the latter, caused his carpenter to prepare a tablet with an inscription noting the day of death, and expressing the pious hope that all European travellers who may visit the last home of the intrepid and enterprising traveller, will be pleased to clear the ground, and to repair the ring fence if necessary.

Such is the official and received account of the explorer's death. Local tradition declares that Belzoni

was carried to the house of Ogéa, Caboceer (Governor) of Gwato. This man, described as a tall negroid of yellow complexion and uncanny look, died about 1850. He is said to have poisoned the traveller in hope of plunder; and what lends colour to the charge is that he afterwards tried the same trick upon a European trader, and failed. The chief of Gwato, "Kusei"—also, by-the-by, a noted poisoner—popularly known as "the Parson" (here an old title, hereditary and connected with the local religion) declared to me, among others, that many of Belzoni's papers were handed over by Ogéa to the royal *Fiador*, or broker, and that since the latter's death they descended to his son. Stray leaves have been seen, according to European testimony, in the hands of the townspeople, leading to the conclusion that there are more behind. Mr. Sharpe, a late agent to Messrs. Horsfall, made a liberal bid for these documents; but without result. I was equally unfortunate, although I offered a bale of cloth=20*l.*

Belzoni's grave has been allowed, despite the epitaph, to drop out of sight. Staff Surgeon W. F. Daniell[1] described it as an "elevated mound of earth overrun with weeds, with the fragments of a decayed wooden cross." Messrs. Moffat and Smith found the "grave of the traveller Belzoni marked by a wooden tablet fast going to decay." In 1862, when I saw it, the place had become a *tabula rasa*.

The site of the sepulchre was pointed out to me near the Governor of Gwato's house, to the south-east of the village. "Belzoni's tree" is a fine spreading growth, which bears a poison apple, and whose boughs droop nearly to the ground. A little plantation of the Koko-yam (Colocasia) clothes the sides of the low mound from which the trunk springs, and a few huts and sheds stand between it and "the bush." It is a pretty and romantic spot.

[1] *Sketches of the Nautical Topography, Etc., of the Gulf of Guinea.*

I assembled the village ancients, and made a desultory attempt at digging under their vague and discordant directions. But time was short, a fight was brewing, and African growths cover double and treble the area of our largest English. I was obliged to content myself with sketching Belzoni's tree, with sending home a handful of wild flowers, and with expressing a hope that "some European passing by" would be more fortunate than myself.[1]

In 1865 I left Fernando Po, a locality famed for the rapid consumption of Europeans generally, and especially of English Consuls. Two of my successors have succumbed to the climate; and now there is a third applicant for the honourable, but ticklish, duty of representing the British Government. I can only hope that Mr. Consul E. H. Hewett will carry out a project of mine, foiled by circumstances, and will recover for the good city of Padua, which rejoices in the apocryphal relics of Antenor and of Livy, the mortal remains of her right worthy son Giovanni Battista Belzoni.

[1] P. 28, *Fraser*, March, 1863.

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